

THE LEATHERNECK

May, 1938

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The LEATHERNECK

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Cover Designed by FREDERICK S. THOMAS

Comradeship

 MONUMENT on the London Mall has a bronze bas-relief showing an episode in the defense of the Peking Legations during the Boxer troubles in China. The moment is one when, all the British officers being disabled by wounds or illness, the detachment was commanded by a United States officer, easily distinguishable by his uniform from the British troops in whose midst he stands. The scene depicted was chosen by the Royal Marines themselves. Is there in any other country a monument erected by soldiers to their fallen comrades where they have deliberately selected from a crowd of glorious memories that one moment which shows them fighting under the command of an officer of another country than their own? No words of mine could so well express the sense of comradeship and kinship which Britons feel for Americans.—SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, former British Foreign Secretary, in *The Christian Science Monitor*.

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May, 1938

The Origin of American Journalism



MONG the first of the early colonists who came over in the *Mayflower* were some who knew how to print and who had published news in England. William Brewster had even owned a press and brought with him several books which he had printed himself. The independent, freedom-loving fiber of these Pilgrim settlers together with their intellectual interests furnished favorable background indeed for the development of early American journalism.

At this early stage, it was of course greatly influenced by English ideas and practices. The early colonists felt themselves English and had to look to England for their printing presses and type. At the time, journalism in England was rapidly developing into a powerful social and political influence, so both the style of the Colonial papers and their contents followed closely the English pattern.

The first printing press in America was set up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, the second in Boston around 1673. In 1685, William Bradford established a press in Philadelphia which published a paper in the form of a news-letter quite similar to those received from England. The first Colonial newspaper appeared in Boston in 1690, published by Benjamin Harris.

Speech

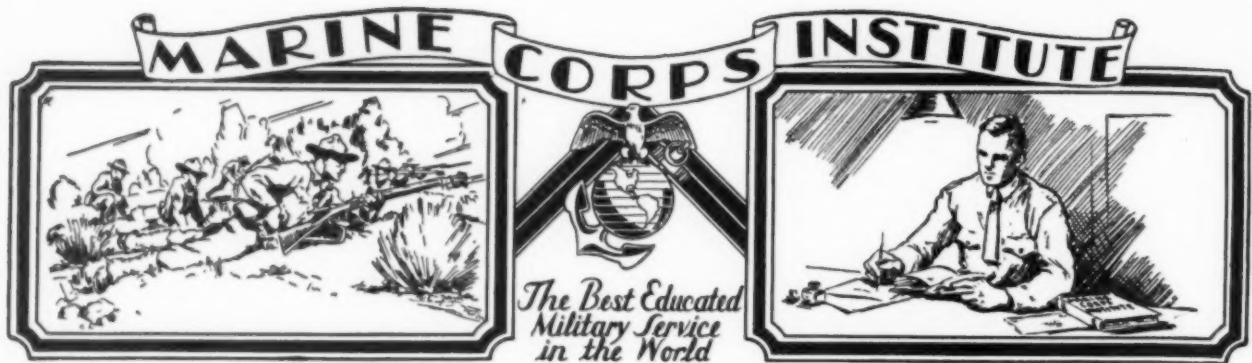
 HE practice of using words in correct relationship with one another, and of employing words that are considered standard is called good usage.

Whenever you are talking, whether it be addressing an audience or holding an over-the-fence conversation with your neighbor, you should try to improve your speech by complying with every rule and law of language that have formed the basis of your study of English. These laws of grammar have been established by the consensus of well-educated people and must be strictly adhered to in order that the best in our manner of speech can be preserved. Laws have proven necessary in every walk of life and in breaking one of them you are due for some form of punishment. So it is in your speech too, no matter how cultivated you may be in other respects, a breach in the use of good grammar or of standard English is like a breach in the observance of good manners—one error implies the possibility of many others. To quote Shakespeare, "Mend your speech a little, lest it mar your fortunes."

Mother's Day Observation

 ECRETARY of the Navy Claude A. Swanson has made the following proclamation to the Navy regarding the observance of Mother's Day, May 8, 1938:

"Annual observance of the Mother's Day Movement will be held throughout the United States on Sunday, May 8, 1938. Attention of all Navy and Marine Corps personnel is invited to the significance of Mother's Day and to the duty that exists for each one to render tribute to his mother. Every man who can should visit his mother on that day if she is living and letters should be written where it is impractical to be at home."



THE DOMINATING PROFESSION OF BUSINESS

Times have changed. Business has become more complex. Methods that were satisfactory a generation ago are wholly inadequate today.

The great problem of the present is to know how profits are made and where. This business of properly placing the costs and locating the profits calls for analysis—so there has sprung up a profession—

ACCOUNTING

which, because of its importance, has become a dominating profession of business.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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Name..... Rank.....

Organization.....

Station.....

WELCOME
TO THE RANKS
OF THE
UNITED STATES
MARINES



Photo by Henry
Platoon 4, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Watson and Corporal Lewis.



Photo by Henry
Platoon 3, Parris Island. Instructed by Pl-Sgt. Walston, Sergeant Dickey, Corporal Blosser and Corporal Payne.

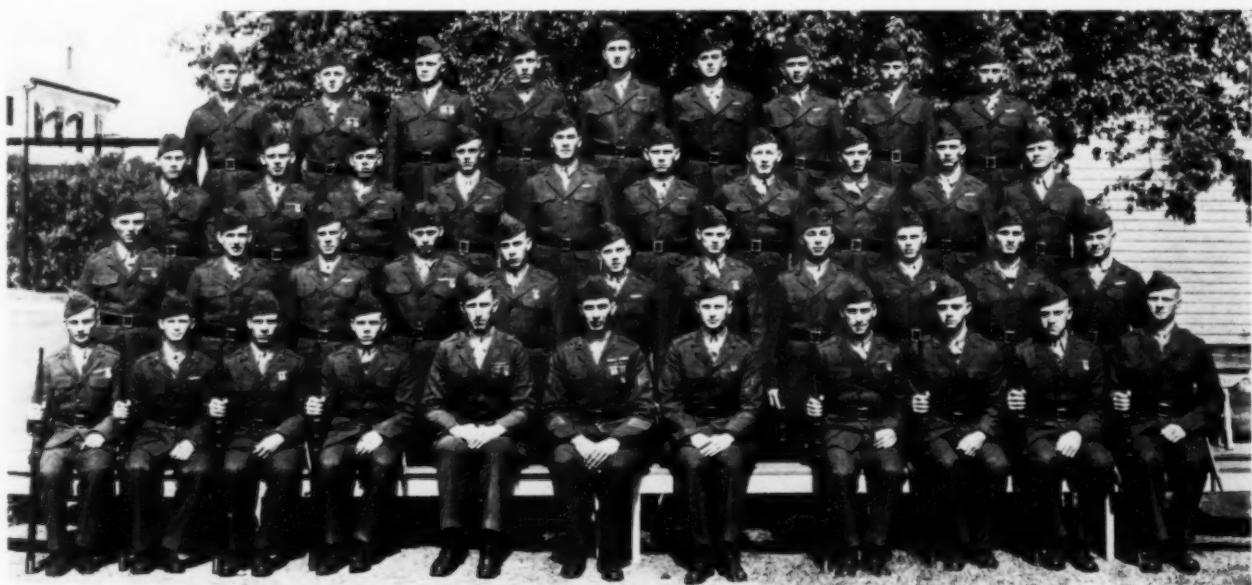
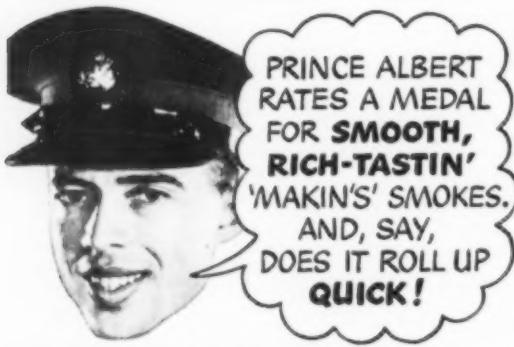


Photo by Henry
Platoon 5, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Patrick, Corporal Scott, and Corporal Hall.



MONEY-BACK OFFER ON "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES

Roll yourself 30 swell cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

70 fine roll-your-
own cigarettes in
every 2-ounce tin
of Prince Albert

50 pipefuls of fra-
grant tobacco in
every 2-ounce tin
of Prince Albert

MONEY-BACK OFFER FOR PIPE-SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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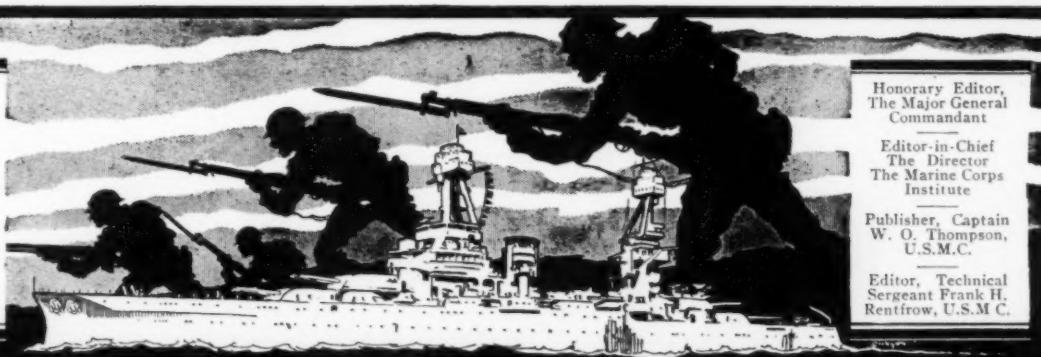
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THE LEATHERNECK

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NUMBER 5

WARM SPRINGS, GEORGIA

By W. S. V.

ON MARCH twentieth a special detachment of four officers and fifty-six Marines commanded by Lt. Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, U.S.M.C., was encamped in the Georgia hills approximately one mile from the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, a sanitorium maintained and operated for the treatment of persons suffering from infantile paralysis, and perhaps one-half mile from the Little White House. Every possible convenience and recreational facility had been provided for the comfort of officers and men, and the detachment was soon well established and functioning with the precision for which Marines are noted. The mission of the detachment, obviously, was to establish a guard around the Little White House and on March twenty-third, at 1630, a full guard was mounted and functioning smoothly.

Warm Springs, Georgia, is situated in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountain Range at an elevation of about one thousand feet, seventy-eight miles south-southwest of Atlanta and fifty-two miles east of Columbus. When the detachment arrived there, Spring had arrived three or four weeks earlier and the vegetation was in gloriously radiant bloom; all possible shades of green, of the budding and leafing trees and plants, contrasted sharply with the dark green of the hardy pines, the brilliant green of the fresh new grass and the splotches of color of blossoming fruit trees and dogwood, mingled to produce a spectacle of beauty unreal and breathtaking.

The air is fine and invigorating and at once seems to lend one new vitality. Though the days are warm and balmy, sometimes even hot, the nights are cool and the soothng of the wind through the pines infuses one with the realization that sleeping has a new interest and is one of the finer phases of living.

The Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, or Sanitorium, being located amid such surroundings alone must have a beneficial effect upon the patients it treats, but it has the additional advantage of the natural warm springs which flow constantly in and out of the three pools used in treating patients. The water from these springs has a temperature which ranges from eighty-five to ninety degrees and great curative properties are attributed to them (It was the good fortune of the detachment to have the use of one of the pools each day from one o'clock until three o'clock). There seems to be no doubt of the good work that is done there, and the Foundation deserves the support it gets each year from the general public.

Many of the patients who either live there or come there for a certain period each year are children, and the coming of the Marines to Warm Springs is quite an event in the lives of all of them. Each day found a number of them visiting the Marines in camp, gathering the lore of the Corps from the saltier Marines and having chow with them in the mess hall. On

(Continued on page 60)



Franklin D. Roosevelt

NUMBERED LOVE

By CORNELIUS REECE

(Illustrated by John McCarty)

LOW then," said Gunnery Sergeant McSnatch, "take this here number, 2N-786. She's the best of the lot."

"You take her," jeered his audience rudely. "It's a cinch nobody else will, or she wouldn't be advertisin'."

Ignoring his heckler, the dapper Sergeant cleared his throat, and read aloud from the violently pink circular in his hand:

"SPECIAL MEMBER

... 2N-786 ...

"Jolly, loveable widow. Blonde with laughing eyes. Dances, has car and property. Would go 50-50 with a pal. Loves a good time, but could show more real entertainment to right party in own vine-covered cottage than he could find in dingy night club. Wishes to contact traveled gent., with some means. Object—matrimony!"

He stopped reading, and looked up.

"Honest now, what do you think of her, Biff?"

Machinist Mate Bilbo shrugged his huge shoulders, and peered in the steel mirror which hung from a ship's locker.

"It ain't," he growled disgustedly, "what I think o' her. It's what I think of a goofy Marine like you. Here you are, Swifty, a guy what's been all over the world getting skirt-educated at gover'ment expense. Why say, you're so expert, you could prob'ly pick up Garbo through the brig port hole, if she skinned past in a speed boat—an' what do you do?"

The big sailor paused for a moment, while he regretfully inspected the bulbous reflection of his right ear, cauliflowered during a minor argument at Holoakau Joe's bar in Honolulu. Ear inspection over, he answered his own question.

"Just like some dumb boot, what don't know the finer points o' scrappin' up a lady's acquaintance, anywhere or anytime, you go an' subscribe to a lonely heart club in a sardine fishin' port like Long Beach."

"What's the matter with Long Beach?" McSnatch sat up indignantly.

Biff turned and looked coldly at him.

"The town's okay, I guess, but its settled by a bunch o' Iowa farmers what come down to the sea without no ships."

He snorted, turned fearlessly to the too-truthful mir-

ror, and transferred his gaze to a more recent scar, engraved over an eyebrow by a surprisingly quick-fisted oiler from a British tanker.

"Lonely . . . ?" he muttered. "Why you ain't never been lonely, or lost for skirts on shore leave yet. Take that Lola dame you grabbed off at Panama—the one Ensign Lavery left waitin' for him, while he was off huntin' up a cab. I bet you didn't arouse her interest by sayin' you was a lonely heart, an' couldn't get no woman."

"Maybe I didn't," admitted the Pacific fleet's champion picker-upper of beautiful girls, "but this here is somethin' different."

"She's a dame, ain't she?"

"Yeah—but she's a serious dame, an' she's lookin' for a well traveled gent—that's me." He waved the circular. "When I come back into port, all tired out from a tour o' duty in the tropics, she could entertain me quiet like, in our vine-covered cottage."

He lapsed into a dreamy contemplation of the circular.

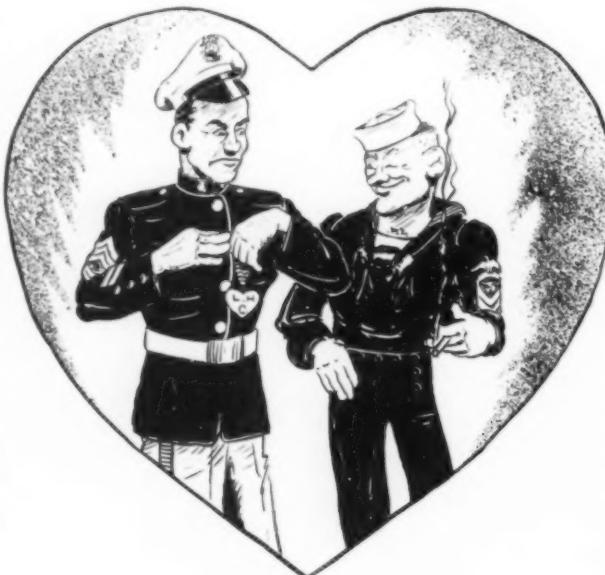
Biff completed the inspection of his man-wrecked features, and sighed. A guy really ought to wear a baseball mask in these tough shore dumps. Except for his recent shave, there was nothing further he could do to improve the face nature had given him, and hard gentlemen, who removed the velvet from their iron fists, had so drastically changed for the worse.

He turned around, and gazed enviously at the unmarred classic features of Swifty McSnatch, the Marine Corps lode-stone for women. Somehow, the handsome Marine always managed to duck at the right time, although he never ducked a fight.

According to tradition, Sailors and Marines don't mix any more than do oil and water. But Biff and Swifty had proven the exception to this naval code. Always together on shore leave, they had campaigned thoroughly and successfully all over the world.

Now, looking down at his handsome front-man, Biff hitched uneasily at his pants. Was their successful partnership about to go on the rocks, just because of a chiseling matrimonial agency?

IN HIS troubled mind there arose a flooded memory of very gorgeous, uniform-crazy dames. Without the expert assistance of woman-trap McSnatch, Biff knew that he never could have moored alongside a third of those charming craft. Also from expe-



rience, he was certain that Swifty was about as home-loving as a look-out on a lightship. But this brazen advertiser for a husband might change his mind.

If she did, it spelled disaster for the navy's future landing parties!

Swifty looked up at the worried sailor.

"Yep. What gets me most about this here 2N-786 is that crack she makes about havin' more fun at home than in a night club. I'm kinda tired o' night clubs."

"You're nuts," said Biff severely. "There ain't no guy crazier than you is about honkey-tonks an' night clubs. What appeals to you, you chiseler, is you think this here . . . what's her number . . . ?"

". . . . 2N-786," supplied Swifty dreamily.

"Sounds like one o' the submarine flotilla—what with a number an' no name. I bet she's plenty obsolete, too big amidships, an' blows like a grampus whale, when she comes up for air, after a heavy date in her vine-covered joint."

McSnatch flushed.

"You oughtn't to talk like that. This here dame is a respectable ex-married lady."

"Don't interrupt. Maybe she is, but I know what you're thinkin' about. You figger them vines, what she advertises about coverin' her shack, is grape vines. You got a screwy idea she'll be stickin' at home makin' red ink from them grapes, so's you can drink free, when you come steamin' back from some banana Republic."

He paused and shook his head warningly.

"But she won't. She'll have been entertainin' some shore guy, what'll have it all soaked up before you get home."

McSnatch only smiled complacently. His pride refused to admit of an imaginary serpent in his cottaged Eden. Seeing this, Biff fired a last shell.

"An' what do you think Honey-Bun Kelly is goin' to say, when she finds out you're chiselin' on her in the home port—that you ain't been serious about buyin' into her old man's garage here in Pedro, when you quit the service? You got a good steady number in Honey-Bun, who don't wig-wag you no busy signal, no matter how long you been outta port. An' she's got an honest name,

an' ain't afraid to say what it is. Whyn't this seven hundred an' sumpin' put hers down, stead o' advertisin' like a lottery ticket—that is, unless she's ashamed of it?"

McSnatch arose, pulled down his blouse, and cocked his cap to one side. He eyed his boon companion frostily.

"Honey-Bun won't never know about this. She thinks I gotta stay on shipboard. An' furthermore, you can lay offa 2N-786. She's prob'ly got a fancy name like . . . like Mona de Vere, or sumpin'. She just uses a number because she's popular, an' don't want to be bothered by a bunch o' lugs like you lookin' up her address in the telephone book."

He reached in a pocket, and thrust a small card under Biff's nose.

"Besides, I got a number myself."

The sailor read:

LONELY HEARTS CLUB

Admit —4Z-925— to all social functions. Get-Together-Hall, Avocado & Pear Sts., Long Beach, Cal.
Evenings, 8 to 11 P. M.

Biff gasped.

"Blow me down! Are you goin' there tonight?"

Swifty nodded carelessly.

"You can come along," he invited. "There'll prob'ly be plenty o' dames there—of course, not so classy as 2N-786—but you might pick a snappy number for yourself. Comin'?"

Biff reached for his round hat.

"I've gambled in numbers before," he said, "an' women are a big enough gamble by themselves—but I'll cruise along, just to keep you comp'ny."

On deck the bosun's whistle piped, and the cry: "Lay aft for Liberty Party, port gangway," filtered below decks.

Biff and Swifty made for the companionway.

PIER 48 at San Pedro harbor presented a gay, colorful scene. It was crowded with wives, sweethearts, and girls who hoped-to-be sweethearts of the Sailors and Marines home from the sea.

As the Liberty Parties disembarked from the motor-sailers, most of the former crowded around the edge of the dock. Some of the latter strayed around and acted

(Continued on page 60)



The Wrench Caromed Off the Sailor's Head

THE SIXTH MARINES
RETURN FROM
CHINA



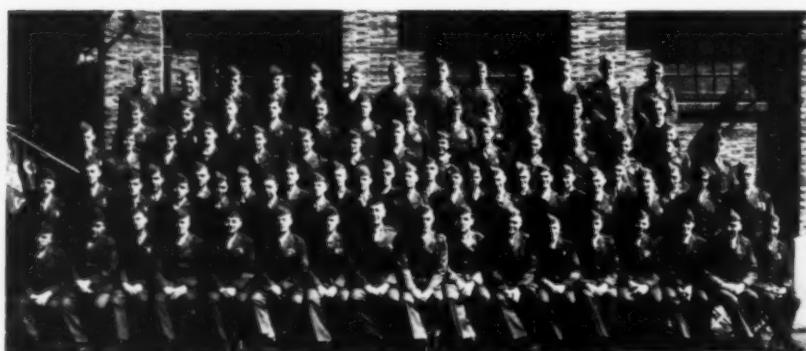
Tiger Hill Pagoda at Soochow



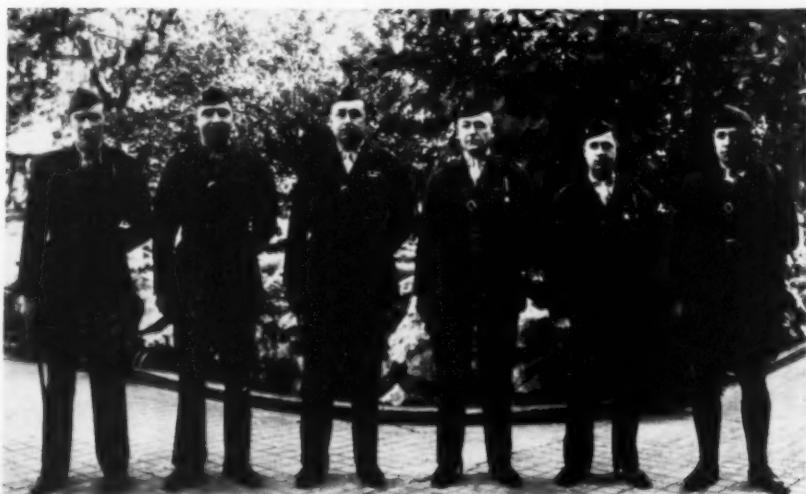
OFFICERS OF
SHANGHAI 4 JAN 1938 / 24 BN. 6TH MARINES

OFFICERS OF THE SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

First row, left to right: 1st Lt. Samuel F. Zeiler, Capt. Orin H. Wheeler, Capt. Bernard H. Kirk, Capt. Emery E. Larson, Lt. Col. Clifton B. Cates, Major Emmett W. Skinner, Capt. Adolph Zuber, Capt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, Capt. Wilson T. Dodge. Second row: 2d Lt. Marlowe C. Williams, 2d Lt. Richard Rothwell, 2d Lt. Clyde R. Huddeson, 2d Lt. Bruno A. Hochmuth, Mar-Gun. Ora C. Harter, 2d Lt. Levi W. Smith, Jr. Third row: 2d Lt. Loren S. Fraser, 2d Lt. Russell E. Honowitz, 2d Lt. William F. Kramer, 2d Lt. Robert T. Stivers, Jr., 2d Lt. George H. Brockway. Back row: Lt. (U.S.N.) Alton R. Higgins, 2d Lt. Henry H. Crockett, 2d Lt. William H. Barba, 2d Lt. Arthur H. Weinberger.



Company G, 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines. Capt. E. E. Larson, Commanding.



STAFF, 2D BN, 6TH MARINES

Left to right: Lt. E. R. Hering, Jr. (MC), USN; Capt. J. C. O'Donnell; Lt-Col. C. B. Cates; Maj. E. W. Skinner; Capt. O. H. Wheeler, and Capt. W. T. Dodge.

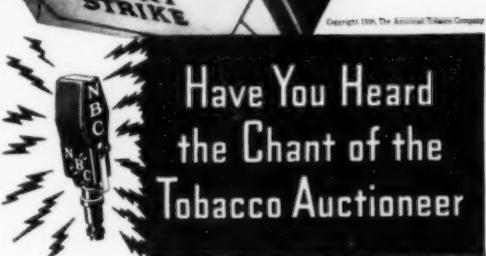
With Independent Tobacco Experts..
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

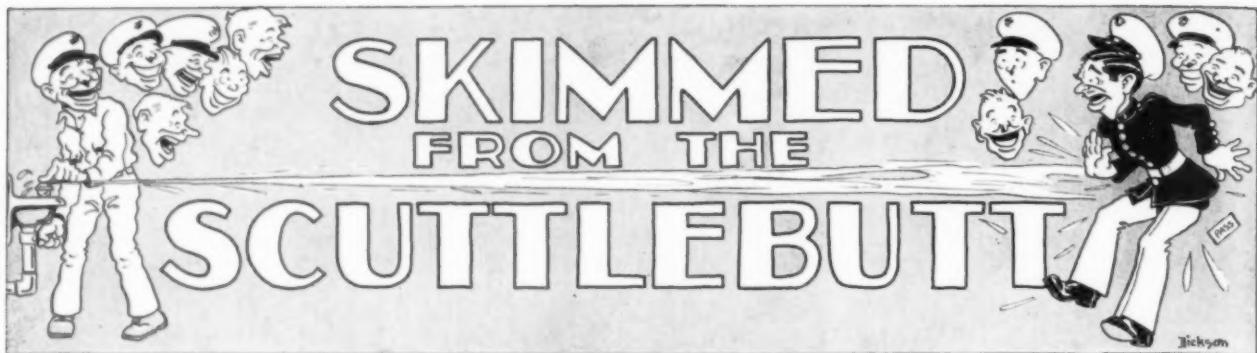


SWORN RECORDS show that among *independent* tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They *know* tobacco and they smoke Luckies . . . 2 to 1!

Remember, too, the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted," which removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Luckies easy on your throat.

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SCOUTS OUT!

First Sergeant Blank was probably the smallest man ever enlisted by the Marines. Of course when he got married he picked a giant of a woman weighing well over two hundred pounds. Naturally the couple bore the brunt of considerable hilarity.

But the neatest one was when a gunnery sergeant walked past the bridal quarters. She of the hefty proportions was shaking a table cloth out the window. "What are you doing?" queried the gunny, "are you looking for Sergeant Blank?"

In the old stage coach days, a passenger by his admiration encouraged the driver to demonstrate his adept use of the whip, flicking a horse-fly into oblivion from a horse's rump and neatly dispatching a mud-dauber on a fence.

"Can't you knock off that thing hanging from that branch up there?" asked the passenger.

"Well, I could," drawled the driver, "but it don't seem best." He spat accurately at a sunflower and concluded, "You see, son, a horsefly is just a horsefly, and one mud-dauber is one mud-dauber, but a hornet's nest—well, that's an organization."—*Earthmover*.

Just before last Christmas the wife of one of our Marines took her spoiled brat down to the department store to visit Santa Claus. Mother chided with tolerant smiles every time the youngster spilled or wrecked something in the toy department. Finally he climbed aboard a big rocking horse, and resisted her every effort to dislodge him. "I won't get down," he howled.

Finally the smiling Santa walked over and whispered something in the brat's ear. To mother's astonishment her pride and joy immediately disembarked and appeared more than willing to shove off for home.

Outside the store the Mrs. smiled and said: "What did Santa say to Mama's Darlings?"

He told me, replied the youngster, "to get t' hell offa that 'orse!"

Ted: "Seen Bill's new girl?"

Chet: "No, what's she like?"

Ted: "She's er, stout, and wears red ear-rings, and when she walks down the street she looks like the rear end of a Greyhound Bus."—*Excavator*.

Customer: "Give me some sodium fluoride for cockroaches."

Oswald: "I wouldn't use it. Children or pets may eat the sodium fluoride instead of the cockroaches."—*Earth Mover*.

COMRADESHIP

Two soldiers were stopped by a sentry as they reported back to camp after an evening of beer and wine drinking. One was on the verge of collapse, but with the help of the other, kept on his feet.

"What's wrong with this guy?" quizzed the suspicious guard.

"Not a thing," spoke up the soldier still able to navigate. "It's past his bed time and I'm only trying to get him home without disturbing his sleep!"—*Foreign Service* (V.F.W.)



How did your father like my bunkie?
He's a good Marine, and a great guy to boot.

Yes; that's what father said when he booted him.

"Butch" Grant, during the heat of last summer, accidentally drank a half-pint of benzine, which "Butch" claimed he mistook for ginger ale.

He dashed for the sick bay, and in great excitement told what he had done.

"You'll be O.K." said Keating, "but you had better not smoke for a few days."—*W. Va. Mountaineer*.

She was being taken around the golf links by her boy friend. It was the first time she had played. As they approached the flag on the last green he suddenly pulled up. "Jove!" he exclaimed. "Just look . . . a dead stymie!" The girl gazed about her. "I rather thought there was a funny smell around here."—*Bamboo Breezes*.

"About face," barked the drill sergeant. All the boots executed the movement except one. "Hey," yelled the D. I. "Did'n you hear about face?"

"Sure 'nough," answered the dope. "It's something you don't want to lose when you go to China."

THE ARMY WON

The question is often asked, what is a Marine? This same question has been asked about the Army mule. When the Navy Department was created to separate the Navy from the Army in the War Department, there was left on hand a great many Marines and mules to be distributed. The ranking general and the ranking admiral rolled the bones for first choice. The Army won, they got the mules.—*Chicago Big Shot*.

"Captain, how did you cure your kid brother of wanting to join the Navy?"

"I took him out in the woodshed and whaled the tar out of him."—*Jokes*.

He paced the hospital corridor nervously. Cold sweat stood out on his brow. If they would only hurry! Every minute seemed an eternity. Would they never let him know? This couldn't happen to him. She meant his whole life, his everything, his all. The door opened! A nurse approached him timidly. Her lips parted. He held his breath as she spoke: "Yeh, I can get off tonight."—*Maroon and White*.

In one of the night clubs Mildred and Marge are two chorines who generally squabble throughout the night. The other evening, the manager summoned Mildred and handed her the sad news that her pay would be cut \$5. The girl beamed a bit, but finally said she'd accept.

"That's fine," said the manager. "And as long as you've been so nice, I'm going to ask your advice about something. What kind of a cut do you think I should give Marge?"

Mildred never hesitated.

"From ear to ear," was her reply.
—*Walla Walla*.

When the bluejacket and his bride went on their honeymoon they patronized the best restaurants, but it was soon necessary to cut expenses down to a minimum.

As they sat in a cheap restaurant she lamented the loss of luxuries they were no longer able to afford.

"What do you expect?" he returned. "You can't have a brass band everywhere you go."

"Oh yes, I can," she said sarcastically. "I've got it now on my finger."—*Tennessee Tar*.

Jim had just moved into the suburbs and his friend John is visiting him.

John: "Well, Jim, how do you find it here?"

Jim: "Upstairs, second door to the right."—*Wystraks*.

THE LEATHERNECK

THE LESSER EVIL

"Your political antagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend.

"Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."—*Kablegram*.



Tom: "My father was a great western politician in his day."

Thumb: "What did he run for?"

Tom: "The border."

Gymnastic instructor: Now, Miss Jones, can you give me some idea of the manner in which the blood circulates?

Miss Jones (brightly): Oh, yes! It runs down one leg and up the other!—*Record*.

Inspecting Officer: "How long have you had that hat?"

Private in Ranks: "Two years, sir."

I. O.: "It's in terrible shape. You should send it out and have it blocked. Look at mine. It keeps its shape because it's always on a block."

P. I. R.: "Yes, sir; that's what everyone says."

Little Boy: I want two cents' worth of bird seed, please.

Dealer: How many birds have you, sonny?

Little Boy: I haven't any—I want to grow some.—*Gargoyle*.

"Of course, I'll be liberal with my money after we're married, darling. I'll spend it on you as fast as I make it. Now, what else do you want to know?"

"How fast do you make it?"—*15th Bn. Buccaneer*.

"Darling, I won a medal at the cooking school."

"Wonderful! But tell me, what is this I'm eating?"

"Guess."

"Your medal?"

Mrs. Newly-Rich said: "I clean my diamonds with ammonia, my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Danzig brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk."

"Is that so?" said her companion. "When mine get dirty, I just throw them away."—*Excavating*.

NO BLUFF

The poker game started early Saturday evening, and was still going when Sunday's sun rose. It was agreed to make the next hand the finish.

After the deal, the open, the draw, the bet, and several raises, everyone dropped out but a tractor skinner and a shovel runner.

They raised back and forth with the utmost confidence till the pot was a breaker. Finally the tractor skinner gave in and called.

"What 'cha got?"

"Nothin' but jacks" came the sad answer.

"How many?"

"One."

"It's good. I thought you were bluffing."—*Excavating Engineer*.

Adolph Stinkus appeared before the judge with a plea to have his name changed. "I don't blame you," remarked the judge. "What do you want it changed to?"

"I want it changed to Hermann Stinkus," was the reply. "I never did like the name Adolph."—*The Pit*.



Sally—"But Sam, why do you object to my wearing tights in the amateur theatricals? All the other girls in the chorus will."

Sam—"I don't want people to think I married you for your money."

One of our corporals, proud in his liberty blues, stood in front of a local theater. Up came a pompous individual, surveyed the corporal for a moment, and then in a loud voice asked:

"I say, my man, are you the head usher?"

"No," snapped the corporal in an equally loud voice; "but I heard him say this afternoon that he wasn't hiring any more ushers, so you'll save time by not looking for him."

Al Falfa: "Did you know that that feller who is runnin' for office has a glass eye?"

Tim Hay: "No; can you tell which one it is?"

Al Falfa: "Yes. You look at both his eyes pretty hard, and the one that has a gleam of human kindness in it is the glass one."—*Kablegram*.

"What am I arrested for?" asked the corrupt voter.

"You are charged," said the officer, who was entering the arrest in the station house ledger, "with having voted eight times."

"Charged, hey?" muttered the prisoner. "That's queer. I expected to be paid for it."—*Hooked*.

THE QUIET REIGNED

The banker politician summed up his candidacy speech with these words:

"The secret of success is this. Can you earn money and can you save it?"

A shabbily-dressed man arose from the rear of the audience and proudly held out a dollar bill. "I can, sir," he shouted proudly. "This is the dollar I got when I voted for you a year ago."—*Kablegram*.

"Is Paul a good outfielder?"

"Why there's nothing he can't catch."

"Then, why isn't he playing today?"

"He missed the train."—*Pathfinder*.

Police Sergeant—Well, mugg, what kind of work do you do?

Prisoner—I exercise bloodhounds.

Police Sergeant—How do you do that?

Prisoner—Escaping from prisons.—*Jokes*.

"I'm working too hard to suit me."

"Didn't you ask for work when you applied for a job?"

"Yes, but I thought you'd take a joke."

"Well, I did, didn't I?"—*Swiped*.

Two small boys were walking down the street when they chanced to pass a small girl.

One of the boys said: "Her neck's dirty."

The other boy said: "Her does?"—*Excavating Engineer*.

Sweet Young Thing: "Now what are we stopping for?"

Operator: "I've lost my bearings."

Sweet Young Thing: "Well, at least you're original, most fellows run out of gas."—*Earth Mover*.

"More than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," said the student, looking up from his book.

"Really," exclaimed his landlady. "It's remarkable what those beasts can be trained to do!"—*Borrowed Pit*.



Gyrene One: "What d'ya call the person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

Gyrene Two: "A bartender, my lad."



BUGLE CALL

By Julie Polousky

When drums roll out and I can hear the pound of marching feet,
I want to get right in there and go marching down the street.
I want a uniform of blue with buttons by the score,
And yards and yards of campaign bars and medals, six or more.
I want to step out smartly with a rifle and a pack,
I want to shout, "We're shoving off—
God knows when we'll be back."

I want to feel the heave of decks and watch the flinging spray,
I want to see the dawn come out of China 'cross the bay,
I want to send some postcards home with scenes of Waikiki,
I'd like to touch at Singapore and sail the Sulu Sea.
I want to see the Southern Cross against the velvet sky,
And feel the spell of tropic nights sometime before I die.

And if it is a fight they want on some far distant shore,
Then let me get right in there with the spirit of the corps,
The loyal and gallant spirit that rings out across the sea,
"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli."
I want to be a Leatherneck and give it all a whirl,
In fact, I'd be a Leatherneck, but I was born a girl.

IN MEMORY OF OUR DEAD

By Sergeant B. M. Lowry
66th Company, 5th Regiment, U.S. Marines

Asleep afield, where poppies grow
They slumber, ever on,
Beneath the waning, somber glow
From sunset 'till the dawn,
Spreads o'er the graves its cheering light
And wings to them our love,
For they Who've made the sacrifice
Will meet with God above.

They sleep forever 'neath the sod
Of martyred France's field,
Whose silent graves awaken us
A love we gladly yield;
To comrades slain in one great cause
For freedom and for right,
That all may live in peace and love
In work and holy light.

Ah! Comrades brave and true,
We miss you in our hearts.
We've tramped the weary miles, that you,
Ere death had done its part,
Had driven foe before the steel
Well on to victory's plain;
Had not God called, you would have seen
Your work was not in vain.

But Comrades, rest within the grave,
Your honor we've upheld,
And while the poppies grace the tombs
In tears we've all beheld,
The wooden cross—the monument
Rear'd o'er each sunken grave,
And in our hearts a sadness lies
For Comrades true and brave.

TO MOTHER

By John E. Hausman

A fitting memorial could ne'er be built
That could place you higher in our esteem
Than you already are—for we'll never
redeem
Ourselves from the feeling of shame and
guilt—
Shame, that we caused you our griefs to
bear
When we passed through Childhood's
bumpy way,
Running to you all times of the day
With each little cut, each bruise, each care.
Guilt, that we left you when we were
grown
To find a life of ease for ourselves
While you were left upon the shelves
Of Forgetfulness—unaided, alone.
God grant me the power to reclaim my soul
Let her be with me when I reach my goal!

THOUGHT FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By Nellie Davis Korf

Today is theirs—those gallant men who died

At Gettysburg, and in Luzon and France;
And every heart among us beats with pride,
And every gesture with significance.

The rifles, as they speak in stirring blast,
Tell us of battles fought for liberty;
The colors ripple gently at half-mast,
In eloquent, though silent, eulogy.

The notes of Taps, impressive, sweet, ascend
And linger in the circumambient air;
They symbolize the souls of valiant men,
Who hover near, and see and know—and care.

Ours is the duty, let us ne'er forget,
To keep our lives from all dishonor free,
That they, the soldier dead, may not regret
Their sacrifice for our security.

LEATHERNECKS

By Edith Bristol

I've clapped at motion pictures when the infantry marched by,
And I've thrilled to cavalry's advance with colors flying high,
I've cheered 'till I was speechless at a cruiser filled with tars—
But watch those Neptune's stepsons, the foster sons of Mars.

They're scrappers, are these Leathernecks,
as tough and hard as nails;
They're devil dogs and daring with a nerve that never fails;
My pulses beat a wild tattoo—perhaps you understand—
For when you meet a real Marine he has you well in hand.

"Soldiers 'n' sailors, too," they are; a roughened, toughened lot.
Machine guns' sound is music when events are getting hot.
The cable speeds a swift appeal for gun or boat or gob—
But this heavy-handed, hard-boiled lad's the first man on the job.

If there's rows in Nicaragua or revolt in Argentine,
If there's sniping on in Shanghai, watch the Hellhounds on the scene.
If there's trouble in the picture, on the sea or on land,
You'll see, "Marines have landed and have things well in hand."

SLEEPING THROUGH

By Carl Lancaster

Are these the men who laughed and swore today,
While on our ship sailed over quiet sea?
Are these the men I'll greet so carelessly
When daylight comes? For careless is the way
Of men in troops, who know but will not say
The feelings that they have upon the sea;
Who love, while saying love can never be;
Who give, while claiming gift can never pay.

I walk my sentry post among these men...
And softly walk,—they'll soon enough awake
To be again aboard the troop-ship here;
But now they sleep, . . . and who knows what old glen
They walk along; who knows what heart I'd break,
To call them now away from what sweet tear?

MEMORIAL DAY

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

They march again—the mighty dead.
In Phantom ranks they go,
In great, unseen battalions, led
By guidons dipping low
In ghostly fingers. Not as do
Hosts ready for a fray,
But in some solemn, grand review
They seem to march today.

Is it to see the feelings deep
We treasure for the slain?
Or is it that they cannot sleep,
And so must march again?
Is it to bind anew the cord
That holds to days of yore,
Or challenge us to sheathe the sword
And dream of war no more?

THE LEATHERNECK

IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP ROOSEVELT

By John Patrick



BROADCAST

*in which
THE LEATHERNECK
publishes news from all posts*



U. S. NAVAL RADIO STATION

Peiping, China
By Murrell

Greetings, Signalmen! This is NPP coming up on the circuit with a few items concerning activities around this station. I haven't been here long myself, so the dope will be a bit brief and vague.

Our gang is to be split up soon, so we have already gone on a four-section watch. Staff Sergeant Johnnie Webber is taking a few dot-happy lads and dashing off to Tientsin to put the new station, NBD, in operation and take up the duties formerly handled by the Army. Pts. Carlson and Kirkland are going with him and Pfe. Purvis and Pvt. Daniels are slated for Chinwangtao to operate NCF. There are some seven men coming from Shanghai to make up the shortage. The Tientsin station has been authorized to handle class "E" traffic, so you can shoot them through to your friends if you wish.

Our last parade was a gala affair and the Horse Marines really looked swell as they passed in review for the last time before disbanding. Kind of tough on some of the boys, quite a few had just arrived a month or so ago and had laid out the Mex for boots and breeches. However, they can always tell their grandchildren that they once belonged to the Horse Marines. The guidon should go into the archives of the Marine Corps, we think.

Sgt. L. E. Buck, a very able telephone man, is now doing duty in the transmitter room winding the dials for the frequency shifts and doing his share of cursing the home grown rig we use to work the "Swiss Navy" down along the Yangtze.

Sgt. Joe Welkey is also doing duty in the transmitter room and trying to copy the bars solid. Sgt. "Doe" Hydick has just about completed his tour of duty here and is marking the days off until the boat gets here. Tech-Sgt. Dimter is the man that keeps our outfit percolating. He thought he was short out here until the word came through that all Asiatic duty was thirty months now. Master Technical Sergeant George Cannon is the big shot and chief supervisor. He just made that M. T. part a few days ago. The beer was on tap at the club today. Your correspondent put a prop under three stripes

on the same day and puts the beer out this Saturday.

For dope on the station, we are running three circuits here, the watches are of the old Navy style, breakfast to noon, to evening chow. We haven't had many dust storms and the ones we did have were not very bad. There hasn't been much trouble around here and none in the city. The only casualty we have had in the radio gang was when Cpl. Ammons got childish during Chinese New Year and started playing with firecrackers. He got a muzzle burst on one that put him in the hospital

for a few days with a scorched skin and some debris in his right eye.

Cpl. Gillette is, or was, the repairman around the transmitter room until we started the four section watch. He is standing regular watches now. Cpl. Harper, another telephone man, is doing the same thing.

Some of you will probably recall one top-kick and soldier by the name of J. B. Hill. Well, he is one of the detachment now. Headquarters Company top soldier is First Sergeant G. O. Seider. A *mucho bueno hombre* if you can figure out when he is kidding and when he means it. I don't know him very well yet. Oh, my!

Well, friends, I guess this will be enough for this time and probably too much. "Dictionary" Tarwater, the second circuit operator and "Bigun Moon," the number one, are talking chow in the next room and I can't concentrate any more. If Marcus Couts or Hubert Thomas should happen across this column, how about rapping out a few lines to you old *Pongio* Murrell?



RECEIVING SHIP, DESTROYER BASE

San Diego, California
By Paul Watson

Wherever there are Marines there are hangouts around the barracks, ship, etc. Some are held in athletic lockers, tool sheds, canteens, or maybe just some squadroom. Usually some name is tacked onto the group of regular members, and though there is seldom any initiation, special qualifications, or entrance fees, one either belongs or one doesn't. We have our little "sewing circle" which was tagged the "Coffee Clutch" by some disgruntled outsider from the observation that whenever two or members of the "Clutch" got together in the storeroom, the right or left hand would be securely wrapped around a cup or bowl of coffee. The future of the world, the nations and various individuals therein are considered, and had these members the power necessary revolutionary changes would cast not a few lives into chaos, while an Utopian existence might be the favored lot of others. But, inasmuch

as the power is non-existent, the panning turns to the usual Marine topics of discussion: The latest happenings on the beach. Such is the life of inconsequentialities.

Mu-sic! sound attention!

This month we take time to offer sincerest congratulations to members of this detachment for their work over and above their usual duties. Standby!

To Private Murl Elsworth Staubus, who, through his perseverance and hard study graduated from the Marine Corps Institute with high honors in the civil service course, Railway Postal Clerk-Carrier. Many there be who start but never complete these courses, which should make Staubus' example well worth duplicating. And, too, you should see the big diploma he received!

To Sergeant Joseph R. Snider, Corporal James B. Hammitt, and Private Harold O. Sauder, upon receiving expeditionary medals. Snider was awarded an expeditionary medal for service in China in the years 1924 and 1927-29 and 1930. Hammitt received the Second Nicaraguan medal for service in Nicaragua in the years 1928-29 and 1932. Sauder an expeditionary medal

for service in China in the year 1934. Sauder was also awarded the Good Conduct Medal upon his discharge April 23.

Recent discharges, with Good Conduct Medals: March 4, Pvt. Robert H. Rear; March 12, Pfc. Stanley C. Maxwell and James L. Morey; March 20, Pvt. Eugene B. Detamore; April 3, Cpl. Knupke and Pfc. Nelson.

The Detachment received two promotions during the month of March. Sgt. Joseph R. Snider, from corporal, and Cpl. John J. Stanislow, Jr., from private first class. Congratulations, men!

Much-ado-about-nothing: Kurner, Barry, Green, Townsend, et al, have been giving the handball courts a workout; Condon, recently joined from the Marine Base bakery, and Watson, limbering up on the tennis courts; what corporal wears a swimming cap in the showers? Shuster was told to ask for "Kitty" at a certain telephone number. The April fool gag fell through because the party answering failed to say "Ensenada Dog and Cat Hospital," merely "Hospital." Oh, well; We told you about our mascot, Jawbone, a little Boston female. "Cpl. Red Pete," cocker spaniel of 1st Sgt. Bissinger, keeps baying at a long legged bird seen hovering about the barracks. Any day now. Anybody want to play ping-pong? Ask Pvt. Lester Durham (or just plain "junior"); standby for the tennis tournament to start soon; also our softball team, as yet unorganized, will play anybody at most any time; we can't think of a good last line so will knock off, or as they say in the navy, secure.

KITSAPPERS

Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington

By M.J.M.

With spring in the air, and for the first time in many a month, we *Kitsappers* are enjoying the "California sunshine" which has moved north during the flood. Our athletic storeroom keeper, "Swede" Frederickson is going through the paces lately in order to take care of our athletes, who are really taking advantage of the *Sol*.

Operating like a Casual Company is the Guard Company in which members come and go, and the duty good and bad. Losing thirty men early in March, who went to look for SHANGHAI LIL in the ruins of China, made the going plenty tough. Although a running watch is not in effect as yet, 1st Sgt. "Jimmie" Aylward has one planned and as soon as needed it will be put in effect. "Flash," word received from the department this week saying that twenty-five men are on their way, has made plenty of smiles on the members of the Guard Company.

Worried indeed are the east coast short-timers. With the USS *Chaumont* leaving for the east coast late April will make many extensions or leave a lot of the east coast men with gray hair. On the subject of short-timers, Platoon Sergeant "Bill" Nielsen will retire from the Corps in April after thirty years of faithful service.

With the basketball season over and the trophy of the City League of Bremerton in the Colonel's office, need we tell you who won? Finishing much stronger than at the start of the season, the Marines ended a long and very successful season. To "Swede" Frederickson, who made his debut as a basketball coach, and a successful one, congratulations, and let's repeat next year and keep the trophy in the Colonel's office. Attention, 4th Marines, two basketball players were transferred to



Company H, 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines. Capt. J. E. Kerr, Commanding.

your station who will make any team in China; they are Lucht and Burch.

With pictures of these championship teams in THE LEATHERNECK this month we will lay down our pen and let you take a look for the pictures of the Bowling, Rifle, Basketball team and the Basketball trophy. Scores of games played by the basketball team and matches of the rifle team can also be found.

"RECRUITERS"

All That Is Left of the Traveling Marines By Obluck

Who is who in Los Angeles Recruiting: Major F. T. Steele, the officer in charge, was recently transferred to the Naval Hospital, San Diego, for treatment. Major Steele was relieved by Lt.-Comdr. H. S. Bishop (MC), U. S. Navy, at present the officer in charge, as well as the medical examining officer for the District of Los Angeles. Sorry to see Major Steele depart from the activities of the Marine Corps. He is an officer that will be remembered by many throughout the Marine Corps, for many years to come, for his proficiency as an officer. First Sergeant Taylor (Amus to you) is the number one man in the office, well known about these parts and Asiatic stations. Sergeant Parker (Curly) previously of the 4th Marines, is still up to his old tricks, love them all is his motto. "Careful, Curly, or some one may unload the boom on you." Sergeant Pottgether, also a member of the Far East stations, recently from a furlough to Iowa, "I went there to visit my better half." "You may call it a visit 'Andy,' but it sounds more like a reconnaissance patrol to me, some people just can't take anyone's word for it." Sergeant Withey, previously of the USS *Houston*, just came to the end of the trail and fell into the clutches of the old matrimony. "Good luck to you, Sergeant, and many happy days." CPhM. F. L. Grant, the assistant to the medical officer, has a lot of trouble with home structure. "Next time you start building a home, draw your own specifications and avoid all of the trouble." Enough said about the home folks.

"Recruiters very seldom get into the print." I heard these words expressed time and again throughout the Marine Corps. Of course there is a reason for everything and there is one for this. All you web-footed, sun-kissed and Asiatic Marines take notice; the recruiting Marines are the only traveling Marines of today, "true or false?" You don't have to take my word for it, go right ahead and check up on me and after you are through checking, you will find that the

answer is "true." We don't get into the print because we are too busy traveling, not because of the lack of the knowledge about the activities of a Marine, nor that we spend all of our time in some poolroom. Of course, as the old motto "see America first," doesn't hold true for most of the Marines, nevertheless it is a good idea that we see America some time, and it so happens that we are seeing it now while in performance of the recruiting duty.

For the benefit of all short-timers and the ones who will not reenlist, I am giving you a warning, and don't say that I didn't tell you. Reenlist wherever you are and save yourself, as well as us, a lot of trouble. Just in case that you will not reenlist the following day, I am naming you a few places where you can and when you want to: Los Angeles, Calif.; San Diego, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; Spokane, Washington, and Denver, Colorado. Keep close to any of these cities for the first few days when you get discharged, it will save you a lot of trouble and expense.

The flood is over in California and a good time for vacationing, start now and avoid the mad rush to Hollywood.

MARINE DETACHMENT, RECEIVING SHIP San Francisco, California

Greetings from the San Francisco Marines of Yerba Buena Island, once known as Goat Island. We have a few notes to transfer to pages of our magazine, THE LEATHERNECK, and send them herewith.

Our detachment roster includes Sergeant Major Patrick J. Lynch this month, who is furlough while attached here. Did we tell you, Broadcaster, of the change in First Sergeants at this Post? First Sergeant Francis L. White has relieved First Sergeant Dalton D. Farrar, the latter going to Oakland, after sixteen years of service. So now we have First Lieutenant John A. White, as our Commanding Officer; First Sergeant Francis L. White, as "top" sergeant, and Private Stanley C. White to complete the trio of Whites in 'Frisco's regular Marines. An attempt has been made to have White No. 3 and Private Charles Ler. Brown made runners in the Detachment Office. Corporal Standish Green is the Clerk. Very colorful, what?

We've wondered just what started this business of all the Corporals raising the moustaches? (Corporals Daniels, Buhman, and Walker, please note).

This Detachment has received quite a few new faces in the past few months.
(Continued on page 59)



FIRST MARINE BRIGADE FLEET MARINE FORCE

Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, USMC, Commanding General

BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS

Major Benjamin W. Gally, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Gurian

GONE is the Jersey Kid—referring to none other than Corporal Louis W. Zidek. At this writing Zidek is on furlough and upon his return he will be transferred to Parris Island. He asked for recruiting duty and got it. Upon his none too sturdy shoulders the writer has undertaken the task of writing the dope—pardon—news for Brigade Headquarters Company. We will do our best to give you good, interesting reading material. If we fail to accomplish our purpose—well, one can't blame us for trying.

To bring Zidek back into the limelight. It seems that he paid a dollar and a half while in St. Thomas and got exactly nothing in return for his money. Show case windows must come pretty high down there. Is your face red as you read this in P. I., Looie?

This place is a beehive of activity. No sooner did we get settled in the barracks after our return from the recent maneuvers when a flock of transfers started com-

ing in. Men who have completed three years (and some with two years) in the Fleet Marine Force are leaving us. Among those slated to go are Frazier, our Navy Mail Clerk, Black, Hahn, Williamson and King to mention a few.

With the raucous Greene on furlough the squad room has been deathly quiet. What a break!

Saturday morning, March 26th, the day of the dance. Says the First Sergeant: "I've got to get a two-man working party to help clean up the gym tomorrow."

Time staggers on.

1st Sgt.: "Who is going to the dance tonight?"

Dallaire, enthusiastically expecting something good: "I am, top."

1st Sgt.: "Good. You can help clean up the gym tomorrow morning."

Dallaire: "Blankety, blank, blank."

Odds and ends . . . Lowrey anxiously waiting for that oil money . . . and promising to throw a beer party for the office force, but limiting each man to five bottles of beer . . . What no eggs? . . . Reese going to work in the Sergeant Major's office . . . and Sloan (sheik to you) relieving him as Orderly for the Commanding

General . . . Laser counting the days . . . and denying that he will ship over . . . Oh, yeah? . . . we've heard that so many times before . . . Burnham walking around with that dreamy look in his eyes . . . we wonder why . . . Frazier proudly proclaiming himself ping pong champion . . . "Pop" Teel taking off when he is told that there will be an inspection of quarters within a half hour . . . "Why don't you people tell me such things? . . ."

Seen at the dance the night of the 26th . . . Dallaire, he of the cute moustache, whispering sweet nothings into the ear of that gorgeous young thing . . . Thomas sitting away back in a corner . . . with his newly discovered gal friend . . . Jones yelling: "Hey, Baby, is the next dance mine?" . . . Weed becoming frightened and hastily scamming . . . when he sees three nice young ladies approaching him . . . Such manners . . . teh, teh . . .

By the time this breaks into print the baseball season will have gotten underway and it has everyone all worked up as to who will win the pennants. Our choices—the Chicago Cubs in the National League and the New York Yankees in the junior circuit. Don't say we didn't tip you off.

G'bye—be with you next month—I hope. New York, here I come.

FIRST CHEMICAL COMPANY

Well, Gentle Readers, we are at last back in civilization, much to everyone's gratification. Hot showers, no more bucket baths, and a bunk with four solid legs are certainly something to be thankful for. We had a rather uneventful trip on our return from the West Indies but it was a very cheerful trainful of Marines that pulled into Quantico on March 14th.

The maneuvers were a success in every sense of the word and it was particularly interesting for most of the members of this organization had never been outside the United States before. One or two of the boys got some rather odd souvenirs in Ponce to remember the place by, but the majority of souvenirs came from Saint Thomas, where the wicker work and embroidery are famous. We no more than unpacked our sea bags when it was time to turn to on mortars and personal equipment—all to be cleaned up and repainted before the furloughs commence. Needless to say there was a mad rush to get the jobs completed on the double. Sergeant Smulski and Pfc. Tatum were some of the first to get away, closely followed by Ppts. Schwartz and Young. Anyway we hope you all enjoy them and don't try and snow the home folks under too much.

For the dirt that has accumulated since our last flurry in print we have Leo S. (Purity) Wolfe refusing a khaki blouse to be made into a shooting blouse because the



Camp Dewey, Culebra, 1902

pockets had been ripped off. He said it wasn't "regulation" and insisted on cutting up a new one. For some reason or other Purity has been a little annoyed whenever the subject is mentioned. Jack M. Minter gets epistles in the quaintest colored envelopes, pretty pink ones too, aren't they Jack?

We lost Pfc's. Jett, Beckett and Thomas to Indian Head, Dover, and Hingham last week. Sorry to see you go, fellows, but good hunting in your new posts. People being transferred right and left; the first thing we know we'll have to go looking for the old faces, what few there are left. Pvt. Santospirito joined the outfit from the Rifle Range Detachment. We hope you like the Company, Fernando.

"TANKCO TOPICS"

F. E. Hall

Hello, folks. It certainly feels good to be back home again. After approximately two months of cruising around the West Indies we returned to Quantico, Va., on the 15th of March.

It was a thrilling and exciting moment when the "good" ship *Antares* steamed up the Potomac. For quite a distance you could see the wives and sweethearts waiting anxiously for their loved ones.

Yes, sir, there were a lot of hugs and kisses on the Quantico one ship dock, but as every good thing has to end, the lovers had to make those happy moments brief, as the ship had to be unloaded right away.

Since our return from the Puerto Rican campaign, we have been putting in a good full day's work at the Tank Park. All of the tanks are being torn apart and overhauled, scraped and painted. Sgts. Schwab, McMillan, Neel and Cpl. Ashley have done some fine work in overhauling the reconnaissance truck. You could have imagined their surprise when there were no parts left over, or maybe Pvt. Galford had the leftovers in his pockets. He was supposed to be the Non-Coms' stooge. A very good stooge indeed.

H. G. (Handsome) Smith certainly had an April fool joke pulled on him. He was all set for a nice little furlough, Blues shined, belt cleaned and all the other red tape it takes to enjoy a few days at home. After bidding all his buddies good-bye, he took off for the company office to get his papers. Strange as it may seem, but First Sergeant Sylvester knew nothing about Smitty's furlough. He just smiled and said "some other time maybe." What a disappointment for all the girls over in La Plata, Md.

Pvts. Rushton and Self are enjoying furloughs in Georgia and New York, respectively.

We have lost the services of Pvt. Chovan, who was transferred to the MB, NYd, Washington, D. C. Lots of luck with your new duties, Elmer.

Until next month . . . so long.

FIRST ENGINEER COMPANY

By "Tiger"

Well, here we are again bringing you news and items of interest (we hope) from the First Engineer Company.

We are now back in Quantico. After much hard work and many pots of beans we managed to complete Fleet Landing Exercise No. 4. I am quite sure the majority of us miss our friends aboard the USS *Wyoming* and USS *Antares* with their everlasting "you can't stay here, Marine," but with all that I am even more sure that we

(Continued on page 57)

THE 5TH MARINES

Colonel Samuel M. Harrington, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

THE FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Arthur H. Turnage, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

HEWY Marines! You are now tuned in on Headquarters Company, there are no advertisements or sermons, so don't turn the dial until you have heard at least half the program.

Since there is only one thing that will interest you people, we shall have it first. Perhaps you have heard of a person by the name of Sergeant Major Christian, well, whether your answer is yes or no he will still be transferred in the near future. Where to I don't know; but wherever it is we hope he will have a pleasant tour of duty. At any rate we will miss him very much, don't you think so?

You probably know that Easter is a time when people come out of their shells, with bright colors, and a smile that makes them

However he was informed differently before he started to borrow money.

Carlton and myself were in conference and he says that Cpl. Otis has a habit of sleeping in the railroad terminal in Washington. What's wrong, Otis, do you have money when you leave and spend it all, or just what is the dope? Perhaps Otis intends to break himself in before stepping into the outside world.

Attention, all you short timers! As the time draws near you have a decision to make, you are in the same position as the man at the fork of the road. Which road will you take?

I glanced over what I have already written, and I don't feel so good. If you will excuse me I shall do something out of the ordinary and take a rest.

A COMPANY

With the toil and bustle of maneuver, 1938 spring style, tucked well under everyone's belt, A Company is parting with the comrades of two maneuvers. Close bonds of friendship and fraternity are being tested by the laws of time and space. Bunkies split and thrown to the opposite ends of the East Coast may never meet again. But cheer up, pals, there's a new bunky waiting each and every squad room. The king is dead—long live the king.

Capt. R. J. Straub, first in the heart of his fighting men, is gone. Best wishes for a happy tour of duty at Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lt. F. R. Dowsett takes the helm as the new company commander. Good sailing, Skipper.

Here's a list of the winners in the transfer lottery. We wish every one of them a good port.

To MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., go Pvts. R. J. Cline, T. A. Crawford, A. G. Rydell and L. C. Venters.

To Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., Pvt. J. H. Hunter.

To MB, Indian Head, Md., goes Pvt. J. C. Broyles.

To MB, Yorktown, Va., go Pvts. J. E. Hendry and T. T. Herrin.

To St. Juliens Creek goes Pvt. P. Kroesen.

To MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., Pvt. E. A. Clement.

To New London, Conn., Pvts. J. G. Mulher and J. Kaluza.

To Iona Island, N. Y., Pvt. Mascola.

To Pensacola, Fla., Pfc. W. T. Beatty.

To Dover, N. J., Pfc. A. Thomas.

To MB, NYd, N. Y., Pvt. A. Hrosik.

To Cape May, N. J., Cpl. G. B. Hasson, J. Oliver, W. U. Long and Pfc. J. Rusnak.

To the Engineer Co., Quantico, Va., Cpl. J. C. Rhodes.

To Charleston, S. C., on a twenty-day furlough transfer goes Cpl. M. J. Sutherland.

So with Easter just around the corner it's off with old and on with new. When the new men get here,

The company has six men trying out for the Brigade Rifle team. Everyone is wishing them bullseye like grapes, bunch after bunch, and if they don't come like that we'll be awfully surprised with Sgt. M. B.



Lt-Col. L. Shepherd presenting the Post Basketball Trophy to Capt. Waterman, coach of the winning team.

look like important people, whether they are or not. Nevertheless the Marines are not left entirely out of the parade of spring. Some of them have new suits, and quite a few men drew a new cap. Regulation, yes, but after all isn't that what we see in Easter, new clothes, even new faces? I even bought a new handkerchief myself.

Spring to most people means green grass, flowers, and even exerting energy behind a lawn mower, but to Cpl. Monahan it means peeking through a peep sight at a target that always comes back up no matter where you hit it. In short, he is to be the coach for the Company, and personally I think he will make good. Of course that is only your correspondent's opinion.

Slant-eyed Higgins is still laughing about an April Fool joke played on Oleson, the one-man comic strip. Oleson believed that he would draw specialists' pay, since the papers, issued by Higgins, derated himself and rating Oleson, looks so original, anyone would probably have fallen for it.



Company E basketball team, representing the 2nd Battalion, which won twelve consecutive games to win the Quantico Post Championship. Members of the team, from left to right: Pvt. W. A. Romano, Cpl. J. J. Bodnar, Pfc. S. E. Welch, Pfc. L. A. Welch, Pfc. J. J. Hornak, Pfc. R. C. Gunderson, Pvt. P. O. Pettigrew, Pvt. F. A. Wirics, Pfc. J. W. Turner (Team Captain), and Capt. H. C. Waterman, Coach and Company Commander, holding trophy. (Pvt. Tonn, a member of squad, absent from picture)

Rogers, Gy. Sgt. Wolfgang, Pvts. J. Cooey, G. R. Hancock, E. W. Slaughter and R. W. Spence on the firing line.

If this obituary to the dear departed isn't written in the style of Buck, the usual stooge, blame it on the stooge's stooge.

B COMPANY

By "Mac"

The maneuvers are just pleasant memories for most of us by now, for after all a good time was had by all with plenty of liberty.

What are the benefits of the extensive use of that famous St. Thomas BAY RHUM? Ask Goodwin.

While at Fort De France, Martinique, our Marines and the French sailors there got along beautifully. They even went as far as to swap caps. Had our Marines a little more time I believe they would have brought a French sailor back aboard also. Ask Quigley and Gonor about it.

Since our return this company has taken on the aspect of a morgue. Half of the company has been on a furlough, but by the middle of this month we'll expect all of them back and B Company will once more swing into action. The Rifle Range will be our first objective.

Quite a number of "our old timers" have been transferred during the past week: Corporals Quigley, Melvin and Pfc. Cassity went to Cape May, N. J., Cpl. Pollock to the Barracks at Washington to snap in for a commission, lots of luck to you, Dan, we're all pulling for you, Pfc. Moring and Norris to the Navy Yard at Washington. Cpl. Blankenship and Pvt. Wells to Newport, R. I., Pvts. Gardner and Baker to Portsmouth, N. H. So long, fellas, it was nice knowing you and soldiering with you.

Our new police sergeant is none other than Sgt. Meseroile, that salty of salts and already he's talking about chipping paint.

Platoon Sergeant John Schrenk received

his promotion last month. Congratulations.

Pvt. J. K. Young, formerly a platoon sergeant of the 8th Battalion of reserves in Toledo, Ohio, shipped in the regular Marine Corps and is now a member of this company. He made these last maneuvers with us as a reservist and when he was through with his active status darn if he didn't ship as a regular and come right back with this company. We're glad to have you, Young.

Private Herbert J. (Rabbit) Wusler is now in charge of the battalion recreation room. I quote Wusler: "Since I've been in charge of the place it looks 100% better." Funny part of it he's got something there. He expects to run off a few ping-pong tournaments. Once more I quote Wusler: "Before I'm through it will be the best recreation room on this post." You're doing fine, Herby, keep up the good work. In the meanwhile brush up on your fielding.

The prospects of another good softball team are very promising. We're out to win the same trophy we won last year.

Well, folks, this is my first job at writing so all I can say is I'll do better next time.

C COMPANY

We are back home at last. From all indications everybody was glad to put their feet on the good old terra firma around Quantico. After a couple of months on the islands of the West Indies and the rolling Atlantic Ocean, the hills around Quantico look as great as the Rocky Mountains do to a "land lubbing" Wyoming Cowboy.

The very first night we came back Joe Trotter left the barracks to "take a walk." As all the fellows here know, he is the number one liberty hound of C Company. Just where his "walks" take him is hard to determine. Only this morning he walked into the squadroom just ten minutes before reveille.

Almost half of the fellows left on the

seventeenth for a fifteen-day furlough. Pfc. Nicholson and Yarborough didn't want a furlough. They seemed to find more pleasure in the few hours they spent in Washington during week-ends. Several of the fellows returned today with a surprise in the form of a transfer.

On the first day of April ten of C Company's "old salts" were transferred. Pfc. Nicholson, Williams and the singing kid, Yarborough went to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. Private Black was another lucky guy. He also went to the Marine Barracks at Pensacola. Pfc. Nevins, Private Davis and Dowling finally got "sea going." They were transferred to USS *Reina Mercedes* (the ship that never weighs anchor) at Annapolis, Maryland. Private Chadwick went to the Navy Yard at Philadelphia.

Private Flanders and Pfc. Dillon left us on the second for a tour of duty at St. Julian's Creek, Virginia. Private Briker, Ellis and Ruggiero went to NP, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. "Pop" Conlea went back near home. His new station is at New London, Connecticut. The snappy sentry you will see this summer directing traffic at the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey, will no doubt be Private Bloomquist. Privates Jandura and Patterson went to Marine Barracks, Dover, New Jersey. We'll be seeing you in a sleigh this winter, "Pat."

On the eighteenth Private Grover C. Snyder was given an honorable discharge so he could accept a job with the Pennsylvania Police. Fellows, you had better watch your step while in Pennsylvania if he has you on his "list."

Once again the time has come for all good shots to shoot themselves "in the money." We are just beginning the range work for this season. We hope the rifle shots of the entire Marine Corps will have "something to shoot at" when we come off the range this year. So Long. Semper Fidelis.

D COMPANY

Captain M. B. Twining, Commanding

Due to the fact that mail from Puerto Rico did not reach Washington, D. C., in time, our news did not reach THE LEATHERNECK until after they had gone to press. However, we will not repeat our item, as there is the possibility that Sgt. Rentfrow intends to include that in this issue.

Lieutenant Richard W. Wallace has been detached to the First Battalion, Tenth Marines, and Lieutenant John H. Masters to Headquarters Company of this battalion, where he has assumed command of the Special Weapons Platoon. Lieutenant Noel O. Castle, our only remaining lieutenant, is now busy taking his probationary examination, and then expects to go to the Rifle Range and join Captain Twining in a try-out for the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team. From this, you will see that we are running short of commissioned personnel. However, D Company has always prided itself on having quality instead of quantity.

Platoon Sergeant Philip R. Hade, formerly of Aircraft One, the Marine Barracks at Washington, D. C., and of Bremerton, Washington, joined us a few weeks ago. Then an old H Company man of the Sixth Marines, who decided that life in the Marine Corps is better than the outside, re-enlisted and joined us. He is Arthur O. Kindt, Jr., and is a welcome addition to our ranks. In addition, we have received John D. Bennett, Charles L. Norwood and

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THE SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., USMC, Commanding

WITH the salt air still in our lungs and our hides well tanned, we have once more taken up our position in Barracks B. Corporal Bates, our Battalion Police Sergeant, who remained in Quantico during the maneuvers, had our quarters spic and span with newly painted decks, walls and overheads, which indeed made us glad to be back where things were to be a little more home-like. However, we cast no unhappy reflections upon our experiences on board the good ship *Wyoming*. We know we have made many lasting friendships among those with whom we worked hard and also, we might add that we did cause them more than their share of work besides being in their way a good part of the time, due to over crowded conditions. Those of us who are to make a second maneuver next year are looking forward to feeling a deck beneath our feet once again. The time always rolls around when, after having taken in many new sights and had a pleasant cruise all 'round, we have to return to our home port and resume our regular duties.

Since our return, company offices are scenes of great activity as the crowd gathers outside the door in preparation to asking about that oncoming furlough.

The sad part of our return is the effecting of many transfers from the battalion. It's hard enough to watch a couple of your old friends take off for distant ports and new stations, but when they start leaving by the dozen, it's pretty hard to take. On the other hand, we expect to make many new friends when replacements begin coming in very soon.

As correspondent for the Second Battalion, I suddenly find myself at a loss as to furnishing much news. However, our company correspondents have made promises of some good, snappy articles. There is little more to say at present than to suggest that you read on into the doings of the boys who have really put this battalion at the top.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Here we are again in the dear old U.S.A. and glad to be back too. Even though we (I am speaking for the company as a whole) had two months of hard work while on Maneuvres, we feel as though the time and energy were well spent, for we derived benefits in some way or other.

The liberty we had helped to offset the hardships, and they were very frequent, too, considering everything.

Since our return we had a few days shaking down, and putting our Barracks back into homelike conditions, and then furloughs started which was taken by fifty per cent of the company.

And speaking of shake down the changes occurring in the Battalion left us short. Nine men who were transferred to posts as indicated.

Pfc. Link, Otto C., to MD, RS, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.; Pfc. Hahn, Victor LeR., to MD, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa.; Pfc. Raden, Carl R., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.; Pfc. Woitkiewicz, Benny S., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.; Pvt. Embry, Frank M., to

USS *Reina Mercedes*, NA, Annapolis, Md.; Pvt. Joiner, "J" "B," to MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va.; and Pvt. Souders, James O., to MB, SB, New London, Conn. The many shipmates of the above named men hated to see them go but, it is for the good of the Corps, and we wish them good luck at their new stations.

We all start firing the range next month for qualification, and we are all determined to get in the money, and hoping that our determination doesn't fall like a bunch of New Year's resolutions. (No alibi, Youse Guys, it's just up to you.)

Well I guess this is enough for now so will be seeing you next month.

COMPANY E

By Joe

We are back in our own barracks again and I must say this is certainly a much more desirable place to live than was the ship we lived on for the last nine weeks. The maneuvers are a thing of the past now, and I doubt if there are many who are sorry. But on the other hand, it was an experience which may be looked back on with a remembrance of only the good times partaken of, and the more distasteful episodes will fade into oblivion as the months pass on.

Spring is here and with it comes furloughs, transfers, working parties, and a general renovation of the company as a whole. A mass transfer has taken place, taking most of the men who have been the FMF soldiers for the last two or three years to the smaller posts on the east coast. Among those being transferred are: Cpl. Catron, Pfs. Garrett, Gunderson, L. A. Weleh, S. E. Weleh and Wright. Pfts. Beard, Branie, Blunt, Dow, Marcantel, Greene, Sylvester, Tonn, Warnock, and Wining. Cpl. Bodnar and Pfe. Hudoek, our

company clerk, are anxiously awaiting the formation of the Wakefield rifle range detachment. It seems the New England "atmosphere" agrees with them. May all of the boys have the best of luck at their new posts.

Just a few of the things I heard while nosing around the sea bags of the boys being transferred: "Frenchy" Marcantel saying that he joined the Marine Corps to get out of the "sticks" and they send him from Quantico to St. Julien's Creek. . . . Gunderson and the Weleh brothers finally agreeing to ask for a transfer and now wondering what it is like in a Navy Yard . . . Greene nervous over the prospect of telling the "one and only" in Washington that he is Newport bound . . . Wright in a dejected mood after asking for Pensacola and getting Dover . . . While in the next room, Beard and Sylvester, the Mississippi rebels, proudly proclaiming "We 'uns is agoin' to Pensacola" . . . And last but not least, Garrett telling the boys that his transfer must be a typographical error because he put in for Wakefield—not Washington (But we'll see him in Washington). That's all.

COMPANY F

Spring is here and so are the Police Details, but we guess the latter is because upon completion of the Winter Maneuvres furloughs were given to about 50% of the effective strength of this organization, and the Post sure was in need of a going over after Old Man Winter's little private maneuver.

After practically three weeks of work the Triangle Road and vicinity is again looking its old self, furlough time is rapidly drawing to a close and we are about to launch out upon the Rifle Marksman ship Schedule, preliminary to actually shooting for record with the various small arms.

Right at the present time we are losing some of the "old timers" such as Kastroba, Black, Schaaf, Hirst and the man of the hour Scarborough, which news no doubt is only interesting to those who have gone before but still scan the pages of THE LEATHERNECK in order to keep in touch



Post Exchange, Quantico

with old friends of Company F. Others are sitting on the anxious seat, having completed "tours" of duty in the FMF and are awaiting the call to move on to other Posts. The vacant bunks will soon be occupied by new men and to them will be handed the torch to carry on.

We've written maneuvers so much that we feel we have run out of any other news and we feel that we have covered the maneuver period so thoroughly that we must stop here and concentrate in order to compile something, perhaps a little more interesting, for the next issue.

COMPANY G

Well, here we are again, but we don't seem to be able to make much of a splash this month. The first part of the month was spent on the USS *Wyoming* and on the Island of Puerto Rico. We went ashore on Culebra for a day of recreation while the ships were getting set for some gunfire.

We helped the aviation and artillery get loaded on the *Wyoming* and *Antares* respectively. The trip to the States was uneventful except for ship's routine. When it came time to unload the gear from the ship to the train there wasn't a growl given out by any of the men for being put on too many working parties. The ship was unloaded with plenty of speed and no confusion.

We boarded the train at the NOB and left about 1315 and arrived in Quantico about 1930. Didn't do much but get ready to sleep on a stationary bunk for a change. Took a couple of days to clean up and unload from the train.

The companies were allowed 50% on furlough and the boys sure took advantage of that and went home to straighten out matters there. There were several sun tans to be shown to the girl friend as well.

Preparations are now being made for firing the range and a large spring and summer of athletics and training for the next maneuvers.

COMPANY H

By J. E. Aucoin

Here we are back in the Barracks and Quantico. And mighty glad we were to get back for the Barracks are mighty comfortable after a taste of sea life. Already the axe has begun to fall and every train out of Quantico is loaded with Marines bound for other posts all up and down the coast. And many are the wails from the throats of some because they have a big heart throb in Washington or vicinity. But that is all in the life of a Marine and wails or not, they sure are leaving. Sgt. Hebert departed for the frozen north. Hebe said that he was afraid he would be cold this winter up there in Newport, R. I. Pfc. Kalin left with a broad smile on his face because at Fort Mifflin he will be much nearer his home town sweetheart. Cpl. Punchy Pumrow has gone to the Rifle Range Detachment here in Quantico, while our two perennial playboys, Pfc. Gallagher and Pvt. Schneider, will take the old river steamboat for MB, Norfolk, this date.

So that makes a dent in the roster and there are more dents coming. Captain Larson will leave us next month for the Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, where he will take over the duties of team coach, and we are sure that the team will have a successful year. Lt. Cosgrove will leave soon for Guantanamo
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THE FIRST BATTALION, TENTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas E. Bourke, USMC, Commanding

BATTERY A

By Wincy

Greetings, folks. Now that the cannoneers have returned to Quantico perhaps this would be the time to total the effect of the "tropic traveling" upon the members of Battery A. No difference can be noted in the old timers, who, like sail rock, merely gathered another layer of salt with no change in appearance. It is different with those who were taking their first cruise and many changes can be noted.

Take Private Young, for instance, before going to San Juan, Chandler preferred a red-headed girl to any other type. Now he sees red whenever you mention one. Cheer up, boy. Christopher Columbus' boys were over there before there was a coast guard, and they got all messed up, so history says.

History certainly is wonderful. Take the Morro Castle in San Juan as an example. For a long time it successfully defended the city against all comers, and now modern artillery could demolish it—probably do it as quick as Private Sample demolishes a Joe New and chow. Now we are on a tasty subject. Pardon me if I don't linger on the subject. Too long to wait for the next delicious chow. They say that Joe and Smitty

COPY FOR THE JUNE
LEATHERNECK MUST REACH
EDITORS BEFORE MAY 8

HOW'S FOR SOME PICTURES?

are going to be transferred to Charleston. Guess they want to learn about that southern cooking.

Southern cooking will be one of the chief items of conversation when the lads return from their post maneuver furloughs. Especially do Pfc. Mosley and Robbins enjoy this topic. Most of the Yankee lads say that they have interests in their section that make up for any lack of the culinary fine points.

Speaking of points, it sure would have been fine if a few more were on that 311. "What are you going to shoot this year?" Pvt. Yancey says that he will probably shoot the same old line of alibis again. "Why not? They are as good as my shooting."

The rumor is going around that the Battery will go to Parris Island again come May. Well, come on May, and don't keep the cannoneers waiting.

Sergeant Harrison has been transferred into the newly formed C Battery. Good luck!

Sergeant Korongy has taken an extensive furlough. How quiet and peaceful it is at Reveille. Sergeant Blount assures us that we are not at a hotel. Imagine Ppts. Spang and Geise trying to sleep in just because they were still on furlough until noon!

What do you think F. M. Thompson's alibi for that sour note that comes from his bugle? Give up? Well, when you

triple tongue a bugle you do it with your throat. This is the reason that when you blow into a bugle sweetly, it comes out sour. Of course this is just putting it roughly. We could work it out in algebra, but we would get the same answer.

Algebra. That is what this company needs, the Battery could use it too. Instead of trying to make a straight flush beat four aces they could try to make X equal Y. It would be so much cheaper, and lots easier done. Private Matthews would have to go back to ironing shirts for pin money, instead of the nail money he gets "just by trying to break even."

Platoon Sergeant Korongy is the latest victim of the "love bug." The sergeant is now a married man, but no El Smello's as yet as he is still on furlough. Someone should have warned the sergeant. This is great weather for the "bug." Warm. It must have followed the *Antares* up from Puerto Rico—probably wanted to see what manner of ship it was that rolled in a calm sea until the crow's nest scooped up water from the port side and threw it back on the starboard, and at the same time bucking a cow pony with a burr under its tail.

For a long while the Battery radio baffled the cannoneers by its continued absence from the shelf which it formerly occupied. When it did return, it was very silent. "Flash" Morrow, always helpful, attempted to tune it, no results. A bona fide repair man looked it over and said that he possibly could make a transmitter out of it, but he wouldn't guarantee that. The result is a new radio of the more "powerful" type. Wonder how long "Flash" will be able to resist tuning it?

Corporal Griffin has taken over the duties of property sergeant. Sergeant O'Connor has been transferred to battalion. The dope is that "Oky" will be in line for sea duty soon. The entire Battery will miss you, Oky. "Griff" will have his hands full upholding the reputation you have given the Barracks—neatest in Quantico. Private Keegan gathered quite a reputation for himself as a "Don Juan" while in San Juan and St. Thomas. His formula for success in getting acquainted with the señoritas is: (1) borrow, as near as you can, one peso; (2) buy one or more beers; (3) pick a girl and give her the mean eye; (4) start the conversation by describing your airship and telling her about how you got all your flying time in. Now you have the situation in hand.

Private Elmer A. Sample says that Don Q is a better man than all of the Don Juans. Private Redmond will verify this, but says that he was saved from really having it out with the Don, as he had the advantage of the knowledge of Keegan's formula for success. He also had the advantage over Keegan himself. He didn't have to borrow the peso.

Pvt. J. J. Morgan reports that in shadowing "Oky" he wasted no time. With a mustache like Plat-Sgt. Korongy's and the technique learned from "Oky,"

he will be quite a Lothario.

The old love bug must have stayed in Pvt. Langley's bunk along with the bed bugs. He is going to Washington as often as he did before maneuvers. When you keep the same girl for two seasons it must be love.

Corporal Sugalski and Private Lattimer have taken up things where they left off. Still disturbing the peace between tape and reveille.

"Brute" (Pvt. Bennet), "Jam" (Pvt. Yaneey) and our boy Joe are D. C.-ing again this season. That's where our money goes. Jam makes it in the laundry business and Joe gets it first one way and then the other.

That's the way I'm going. Are you going the other way? If you are, you can go with me. We will see you all next month. Just remember, "The cannons have hairy ears," and I'll see what I can comb out of them.

BATTERY B

*Oh! For the roll, the Ocean gift,
With salty spray astir.*

*Oh! For the fragrance of nature's soil
Quantico, for you we're crying.*

*Many a night 'neath the starry sky
On our rolls, we'd lay quiet and still
Wondering if we would ever get back
To our castle upon the hill.*

After completing a very successful maneuver, upon which all hands were commended, many sentiments were brought to the surface on the five-day return trip. Although we all hated to leave the West Indies, we sure gave a yell—secretly of course—but nevertheless, a yell, when the pleasant landscape of the "grand ole State of Virginia" heaved into view.

The main cause of the above mentioned yell was the odd but discomforting remarks such as, "You can't sleep here, Marine," "Roll out," and "Hit the deck," all of which was borne with a certain resentment, all of which is forgotten and as you would say, "Everybody's happy."

We are leaving the good ship *Antares* to sink, or should I say sail for Philly, while we settle down once more to routine cleaning barracks, guns, tractors, etc.

Quite a few fellows went home on furlough, but the majority stayed in Quantico to do some much needed scrubbing and polishing, and getting a little sleep, although I must say the nearby cities have been well explored for new developments.

Speaking of sleep, I wonder when Pvt. Duffy is going to extend to the sandman his thanks for quite a few sleepless nights. Duff and a pal later mentioned have been hitting all the hot spots for the past two weeks and it looks as if the Anchor pool, which he and the later mentioned "Norman" won, is scattered over D. C. and Virginia by now. More Old Milwaukee to you Duff.

Two of our old pals have left our ranks for the newly organized C Battery. Here's hoping you can tame them to the task of cannons. Tommie, as I'm sure Muggsy has not much time to spare after winning the large Anchor pool. Remember the old Shute the Shute and I don't mean the roller coaster either.

Say, F. G., who was the lovely bru-

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BROWN-FIELDS BULLETIN

By Tiger Laws

HFTER a short absence caused by maneuvers this column again appears in your favorite magazine, THE LEATHERNECK, bringing you the latest news of the day from Aircraft One.

Personnel and planes from Quantico participated in the Fleet Landing Exercise Number Four held this winter in the Virgin Islands for something like a period of two months. Both planes and pilots were given severe tests in carrying out the various problems necessitated by the war games. Ten to twelve flying hours per day were required of each pilot on several occasions. All members of Aircraft One were based at Pan American Field, at San Juan, Puerto Rico, with the exception of the Scouting Squadron, who held down the fort on the Island of Culebra.

We returned from maneuvers to find workmen putting the finishing touches to our new mess hall. The Mess Officer, Lieutenant Sam Moore has promised its use at an early date and all hands are looking forward to the arrival of the day we depart our present mess hall, a veteran of fifteen years.

Master Technical Sergeant E. C. "Breezy" Briesemeister, who has been a chef in Aviation for a number of years, has been given a transfer to Parris Island. "Breezy" leaves his work here in the capable hands of Sergeant "Abie" Lavine, who will carry on. Air One wishes the best of luck for "Breezy" and members of the various squadrons will be

looking forward to dining at Parris Island while carrying out their gunnery schedules.

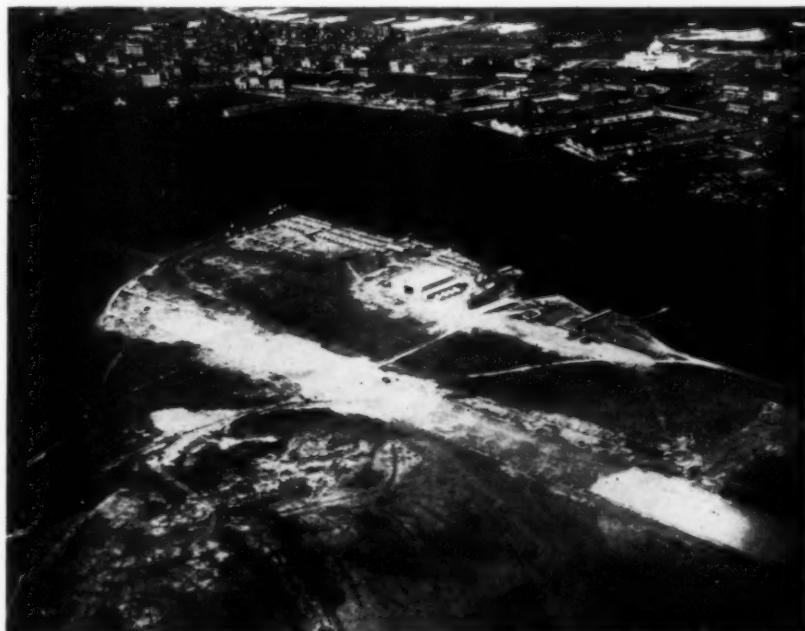
Members of the Marine Scouting Squadron had a good excuse for not attempting to unpack their sea bags on their return from maneuvers. Following a couple of days of plane checks they shoved-off for their annual gunnery tour at Parris Island. They are scheduled to return to this station within the next ten days.

Work at this base has been considerably curtailed for the past month due to there being so many of the personnel firing the range. The entire unit has been given but six weeks to polish up on their shooting skill, while carrying out flight schedules at the same time. Members of each organization have been working in earnest in the attempt to help bring the highest individual marking to their respective squadrons which, in turn, will help boost the final average of Aircraft One over that offered by our competitors, the other units of the Fleet Marine Force.

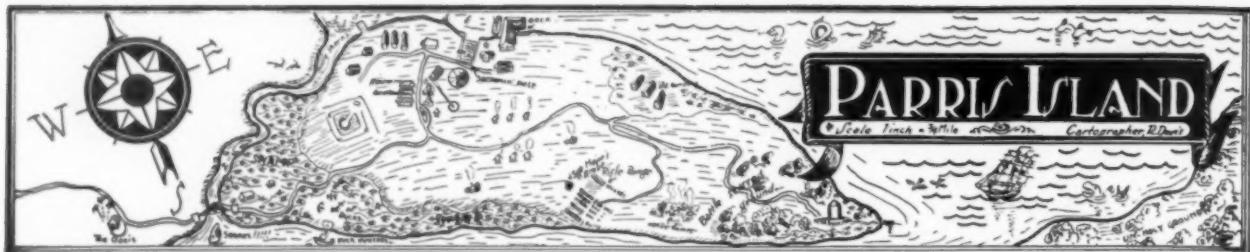
The Fighting Squadron has at last substituted eighteen new Grumman planes for their faithful Boeing fighters. The F4B-4's were ferried to Pensacola by VMF-1 pilots late last month and will be used for training at that station. The replacement by the Grummans makes a crack outfit of our Fighting Squadron. The sturdy craft with its powerful engine is ideal for a VF unit and the roar they carry with them is sweet music to the ears of any pilot.

The arrival of Aviation Cadets and enlisted men from Pensacola this spring has greatly swelled the ranks of flyers at Aircraft One. Each squadron has a capacity number of pilots at this time. Captain Marion "Ziggy" Dawson, Operations Officer for those mighty bombers has three full teams and a substitute available when he forms his daily flight schedule.

(Continued on page 58)



Camp R. P. Williams, established at Pan American Field by Aircraft One while on maneuvers this year at San Juan, Puerto Rico. This remarkable picture, taken by the Photo Section of Air One, shows quite clearly in the background, the city of San Juan.



**Brigadier General D. C. McDougal
U.S.M.C., Commanding General,**

**Lieutenant Colonel L. H. Miller,
U.S.M.C., Executive Officer.**

**Major J. W. Flett, U.S.M.C.,
Post Quartermaster**

**Captain C. S. Schmidt, U.S.M.C.,
Post Paymaster**

By W. R. Yingling, Jr.

HI'S being the spring of the year everything looks nice and fresh, the singing of the birds, green trees, and lots of rainfall; and even a new correspondent getting a fresh start in writing this article for our well-known means of communication—THE LEATHERNECK. I can understand why it takes some authors a long time to write a book, but that is not what I intend to try to do this nor any other month.

This month you see many solemn faces throughout the command, and there is one good reason for this and that is when you hear that the A & I is coming, but don't know when. All seemed to be prepared for this annual inspection in every respect. Seeing the entire command in Blues again reminded me of the good times that used to be had in the good Corps when Major General Smedley D. Butler, USMC (Ret.), would take his entire command from Quantico, Va., to the annual football games held at Baltimore, Md., and Philadelphia, Pa. In those days we had real athletes and could mold a mighty strong team in any of the major sports. We still have good athletes in the Marine Corps, so why not have good teams in every sport this year? To have these athletics we must have the interest of the command at heart and get out there and give our team lots of moral support. I am speaking of baseball now because it is getting near that time again. Our Executive Officer, Lt.-Col. L. H. Miller, is very interested and is giving his support so that we may have a good baseball club this year. We have good ball players at this post so let's get them out now for practice. First Sergeant Brannon (a good ball player himself) has been given the job of getting together a real outstanding Post team this year. He has already been giving the boys a workout on the field and by the looks of things we should have a good team this year.

Speaking of athletics, the writer thought it a good idea to say something about soft-ball competition between the Officers and Staff Non-Commissioned Officers of the Post. Captain S. S. Ballentine, team captain of the Officers' team, said, when asked the results of the game, ASK SUPPLY SERGEANT HENRY KEIFER, he will tell you all about it. So I approached Sgt. Keifer on the subject and what do you think he said—ASK CAPTAIN BALLENTINE.

After hearing both their stories I decided to ask someone else about the game and this is what I heard. The first ball thrown over the plate by Captain Ballentine was hit for a home run by Gunnery-Sergeant E. M. Martin (I believe this is the reason

why Captain Ballentine said ask Sgt. Keifer). The final score of the game was: Officers, 27; Staff N.C.O., 17 (I know this is the reason Sgt. Keifer did not care to talk any more about it). I did want to get a picture of this game and asked the post photographer to take one; he said he would and went out there on the field to do so but without success; when asked why, he said they wouldn't stop playing long enough for him to snap a picture and that he couldn't catch them on-the-fly. By this I think he means that someone was running around the bases all the time. If there is a return match, I will let you know the outcome of same.

The Post Recreation Officer has been asking for team entries in the proposed intra-post soft-ball league; so far there are but two teams entered. Let's have more and all have a good time. I believe if the Recreation Officer would say FREE BEER after each game for the winners there would be lots more teams interested—I wonder?

Lieutenant Harold M. Sylvester (CEC), U.S. Navy, the Public Works Officer at this station, was detached 1 March, 1938, and transferred to the Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C. During his tour of duty at this post the Lieutenant has made lots of friends and with him goes the best wishes of those that knew him for a pleasant tour of duty at your new station.

Corporal "Charlie" DeWees returned from 30 days' furlough on 2 March; he seemed to have a different expression on his face and doing some real hard work these days. Maybe it is better to take a furlough once in a while (If you can get it). I guess one is entitled to a furlough after knocking out a 140-page Class three property Certificate of Balances a couple of times within several months.

Private Alton E. Edenfield, Service Company, was discharged on 4 March. He was discharged with Excellent Character and awarded a Good Conduct Medal. Private Edenfield worked in the Post Commissary for several years and during his tour of duty at this post he made lots of good friends who wish him the best of luck in civilian life.

Platoon-Sergeant Wade H. Lee, Recruit Depot Detachment, was transferred to MBNYd, Portsmouth, Va., on 11 March. Sergeant Lee was a Recruit Instructor at this post for the past several years and will be missed by those that knew and worked with him and with him goes the best of luck for a pleasant tour of duty at your new station.

Sergeant M. C. Pulliam was transferred from Recruit Depot Detachment to Headquarters Company for duty with the Post Exchange as Steward of the Main Store, relieving Corporal Griffin.

The following promotions were made during the month:



**Major General Douglas C. McDougal,
Commanding General, Parris Island.**

THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, SECOND ANTI AIR-CRAFT BATTALION, FMF

As the time draws near for our departure from Parris Island, all hands are duly excited by the prospects of the new stomping grounds, which, we understand, will be San Diego, Calif. Since the last writing most of the battery has been on duty on Hilton Head Island in connection with laying of telephone lines, maintaining contact with Parris Island and with our tow plane, and various other little things that go toward the servicing of the other batteries. One of our important functions is to operate the cameras behind the line of fire, when the 3" gun battery is firing. In other words, by the photographing of these bursts we are able to compute the scores made, and photographs cannot lie. You no doubt have heard of many people who claimed they were being robbed in the butts on the rifle range. Well, that is an old story in the Marine Corps, and since our cameramen constitute the "butt detail" for the 3" battery, don't be surprised if you hear a few growls coming our way. We took times and computed target ranges for the record firing of the machine gun battery also.

Now for something on the social side of life. I wonder who knows the names of the three men in this battery who slept on a park bench in Savannah recently, one Saturday night. What's the matter, boys, is hitch-hiking getting touch these days, or didn't the cards turn up right? Our Cpl. Anderson is still making trips to Richmond, even though the distance has been tripled since we left Quantico. Has the love-bug gotcha, Andy? Catch 'em young, Andy, and keep 'em that way. Pfc. Warner and Pvt. Prater are vying for the attention of a cute little waitress who works in Savannah. May the best man win, boys. Pvt. F. E. Davis, our battery clerk, after making a one night stand in Miami, has been hearing from the young lady quite regularly ever since. What is this strange power, "Davie?" Perhaps she has the "power" and you're writing the letters.

In conclusion I must mention the most excellent sun-tan the boys are acquiring over at Hilton Head. And I might say to those same boys that, when they get to California, don't under any circumstances tell the native sons there that you acquired this tan in the vicinity of Florida. S'long, fellows.

BATTERY H, SECOND ANTI AIR-CRAFT BATTALION, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Searchlight News From H 2-AA.
By John Konecny

The infant grows and we can no longer claim to be the infant organization of the Marine Corps. Due to the untiring efforts of our Battery Commander, Captain Newton, our Executive Officer, Lt. Tingle, and the hearty cooperation of all NCO's, we now have five searchlight sections that can go into position promptly and operate our searchlights in such a manner that it is very seldom that our flier, Mr. Munseh, can get through our lights without a flick and carry. We operate our searchlights twice a week and make Parris Island look like New York's forty-second Street (Even the sand fleas can practice their skirmish march).

VMSI, Aircraft 1 arrived from Quantico on March 25 and we promptly invited them to a beer party and challenged them to a softball game. It is remarkable how the Anti-Aircraft can get along in peace and harmony with the Aircraft forces. It must be the result of flying the same flag, or having common interests.

More good news. Two of our sergeants, Sgt. Carlson and Sgt. Haynes, were selected for platoon sergeant by the last selection board. Congratulations from all the men from Battery H. We all have the same opinion of the two sergeants as the selection board.

Private First Class Mackowinski is getting to be a very short-timer but assures us he is going to extend his enlistment to accompany us to the west coast (It must be the periodical beer parties, Mack).

Corporal Hayes rushed into the barracks with a sea bag loaded with knobs, bolts, wheels, and tubes, and in a few hours we had a musical box saying "It's Luckies two to one." It is our belief that with a few pipes, canteen cups, swab handles, etc., Cpl. Hayes could produce a ten-tube set.

In a few weeks we will once more answer the bugle call, and sail for the west coast on the good ship *Antares*. No doubt there will be many broken hearts among the fair sex in Savannah, Beaufort, and other cities in this vicinity. (Most of them were probably broken before we came here.) This time we will leave without our highly esteemed Executive Officer, Lt. Tingle, who is being detached for duty as Commanding Officer of the Marine Detachment of the USS *Charleston*. Our loss is their gain and we are sure the Marine Detachment of the *Charleston* will form the same high opinion of Lt. Tingle as the men of Battery H.

More news next month.

BATTERY E, SECOND ANTI AIR-CRAFT BATTALION

Bursts From Battery E
By Recoil Slim

Hello, again. Once more your humble scribe takes pen in hand and prepares to acquaint the waiting (?) world with the deeds and misdeeds of ol' Battery E, Second Antiaircraft Bn. Please pardon me if

I seem to mutter in my whiskers because my head has been ringing so much since we started firing that my friends (I wonder) tell me I should call myself Recoil Happy instead of Recoil Slim.

Things have been rather quiet since last we were heard from. Most of our time has been devoted to cleaning of guns, loading and tracking drill and construction work around the camp.

On Friday, March 11, Bty. E held field day and generally "shined up" in anticipation of an inspection by Lt. Col. James Roosevelt. But alas and alack our efforts were all in vain because the visit never materialized.

Tuesday is our regular day for firing but due to bad weather our last firing was done on Thursday, March 17. Thirty-six (36) rounds were expended on towed target practice.

In our spare minutes (believe me they're spare) a couple of snappy volley ball teams have been whipped into fine shape under the encouragement and direction of Lt. Kilmartin. If they defeat our volley ball team then our last resource will be to call our tarzans down out of the trees and challenge Bty. G to a grapevine-swinging contest. Our two Kentucky hill-billys, Tuggle and Burchwell, swing a mean grape-vine. On being interviewed by the Nosey Reporter they let down their hair and admitted that they lived so far up in the mountains that they had to swing in the last couple of miles, hence their skill on the hill trapeze.

Last month we extended the hand of welcome to FM-1cl. Harford who had recently joined us from Parris Island. This month we offer a hand of congratulations (also for a free beer) on his attaining the rank of FM-Corporal. Now that you're one of the higher class hired help how about a few Budwiesers to wet that extra stripe down, Music. All kidding aside, Harford, we think you're O.K. and how we love to hear you blow Pay Call and Liberty Call. Not to mention Chow Bumps, and many of the sentimentally inclined lie awake at night to hear you play "Taps."

"Who Said That?"

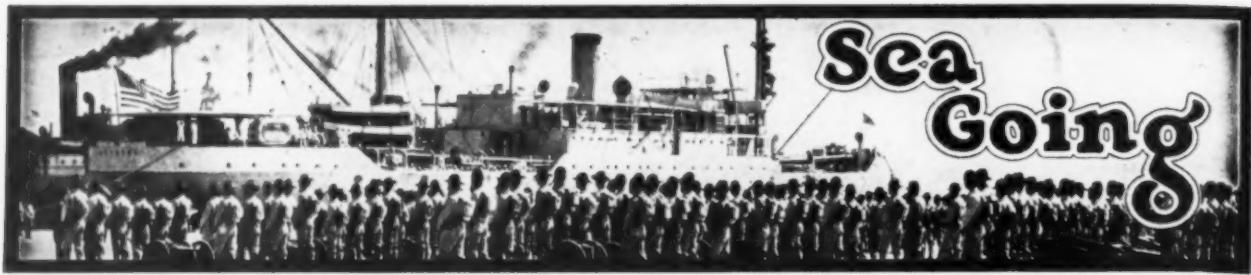
Cpl. "Bring 'em back alive" Rogers and Pl. Sgt. "Big Mac" McKinstry aren't a couple of big game hunters. Last week they journeyed into the snake-infested swamps that completely surround our camp and had amateurs' luck in encountering a

(Continued on page 57)



Photo by Henry

Platoon 6, Parris Island. Instructed by Pl-Sgt. Ross and Corporal Weaver.



NEW MEXICO SALVOS

By "Toad" Wolger

Fleet problem 1st was the signal I guess for lots of action on our ship. Hustle and bustle was our keynote just prior to the maneuvers. Transfers, replacements, promotions, landing forces and still a few short timers left to "sound off."

Transfers—Corporals Quillan, Fackett and Drummer August to San Diego. Pfs. Epperson, Ortell and Field Music First Class Lunch to Mare Island and Corporal Lunn to Goat Island.

Replacements—Pfc. E. Price (San Diego, Cal.); Privates L. E. Howell (Vici, Okla.), H. Dolben (Chicago, Ill.), W. C. Mitchell (Tacoma, Wash.), H. Knox (Chicago, Ill.), R. Boardrow (Hammett, Ore.), C. Willard (Portland, Ore.), and H. Tucker (Kansas City, Mo.); Field Musics F. Stith (Okemah, Okla.), and W. Wooderson (Bethany, Mo.), from San Diego Marine Base, San Diego.

Promotions—Pfc. Lowell Ferris to Cpl.; Pts. George Lamb, Lewis Ukmor, John Osborne and Clayton Davis to Privates First Class.

Admiral Wainwright came aboard with his flag while his ship, the *Idaho*, is in Bremerton for overhaul. Eight men came aboard with his flag. Pfs. Oden and Boden came aboard for the cruise to act as orderlies for Surgeon General Rossiter, who is aboard. They are attached to the *Mississippi*.

Our four musketeers, Pence, Ugar, Beattie and Taylor may soon be transferred. It was a pleasure to have them in general quarters with us.

"Frenchy" Trahan was temporarily detached to the *Idaho* during the cruise.

"Fieldscarf" Ferris' sailboat crew came in fifth in the Marine race. Not bad for a bunch of men led by a Texan. Next year Ferris, Ukmor, Torpey, King, Davis, Marshall and Hurd hope to put us across the line first.

"Range Randoms" of the New Mexico and Nevada

Though the famous California deluge of 1938 threatened to halt our firing a bit of sunshine came and we managed to get our firing. We arrived back at our ships just prior to the cruise.

The *New Mexico* and *Nevada* details occupied the same barracks and many new friendships arose. We all had a great time and look forward to duty together again.

Gunnery Sergeant Walshe, Sergeants Newman and Palmer coached the *Nevada* men, while Platoon Sergeant Haynes, Corporal McKinney and Private First Class Pellerin did the *New Mexico* tutoring.

The "Cheer Up" ship had many men in the money. Experts were "Tennessee" Newman (325), "Kewpi" Tewell (323), and "Battler" Kolak (320). Sharpshooters "General" Lee (308), "Sluggo" Nolte (307), "Jugbutt" Smith (304), and "Lucky" Luisanatti (302). "Wonder Ship" high scorers were 2nd Lieutenant Lewis H. Pickup (325), Platoon Sergeant Haynes (323), and "Gunner" Duke (320). Sharpshooters "Flea Hop" Woods (312), and "Red" Jones (306).

Hits and Misses—We wonder why Daugh-

try was haunted by the call "Mark 8"—Palmer will give yards and yards of campaign ribbons for the solution as to who tied his bunk to the roof of the barracks. "Jugbutt" Smith is the ace detective in search for the culprits. His first clue is "Fluff" Jacobs, who, "Jugbutt" says, was the leader. Sarge Woods can still feel his ride of 8 hours from LA to the range. Lamb led us all to the mess hall. "Sheik" Gruber was an excellent caretaker of the fire when it came to dumping the ashes—"Butterball" Young acquired a new nickname of "Yonk"—Bledsoe had his cohorts out one night raiding a bee hive. They got lots of honey plus many bites.—Well, we hope to see more of the "Cheer Up" men again soon. I hope all the *Nevada*'s 299 shooters get a better "squeeze" on their last shot next year.

IDAHO SPUDS USS Idaho

Inasmuch as this is the first broadcast from the *Idaho* in about eighteen months and it all being a new assignment to this correspondent, I humbly submit our wee contribution herewith:

Through the California flood, the landing force drills of our machine gun platoon, and the prospective maneuvers we're going to miss, we feel just a little relieved at the prospects of an overhaul and rifle range period at Bremerton. We steam with the rest of the fleet for seven days and then proceed on to Bremerton without going on to Honolulu. Really a great break, we think.

During our overhaul period (April, May and June) we plan on firing the range at Camp Wesley Harris and retaining our many experts and sharpshooters.

Before the fleet's departure on maneuvers we lost the "Flag" consisting of Lt-Colonel Worton, Pfs. Hanson, Lytle, Hadley, Robinson, Young and Pts. Bell and Brandt. We hope the *New Mexico* enjoys their three months stay as we miss them.

After the cigar smoke cleared away we were aware of new stripes on the part of one Holden Howell and Hewlett Robinson. Our one and only "Dixie" Howell donning the stripes and assuming the duties of Corporal. Robinson being promoted to Pfc.—Congrats boys—and good luck.

While offering congratulations and speaking of cigar smoke we might mention our First Lieutenant Harold O. Deakin stands in the limelight with Miss Deakin taking the bow at his home. The entire guard seems as enthused over the new arrival as does Mr. Deakin and extend their congratulations. (The correspondent has a sneaking idea that the 12 to 4's are going to double up on Mr. Deakin now).

Corporal Dean has returned from thirty days in New Mexico. Sergeant Lindsey thirty days in Texas and Pfc. Foster thirty days in Louisiana.

Although we claim the best staff of offi-



MARINE OFFICERS OF THE USS IDAHO

Left to Right: Major Frank S. Gilman, 1st Lt. Harold O. Deakin and 2nd Lt. Robert H. Richard.

cers and the best guard, not only afloat but speaking of the Marine Corps as a whole, we also claim to have the largest corps of men in any one detachment patronizing Mr. Copenhaughen. Thanks to a certain Corporal of the Colorado sheep country breed.

At this time this detachment is commanded by Major Frank S. Gilman, First Lieutenant Harold O. Deakin, and Second Lieutenant Robert S. Richard. Our Gy-Sgt., Lewis V. Heasley; our first Sgt., Sgt. Belton Lidyard; our Police Sgt., Sgt. Elijah C. Lindsey; our Property Sgt., Corporal Charles B. Widstrom, and our company clerk, Jack A. Shaffer, Pvt.

Private Kelley, from the Sea School, San Diego, and Field Music Irwin, from the Field Music School, San Diego, have joined our detachment. Pleasant cruise boys and welcome to the Idaho family.

QUINCY LANCERS

By C. F. Emery

A great deal of water has passed under the proverbial bridge since the "Quincy Lancers" column was last represented in THE LEATHERNECK. Many of the old bunch have left us for other posts, and new faces are much in evidence in the detachment.

First Sergeant Leonard Curcey has been transferred to the Marine Barracks in San Diego, and is ably replaced by First Sergeant Livermore, transferred from Barracks Detachment, Marine Base, in Quantico.

Other new members acquired by our detachment are Ppts. Kimbrough, Mills, Moe, Rehberg, Simonich, Watt and Wears. The "Quincy Laneers" welcome these newcomers, and wish them a pleasant, and instructive cruise.

Pvt. Mills attended the North Texas State Teachers College for three years, having majored in Economics. If all goes well, we might be sending our mail to Mills in care of the Marine Corps Institute, where his application for an instructor's assignment is now pending.

Men transferred to other stations were: Sgt. Cecil L. Wood, Pfe. Wilbur F. Willett, Pfe. W. R. Walker, Pfe. John R. P. Wilson, Pvt. Bennie J. McMillan, and Pvt. J. D. Turner. Wood, Walker and McMillan are now at the Mare Island Navy Yard; Walker and Turner are at the Portsmouth Navy Yard; and our good friend J. R. P. "Foo the goo" Wilson, is affiliated with THE LEATHERNECK, in Washington. Good luck, "J. R. P."

Promotions were in vogue for a few of our good men of late. Corporal M. J. Silverman was promoted to Sergeant, Pfc. G. W. Johns and J. F. Herbert were promoted to rank of Corporal. T. V. Howells, E. T. Kopeczynski, and E. McCauley were promoted to Pfc.; R. J. Walker was promoted to field music, first class.

An examination for two Pfc. replacements is in the offing. Need I state that many of we "Buck" privates are doing a bit of brushing up on our Marine Corps Handbook.

Pfc. Cerny has applied for his transportation money, as he has extended two years. Rumor has it that he intends playing host to the boys at a beer bust in Honolulu.

Sgt. "Wild West" Hadusek is looking forward to the East Coast trip next year with much anxiety, due to the fact that New Haven will be so near, and SHE will be waiting.

Sgt. "Mort" Silverman has an anxious eye turned eastward also.

See you all again next month in Mare Island.



By Kid Scramble

"Mark 14." "Where was that last shot, Crowley?" "Right in the bullseye," "Swabo." You guessed it. We are at the rifle range and Gy-Sgt. Fowle is expecting some big scores to be chalked by these longhorned Marines.

While the competition for THE LEATHERNECK small-bore trophy was going on we held a squad competition match. The first squad nosed out the third squad by 2 points.

1st squad	2568
3rd squad	2566
2nd squad	2530
Det. Hqrs.	2525
4th squad	2513

Pvt. Cappel and Cpl. Bibb tied for first place with 661. Bibb won the toss-off and Cappel took 2nd place money. Gy-Sgt. Fowle was third with 658 and Pfc. Kensmoe 4th with 648.

Anyone wishing to know how it feels to be holding a full house when fire call goes

BROADCAST COPY
FOR THE JUNE
LEATHERNECK
MUST REACH THE
EDITORS BEFORE
MAY 8

just ask Montagne. Bugs Baker, our 160 lbs. of Marine-made muscle, has been spending his spare time on the punching bag. Say, Bugs, how big is the sailor? Hyland, the music with ragtime rhythm, had the thrill of a lifetime the other day; he broke the glass on the red box to call Portsmouth's three big fire trucks. (It was a real fire, too). Kensmoe and Bissontette came back from the dance with two dogs and a sled. Pete is still in love and France and Schwebke have been making their liberties in the Manhattan Tavern.

This month five old-timers will be packing their seabags for the beach—Cpl. Glenn and Pfe. Teft to Hawthorne, Nev. Pfe. Montagne to Great Lakes, Pvt. Howard to Bremerton and Cpl. Dunphy to San Diego. To take their places, nine strapping big privates from the Sea School have reported aboard: Ppts. Driscoll, Carey, Cronin, Gravitt, Donley, Sellars, Jamison, Primus and Frye.

Cpl. G. G. Glenn handed me his list of plank owners who were aboard when he reported and still aboard when he left: Sgt. Smith, Cpl. Vontom, Pfts. Cafarelli, Chalfin and Frey and Ppts. Kowskie and Revell.

April's cover of THE LEATHERNECK has been captioned "RIDER" by most of the scrap-book keepers, as he will be passing out cigars as this goes to press.

Pete seems to have a little difficulty in getting his girl friend to the Chief's dance—he had to bring the whole family.

OKLAHOMA RENEGADES

USS *Oklahoma*

By Spence D. Gartz

Here we are, hooked down in the middle of Lahina Roads, up to our necks in another forty day cruise.

It will be another week before anyone will be able to drink their first liberty at the far-famed Spas of the mystical isle of Oahu.

All in all the cruise hasn't been so bad—what with General Quarters and Condition watches three-quarters of the time. We were at sea for eighteen days, and the first and third sections are the only people stark-mad; the second and fourth sections are merely "stir-crazy."

The guard has also divided itself into two divisions on the tonsorial problem. Half of the gang has indulged in the old close-cropped style haircut, or "Heidelberg Coiffure;" and the remainder took it upon themselves to "cultivate on the upper lip that which grows wild elsewhere."

The constant condition watches did make sleep-talkers of Pfs. Wright, Crain, Largess and Markel. If aroused from their sleep—even during the day—they merely roll over and say, "Gun seven manned and ready," "Bells, buzzers and cease firing gong O.K. on eight."

Two new men, Ppts. Schiesl and Kaeding, have been added to the detachment, coming from San Diego.

Pfe. Joe Forman managed to escape the cruise by being transferred to Mare Island the day before we shoved off.

G. A. Patterson was added to the list of Pfs. and is now qualified to pass out the Bull Durham. We thank you very much, "Major."

The 1938 masculine beach styles are displayed daily during the noon hour siesta on the main deck aft. Everyone is trying to acquire that "winter in Hawaii tan"—in ten easy hours.

Cpl. E. B. Vassar admits that Omar, the Tent and Awning Maker, of Long Beach, gave him liberal terms on those baby-blue satin trunks that he models during the old Sol hour.

Cpl. Tommy Tucker, coach and trainer of the ship's boxers, is in charge of the smoker that will take place during our stay in Pearl Harbor.

Pvt. Joe Tellier will scrap Sailor Kirby in the light-heavy division, Cpl. C. H. Harris will take on "Sluggo" Sontag in the middleweight class.

Pvt. "Jumbo" Denbo, formerly of the Western Kansas League, is holding down the shortstop position, and Pfe. "Twinkletoes" Kemp is evorting about left-field, on the "Okie" baseball team.

Cpl. C. H. Harris has assumed the duties of Police Sergeant, and was still holding his own when we went to press.

What Corporal, or is his name Ehlen, bought a complete civilian outfit for his trip back to Baltimore; sold all his regulation clothes, retaining just one suit of "blues," and then decided to extend for a two year period? Ha! and Haw!

Pfe. Adam "Ribs" Krayniewski has taken over the duties of Company Clerk now that "Pop" Ehlen has decided to go back to work again.

It'll be hard for "Ski" to keep his mind on the pay roll list and Louisville at the same time.

Last minute congratulations to the latest Pfe.—Roy E. Heinke.

We hope this will help him recover from his recent unfortunate injuries. Good Luck, Roy.



Marine Guard, USS *Idaho*, Commanded by Major Frank S. Gilman, USMC.

PORLAND PONDERINGS USS *Portland*

By Meyers

Marines of the USS *Portland*, all present and accounted for. On no other ship in the entire Pacific Fleet can there be found a Marine detachment who can excell us in our standing and soldierly bearing. Roll-call to date is forty, with Captain R. F. Crist, Jr., commanding, and Second Lieutenant R. K. Miller as detachment officer. To them and First Sergeant Joe A. English and the whole hearted cooperation of the command, we attribute all we claim.

The approach of May and June will offer many openings for ratings, namely four for Corporal, eight for Private First Class, and one Sergeant rating. Sgt. R. P. Thomas, now on his fourth cruise, will leave our midst in June for San Diego. Corporals H. F. Bess, P. R. Drake, M. A. Newton, Jr., and P. S. Raso will make their departure during May and June. Privates First Class to say farewell are E. Loos and L. A. Nitehe. Incidentally, Cpl. H. E. Jackson will be with us indefinitely. He fooled us all and shipped over.

Recently to leave the service was Platoon Sergeant W. H. Parsons, who retired on sixteen. He is said to be working for one of the major moving picture studios in Hollywood. As an actor? No, guess again. Acting gunnery sergeant in Parson's absence is Sergeant Augusteen. "Augie" is on his third cruise and was a witness to the explosion aboard the *Wyoming* more than a year ago.

Beginning March, all guns were silenced and menacing muzzles were trained fore and aft. Mute evidence to a successful gunnery year aboard the *Portland*. Then began the lull all hands eagerly anticipated. A few weeks filled with liberty and shore leave, followed by spring maneuvers. Then the call of adventure was heard and responded to. New ports, new sights and new adventures awaited the traveler.

On the completion of maneuvers and after a brief stay in the home port, the *Portland* will proceed to Mare Island, where it will enter dry dock and undergo a complete overhaul. There the greater part of the detachment are scheduled for the rifle range, where they will re-qualify with rifle and pistol.

All heavy cruisers are boasting a Marine whaleboat crew and the question as to who will win the race this summer, has

aroused gentle argument. So far, all crews are excellent and will make the competition tough in the coming race. A bombshell was dropped in the midst of our whaleboat crew last October when the *Portland* was selected to make an Alaskan cruise. This halted practice and consequently we were unable to enter the race. The *Portland* will be well represented in any forthcoming race, for we feel that we have the beef, brawn, and pull that makes a whaleboat crew.

Late love affairs—"Jackson loves Jackson."

MISSISSIPPI MUSINGS

USS *Mississippi*

By Drummer Mitchell

We are on the 1938 maneuvers, and we are encountering a new environment. We are all more or less looking forward to our landing parties, etc., for which we all are ready. But, as they are still a few days off, we will give you the low-down after "The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."

Now as you notice, we have a new reporter. Delahunt has "taken it on the lam" (temporarily, we hope). If I should fall short just blame it on the excitement. Everyone has changed uniforms down here in the tropics and we can't tell who are mess cooks, compartment cleaners, and who's who to give the dope on. As a matter of fact, this guard reminds me of a Bengal Tiger just ready to spring at an expected enemy; they're really on their toes. We are pulling for the maneuvers to go over as a big success. But if they don't, we won't blame it on ourselves, for we're doing our part. Our Captain has given us much valuable schooling on landing parties until we already know what to do and can do it automatically; in fact, we rehearsed three times before we left Long Beach.

Two of our men (Pfc. Odom and Boden) are on temporary duty on the *New Mexico* for a part of the cruise. Sgt. Spahr is about to be transferred to San Diego; he looks down-hearted.

Now coming to the athletics; we have some very good prospects for the inter-division boxing and wrestling bouts. Sitko is among the heavyweights, and you should see him work out (with his nose). He weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds and his shoulders are twice as broad as any ordinary man's.

The following is a list of our boxing and wrestling squad:

<i>Boxers</i>	<i>Weight</i>
Pfc. Hamburg	Trainer
Pvt. School	190
Pvt. Sitko	190
Pvt. Harmon	186
Pvt. C. W. Smith	165
Pvt. Gregory	160
Fld. Ch. Hyder	155
Pvt. Rutheford	135
<i>Wrestlers</i>	<i>Weight</i>
Pfc. Collins	Trainer
Pvt. Alford	192
Pfc. Bivins	178
Pfc. Dunnam	168
Pfc. Long	155
Pfc. Melton	155
Pfc. Reynolds	155
Pvt. Karns	145
Pvt. Sobien	145
Pvt. N. I. Brumfield	135
Pvt. Green	126

We will give you the low-down on their bouts in the next issue, as the bouts will be held on the way back to the States.

The following is a list of our present whaleboat crew lineup: Pfc. Ryneron (coxswain), Pfc. Bivins, Pvt. Fisher, Pvt. Griffin, Pvt. Harmon, Pvt. C. W. Smith, Pvt. School, Pvt. Sobien, Pvt. Kidney, Pvt. J. E. Smith, Pfc. Bramlett, Pvt. Alford, Pfc. Reynolds, Pfc. Long, Pfc. Askew, Pfc. Stafford, Pvt. Sitko, and watch our smoke (or should we say spray) this year, all you competitors.

Quips

A certain Corporal whose name we won't mention but whose initials are "Schmidt," got the word from the Bridge during a very heavy sea to "Lash down the Lifebuoys." So he unconsciously (or should we say automatically) went aft to the stern and lashed the Marine Lifebuoy Sentry to the rail. Later, thinking it over more soberly, he inquired of the OD if he had done correctly and was told that it was the Lifebuoys which should have been tied, not the Lifebuoy Sentry.

Corporal Brunness was recently transferred to the Mare Island Navy Yard—we were sorry to see him go and wish him luck in his new station; we were particularly sorry to hear of the sickness in his family and hope the next time "all his troubles will be little ones." Field Cook Knight left us for greener fields in San Diego—Knight is quite a rounder, so all

(Continued on page 56)

SARATOGA SCANDAL

USS *Saratoga*

By Oggy and Wawa

It's an awful effort for Oggy, and a new Wawa, to brave this heat and try to tell of the goings on of this bunch, but it must be done, so here goes.

The old Wawa, Don Switzer, has taken it unto himself a tour of duty at Mare Island, taking Pvt. C. A. Mesecher along to make things interesting. It sure ought to be interesting, all right. Cheorio, lads, and may like your new "home."

The gang was certainly sorry to hear that Pfc. Warren W. Hillis was taken sick while doing duty at North Island, and was not on board when the cruise started, but the doctor said hospital, so hospital it was. One consolation, "cowboy," that appendix won't bother you again.

The additions to the detachment have been: Ppts. Armstrong, Ball, Gould and Howard. Look like a pretty good bunch of first loaders. The rest of the "seagoers" will know what we mean.

Corporal Hannah joined the ship after re-enlisting at Bremerton. Hannah must like the briny deep, as he has served on the "Pennsy" and *Augusta*. Welcome to the tub, Hannah, and may the stripes grow thicker before you leave.

The first leg of the cruise only took 16 days, so in order to make the week-ends pass faster, Captain Cockrell, our detachment commander, started tournaments in cribbage, casino and aces-deucey. Some of the would-be, or rather have-been champions, do not seem to live to their claims. The tournaments have been well worth while, if for no other reason than to find out the guys who could back up their statements as to their proficiency at these games (That proficiency is a four-bit word for Oggy and Wawa).

We have one guy, who usually spends his time at North Island, who has gained the name of "Admiral stopper." It seems as though the affair ran something like this: Admiral King was holding a conference attended by nothing but Admirals, and had given instructions that he was not to be interrupted. Here came a man in dungarees that made him appear as a tiller of the soil. Percy, efficient as always, said "You can't go in there." Imagine his surprise when the tiller of the soil said, "That's all right, orderly, I am Admiral Sterk." Percy still claims that it was sunburn obtained from the tennis courts.

By the way, Kilmartin, how about a couple of beers? Perhaps it wasn't your brand, Killer.

The range detail came back with quite a few in the money, but how some of the mighty fell. Of course the earnest efforts of "Chaplain" Morris and "Seen All" Edwards were not needed as all the gang had plausible excuses and alibis (don't call them alibis while they are around, they might not appreciate it).

We hear that Shumway and House claim they are the fastest men in the Detachment. Shumway the fastest runner and House the fastest talker. That almost turned out to be a clean cut affair.

Do we have a sailing whaleboat crew? When they reached the starting line for the sailing whaleboat race they found that they were short a jib. Daunted they were! Not in the least dismayed they raced and came in 7th. Of course you could not expect a sailor on board one of Uncle Samuel's largest tubs to know that they were supposed to have a jib with the rest of the sails. It

(Continued on page 57)



Photo Restored by Tager

USS *Galena*, 1877

FIFTH DIVISION SPOT-LIGHT

USS *Lexington*

By A. Rice

On the clear, cloud-dotted morning of the 29th day of March, a long, sleek-looking war-craft coasted quietly but proudly into the blue-watered harbor of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii. Its grey, shark-like body rested at last in deep contrast against the green-smothered Island of its destination. To the natives even, its fast, trim lines pronounced it to be the ship of many records: The USS *Lexington* of the United States Fleet.

The lone, worried-looking Marine, sitting in deep concentration on the forward end of the flight-deck hardly noticed the beautiful scenery about him. "Where can I hire a good War Correspondent?" he muttered as he gazed dejectedly at his typewriter. "Heaven knows, I need one!"

And he did! For only several days before, screaming enemy pursuit planes had bombed our ship, while our Marine Gunners theoretically blasted them with their five-inch anti-aircraft guns.

All-in-all it was a good war until our bitter little tonsular enemies sneaked upon us and launched an attack which more-or-less left us with another war on our hands. The casualties were terrific. Five hundred of them. Several good Marines were hit, so shall I inquire as to how leathery their LEATHERNECKS are now? But no jokin'. They really fought gallantly n'stuff and were "right in there pitching." Yas, suh! Pitching around on their eots!

"It was good while it lasted," remarked a rugged looking Marine whom we were unable to recognize. "At least I finished my True Story." Then with a gasp we realized that the face behind the "Grizzly Bear" beard was that of Pfc. Pointer.

Our arrival at Lahaina Roads was just scrumptious! Ratterrrrr. Another ship threw a party for we jolly Marines, and what a party! We were tendered a special motor-launch and our lunch aboard

consisted of sandwiches and lemonade, which was enjoyed by all. By all—the members of our working party aboard the Supply Ship *Arctic*. Ho, hum!

Japanese music is quite the thing on our radios here at Lahaina. Perhaps the natives of this small, but colorful town are welcoming the new members of our detachment who joined us just before the cruise. Who are they? Well, let's look at our detachment's Menu. Ah! Here's a list of appetizers!

Pfc. Stewart—alias "Shanghai" Stewart, who was a very prominent member of the last Marine "tete a tete" in China.

Pvt. Wheeler—alias "Music" Wheeler, whose cheerful cheeps seep enchantingly from that shiny horn of his.

Pvt. Jordan—alias "Half caste" Jordan. Unfortunately, "thee sheep she's roll," So—when he eats, he saves half his meal, but usually casts the other half into the sea—savy?

Pfc. Matkins — alias "Chief Sitting Bull," so all together boys, "Three chairs for Matkin!"

Strange as it may seem, there were six—only six, ACES in the deck yesterday when our Marines drew cards for chances to go ashore for the first time in twenty-one days. Well, the six lucky men hit the beach at Lahaina with a yell we thought we heard back on the ship. They evidently got the "right slant on things" during their liberty there, for they were certainly slant-eyed for roll-call this morning.

Until next month—"Aloha!"

THE DODGERS

USS *Brooklyn*

By L.D.H.

On 15 September, 1937, a Marine Detachment consisting of two officers and forty-one enlisted men was authorized and organized at the Sea School, Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia, for duty on board the CL No. 40, the new USS *Brooklyn*.

Capt. R. M. Victory, then serving with

Bty. B, 1st Bn., 10th Marines, was detained as Detachment Commander and assumed command of the detachment on 20 September. Second Lieutenant Walter N. Flournoy joined the detachment on 22 September from the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., as detachment officer.

The enlisted complement consisted of one Platoon Sergeant, two sergeants, five corporals, three privates first class, twenty-seven privates, and two musics. A first sergeant, detailed from the Marine Detachment, Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, joined the detachment at a later date.

The detachment embarked from Norfolk on 27 September enroute to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., where they arrived on 28 September, to await the commissioning of the USS *Brooklyn*.

The *Brooklyn* was commissioned on 30 September, and the Marine Detachment moved aboard and assumed their duties on that date.

Most of the men were just starting out in the Marine Corps and were looking forward with anticipation to a tour of duty on one of Uncle Sam's newest cruisers. Some of their ardor was lost when they saw the *Brooklyn* for the first time. Yard workmen swarmed in and about the ship, like ants around a honey jar, with the roar of air-hammers going full blast and the spitting crackle of electric welders filling the air with the pungent smell of freshly loosened ozone. But, with the spirit of true Marines, they turned to and in a few days had the situation well in hand, going about their duties like veterans.

The USS *Brooklyn* is a far cry from the days when Marines slept in hammocks and received their half buckets of water twice daily. Many an old time Police Sergeant would turn over in his grave if he could but see the Marines' quarters on this ship. Bunks, with all the trimmings, even to springs; a coat room for blue uniforms and overcoats; lockers, so brightly shined that no mirrors are needed; stanchions of buffed aluminum that are always bright; showers with fresh, not salt water; and a laundry giving weekly service; all of which help to make sea duty one of the most pleasant details for a Marine.

As a "General Quarters" station, the detachment was assigned four of the eight 5-inch .50-Caliber antiaircraft guns along with all eight of the .50-Caliber antiaircraft machine-guns. So far the only firing has been the test firing of the .50-Caliber, but all hands are waiting for the first short range battle practice firing and hope to tack an "E" on each gun of the Marine Battery.

Something new in the line of order boards have been installed in the vicinity of all permanent posts on the ship. Captain Victory, while here at the Navy Yard, had boards made which some day may be adopted by the Marine Corps for use throughout the entire service where permanent orders are issued for various sentinel's posts. These boards are made of aluminum and have the orders electro engraved on them which does away with order boards breaking or orders being lost from the boards due to bad weather and handling.

Aside from a few test runs in the area off Ambrose lightship, the detachment had its first taste of sea duty on 17 January, when we left on the shake-

down cruise. The first stop was Hampton Roads, Virginia, where the aviation complement was picked up. Thence on to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where the real process of "shaking down" took place. The boys didn't really know what "shake-down" meant until they started waking up in the morning with a paint-work rag or a paint brush in their hand. However, there were lighter moments. Recre-

ors and thousands paid us a visit during our six-day stay.

The next port of call was New Orleans, Louisiana, which tried to outdo Galveston in extending hospitality to the *Brooklyn*, something very hard to even equal, but they did equal the hospitality and greatly surpassed Galveston in the number of persons who visited the ship during our stay there.

The passage from New Orleans to Hampton Roads was rather a rough one, the first bit of rough water encountered on the cruise, still, all except a very few had their sea legs even though they did look pale and wan. At Hampton Roads we unshipped the planes and all aviation paraphernalia and prepared to return to New York.

The sight of the Statue of Liberty caused many hearts to beat faster, for, after all, this was our home port and the feeling was that of a home-coming even though the only persons on the dock to meet us was a crew of yard working men waiting to turn to with air hammers. All in all, it was a fine cruise and the experience gained by the men just starting their career in the Marine Corps will stand them in good stead on future cruises of the *Brooklyn*.

At this writing, the sound of air-hammers, riveters, and electric welders again fills the air, as the yard workmen do their best to make things miserable for us. However, we stood it once for three and a half months and came out smiling, so we should be able to stand it again. Be that as it may, here's "How" to the rest of the Corps, and "That's all."

**BROADCAST FOR THE
JUNE ISSUE MUST
REACH THE EDITORS
BEFORE MAY 8**

ation and swimming parties to the beach where cold beer and shady places to drink it in were easily located and quite well patronized, as well as swimming over the side at swimming call daily, acted as a tonic in most cases.

After fourteen days of "titivation" and routine drills, the *Brooklyn* pointed her nose toward Galveston, Texas. For four days we sailed serenely over the azure waters of the Gulf of Mexico, but on the fifth day ran into a "pen-souper" which almost caused us to pass Galveston. Contact with the pilot boat was finally made and the *Brooklyn* soon safely berthed. The city of Galveston received the entire ship's complement with open arms and all hands made the most of the opportunity to enjoy themselves to the utmost. While in Galveston, the ship was open to visit-

Tropical Topics

VMS-THREE NEWS
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

By Dickson

I never knew—that veal stew could taste like veal stew in the service, but Mess Sergeant (Technical Sergeant) Lamusga put it out so well-cooked and tasty that the word "slum" is quickly becoming obsolete in our vocabulary.

The saying "All good things come to him who waits" was true, after waiting for over three years and a half I finally received some good things. A Private First Class promotion and a specialist rating. Richardson received the corporal rating. This command can stand by that old saying for after a couple of years of Baldy and Thacker, we finally got the best in bakers and cooks.

That any man could look like Grimes does after a big night, Saturday, with two glasses of Tom Collins. Without a doubt, both he and Row are two men who give Robert Taylor no fears for his beauty throne. Bill attributes his "Fayo" face to the fact that he used to bite teeth from a speeding buzz saw.

That time could go so slow when you have been told when you are going to be sent back to God's country.

That despite the many athletes of this squadron, Lieutenant Howarth had to go around to each man individually and ask him to put his name on the tennis tournament list so there would be enough turnout to warrant the carrying on of the tournament.

That the tourist boats which once were a factor of great sport and fun to this squalor are leaving the port before we get a chance to enjoy the presence of the fair, white damsels that promenade the wide thoroughfares of this tropical metropolis.

That one man could eat three rations per meal. Dillman does that and adds a loaf of bread and two pounds of butter to this diet. No wonder the club doesn't make anything on the galley, he is the chief steward. We'll have to take him over to Saint John again, the last time there he had so much fun that he didn't eat very much for a few days afterwards.

That a blanco job can be so darn deceiving. I did my pack three times and it doesn't look like I did it at all. Anyway, that is what the First Sergeant said.

That a man who has been told he is a short timer here could look as sad as Henson. He wants to stay a couple more months. Doe has a dream up in Philadelphia that walks, talks, and has red hair that he is anxious to see.

That a man would get left behind in Culebra, it would be so much nicer to be left behind in either San Juan or any city in the States.

That two men could look so much alike, Morawiee—Ganci, Ross—Donahoe, Coddington—Dillman, Brazke—Arner. Of course this is after a big Saturday night hang over.

That a column could be as lousy as this one and yet get printed.



YOWLS FROM YORKTOWN

Naval Mine Depot

Hello, Folks, and we mean folks. Congratulations to the M. D. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H., basketball team and small-bore team.

Our local news first, during the month of March, three blessed events at the Post Stables, one Navy and two Marine horses. Pudding presented us a beautiful colt, christened Sweet William, Bill for short, and Maude, on the 17th March, a colt christened Patricia, Patsy for short. Gunner Murphy said it must be Patsy (17 March). Stenson now burning the midnight oil, care and upkeep of baby horses. Cpl. Smith and Pvt. Davis to answer following questions; it seems that at 10:30 A. M., the above wandered in next morning excuse—the car broke down, Smith was pushing, Davis driving, but getting nowhere, upon further investigation, Davis was asleep, car up against a tree, result—30 days local atmosphere.

Our first ball game of the season, after leading 4-1 for six innings, Fuller, our twirler, broke his finger stopping a liner with pitching hand, result—W. & M. (frosh) 10 MB. 4 First game, so better luck next time. Herbie Gault, like Bill Dineen, never made a mistake in 30 years until he thought he could catch a pop fly in center field from left field, no sunshine for Herbie, previous to game.

Major General Lejeune, visiting his daughter, Mrs. Glennon, wife of Commander J. B. Glennon, Inspector of Ordnance in charge, and Major Meigs tried their best, but the fish seemed to say, "Mamma, those men are here again with poles, and food." Fish ate the food but kept away from the hook, better luck next time.

Cpl. Jones, our Postmaster Farley's able assistant, has moved back away from the main highway, and away from gas stations.



Maud gives her offspring the low-down on the Marine Corps.

Callahan, one deck of playing cards, ten minutes later all flustered; it seems Callahan, Chapman, Anderson playing small game, Callahan holding 3 kings and a pair of tens, Chapman holding three tens. Well, sir, it was a pinochle deck, but Callahan has not got over it yet. Wimpy, our local sheik, heard over the radio; dedicated to Wimpy of Yorktown, the song, "How would you like to love me again?" requested by Dolly and Billy, Yorktown, Stenson has not left his office (corral) since.

Dots and Dashes and Lots of Flashes

Cpl. Marsh, to Pfc. Foy, has first Aid Packet which contains Iodine. True, needs a new needle. Snyder taking a course; hedge cutting. Fuller; lead with my gloved hand next. Anderson: Can't wait till heavy marching order season. De Franco: 12 cents worth of stamps for a can of suds. Dickerson: wrong number, sorry. Oakes: Back home in N. C., then to Guam. Jenkins: Baseball debut, excuse the blouse, was too tight. Windy McQuern says his Rolls Royce needs repair, but have to send to England for parts.

O'Brien: Will star in our new play, entitled, "Rip Van O'Brien," Sgt. Dimitriou left for the range, where better bull's eyes are made. Yorktown will make them. Sgt. Johnson: has been selected for a try-out with Peninsula team matches. Cook Hawes, at last made it, Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va. Cook Dingler, has falling of the molars, as Sgt. Lindsey, would say, "all is well along the York River," but Cpl. Burnett says, Music, sound Police Call, until the bathing season opens, and as the Mosquito Indians say, I-Sa-Va, (Good-bye), see Coco Patrol dictionary.

Baby Show recently conducted by the Phoebe Moose auxiliary. Patrick William Beck, son of 1st Sgt. and Mrs. E. Beck, Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va., with a percentage of 98.44 per cent came in second. Pat says he lost first place by a curl. A lovely cup properly inscribed, proud possession of Pat for years to come.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Washington, D. C.
Leo J. Werner

The Army Day parade was participated in by the members of the Marine Corps Institute who held that "Annapolis Line" for mile after mile and passed the reviewing stand with such precision that the Commander-in-Chief was well pleased. The platoon leaders were Tech-Sgts. Kapanke and Salguero. The next event will be on May 30th.

Private William J. O'Brien, Jr., a "Philatelist," joined from the Navy Building Guard and is in the Industrial Schools. Pvt. Higinbotham joined from the Central American Squadron and has a fund of interesting stories about South America.

Lambert J. Smith was promoted to Corporal and Gerald Landman to Private First Class. Promotion means more than just money, it means the stop up the ladder to catch one's breath, and then study for the next higher rank. Pem-



Master Patrick William Beck, Trophy Winner in Juvenile Contest.

berton has been discharged and also Sgt. Barr is heading for Richmond, together with Mrs. Barr, and will probably become a member of the guard of the Federal Reserve Bank in that city. Sgt. Tipton is all set for his business ventures in New York. Note: The Civil Service Commission has ruled that the Marine Barracks in Washington is considered a "legal residence" for purposes of establishing such residence as a requirement for positions with the Government or District.

The last dance of the season was held on April 2nd and thus the season closes in favor of the river boats and Glen Echo. The Warm Springs boys have a coat of tan and are one up on us who are still in overcoats at this writing. Not much else to say at this time except that those of you who are leaving and enlist in the Reserve, advance one rank and the time counts on 30 if you return.

P. S. We are approaching the days of white trousers. Will someone invent a sun visor for the khaki garrison cap? The H.M.S. York has departed for Bermuda, but the Marines aboard were shown through our quarters and we always welcome these visitors. The bowling season is over, but there is always the band stand for exercise. Marines who have never seen a gold mine, can do so at Great Falls, about ten miles up river. For instance—50,000 ton battleships, 18-inch guns, Marine Detachments of 200. Adios.

UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

We all miss Captain Branson, who has been ill. Hurry back, sir! Many music students in town believe in their future to the extent that only Marine Bandsman can coach them. The dance orchestra has closed its season with a wonderful swing session for the last dance held April 2nd. The Bowling season is over and Burroughs was waiting for the last day to set an all-time high set of 373. Douse led the league with an average of 110.

Mus. 3cl. Felix A. Eau Claire was discharged by reason of expiration of enlistment, but reenlisted and after a short furlough is ready to please his public for four more years. We ever look to the Band for good music and never think that its members would leave, but there are always retirements and new members coming in. Among the new arrivals, we have Edward L. Masters, who joined from



Tager Photo

Engineering School, Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

the Post Band at Parris Island. We wish you success. The strength of the Marine Band is 76.

Suggestions for a concert: Prelude to "Irmelin" and the overture "Marriage of Figaro." Teddy Roth is in the band library and libraries are always interesting places, which among other things, contain ancient manuscripts. Easter has come and gone and the Band has played for the children on the White House lawn year after year. Your correspondent remembers the Band thirty years back. Viner and Bayes are very cheerful these days and good cheer is always in the shell room. Our Drum Major led the Band down Constitution Avenue on Army Day and was applauded time after time. The ruffles and flourishes before the reviewing stand were perfectly timed. The Band will have its usual detail on May 30th, and the outdoor season will probably follow. Those of you who read this column, a welcome is always extended to those who appreciate good music.

WARDENIGS U. S. Naval Prison Portsmouth, N. H.

Colonel R. L. Denig, Commanding Officer of the U. S. Naval Prison, spoke at the Men's Club of St. John's Church, in Portsmouth, N. H., on the evening of 15 March. His subject was "The Birds of Midway Islands."

The motion picture "Batter Up" was shown at the Naval Prison Monday night, 14 March, and at the Navy Yard auditorium on 16 March. The picture, which was greatly appreciated, was furnished by the American League Baseball Association, and was obtained by Colonel Denig through the courtesy of Miss Mary M. Cadogan, secretary for the Boston Red Sox Club.

The following have been discharged during March: Gunnery Sergeant J. R. Tucker and Pvt. C. H. Gerlach. Those re-enlisted are Gunnery Sergeant Tucker and Pvt. Gerlach. Those transferred, Pvt. F. V. Baluszaitis and Pvt. R. Davis.

The Marine Detachment of the Naval

Prison placed in the National Individual Military Small-Bore match.

The results of the National Individual Gallery Rifle match fired under the auspices of the N.R.A., with sixty-three entries, have just been published. The detachment has four entries, two of whom placed in the first five. They were Pvt. H. L. Poole and Cpl. M. J. Holland, with second and third places, respectively.

Captain C. E. Fox has been ordered to duty with the detachment on or about May 1. He is at present doing duty in Quantico.

First Lieutenant Clifton R. Moss leaves about 20 April to organize and take command of the Marine Detachment, Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass.

First Lieutenant Marion A. Fawcett goes to Quantico on 14 April to take charge of the Elliott Rifle Team from Portsmouth. The following will go from the Prison Detachment: Cpl. M. J. Holland, coach; Sgt. E. G. Griffin, Sgt. C. M. Oliver, Pvt. V. Perna, Pvt. H. L. Poole, Pvt. E. M. Powell.

DOVER DEVIL DOGS N.A.D., Dover, New Jersey By Morgan

AHOY MATES! The Devil Dogs Back Again.

We have had quite a few changes in our personnel since the last issue. Pvt. N. F. Unruh decided to try the good USS outside, Luck to You "UMP." First Sgt. Green and Cpl. Aaron decided to stick up the right for four more. Cpl. (Wild Bill) (Drainpipe) Tolan, and Pfc. (Barney) Barnes will be paid off before this reaches the press. Both have decided to try the USS "Outside," although Barnes has taken a notion to try the Army sometime in the near future. Mess Sgt. Stefonik is being transferred to Portsmouth, N. H., Pn. Sgt. Bjork, and Pfc. Burns (John Burns to be exact), were transferred to the Rifle Range Detachment, Cape May, N. J. Pvt. Ianelli to the FMF, Quantico, Va., Drummer John Robert Haines to the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Those joining our happy little family were as follows: Pfs. McDaniel (Barb), Wright, R. L., and A. S. Thomas, Woitkewicz, and Pvs. Brickley,

Martin, Vismont and Patterson along with (San Pedro) Spadaro. Pfc. McDaniel has taken over the duty in the Barber Shop, hope he turns out to be a good butcher. Pfs. Blundell and Violante have just returned from furlough, but woe is poor Violante, he took the solemn oath, "I do until death do us part." We hope Fld. Cook Koverman has taken over the duties of Mess Sergeant. Pvt. Mayer (the Greek) is striking for cook, and is Asst. Ck. Eggleston bucking for the other stripe.

Our company clown Fender has made the rank of "Clown, First Class." Our curly headed easanova Eddie Cotthaus seems to be the No. ONE Ladies' Man at Picatinny. Who is our presiding Corporal who always growls when someone is late for chow although he is always late for chow himself, when he isn't the Sgt. of the Guard?

Pvt. Abernathy is our new truck driver in relief of Pvt. Bing Pryzby. It seems as though our music Summer pays little attention to the Movies, but finds the affections of a certain maid real amusing. So until next month the Growling Devil-Dogs of Dover will remain at peace (we hope).

MIFFLIN MUD

Ft. Mifflin, Pa.

L. See

"They can't transfer me, I'm married, I'm indispensable, I'll see the District Commandant, I'll see the MGC, I'll see, etc." Such were the howls heard arising from the otherwise peaceful area adjacent to the junction of the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers in the southwest section of the city of Philadelphia—Marine Barracks, Fort Mifflin, to be exact—when the detail comprising the Asiatic detail was published early this year. Despite all the "bolt working" the Hendy Maru carried the irate "plank-owners" westward. Such manifest lack of interest, by some Marines, in the proffered Marine-conducted Cook Tours is not understandable, more especially when the usual reason given for enlisting in the Marines is taken into consideration. How a discharge certificate, on which "none" is the chief entry under the caption "Military Record," can justify the popular conception of a Marine, "Join the Marines and see the world," when displayed for the edification of the uninitiated, is a trifle mystifying. An explanation of this attitude will be greatly appreciated.

Commanding the barracks is Captain John W. Lakso, recently from duty in the Philippines. Through his efforts the living conditions in the barracks have been greatly improved. Holding down the billet of first sergeant is T. O. Kelly, who recently joined from Norfolk as a relief for First Sergeant Flippo.

As it is the custom to give the deserving their just dues, this opportunity is taken to give due credit to those individuals, who, through their untiring efforts in extra-curricular activities in their communities during the passing of the years, have contributed much to bolster the fast disappearing family life of America. The members of this command who have so unselfishly given of their time, energy, and money to aid in the restoration of this very essence of the social structure of our civilization are: Sergeant C. A. Hansen, canteen steward; Corporal O. L. Goff, Jack of all Trades; Pfc. A. F. Curley, the detachment Jim-Dandy; Pfc. L. O. Hand, the former pay department genius and sea lawyer of more or less note; Pvt. R. L.

Holmes, the argumentative barber, who is soon to try his wings on the great outside; Pvt. W. R. Spratt, the hospital habitue; Pvt. D. F. Watters, who would be unable to go on liberty should everyone claim his own civilian clothing at the same time; Pvt. N. G. Lamorena, the movie dispenser, and the latest addition to the ranks of the Benedicts; Pvt. A. A. Fritz, who is now checking on claims in Beaufort, S. C.; Pvt. G. F. Sockwell, the only one who has shown any signs of intelligence in the matter; Pvt. F. R. Stone, who has worked out a formula for marital bliss; Fld. Ck. H. H. Collins, best hash slinger in the Corps, and Pvt. J. W. Cramer, our junior messman.

Now for the lesser lights of the command. Heading this list is the one and only Sergeant A. J. Kelly, he of cribbage playing fame (?), who handles the quartermaster work, and, in his spare time indulges in out-talking the remainder of the command. Close on his heels is the police sergeant, J. D. Egan, pseudo-owner of a new Nash, and a boy about town, too. The "plank-owner-maker" of the barracks is none other than a former member of the seventy-third machine gun company of the old Sixth Marines, the "Swede" Cpl. W. Carlson, who is assiduously "digging-in" again. Cpls. J. J. Gohm, the politician and the only known person to sleep through payroll; C. C. Ciulla, the sheik, and H. Bock, who was caught doing a sea-lawyer act for the benefit of all and sundry, comprise the balance of the high-powered help. Recently, Pfc. A. Stempa, the detachment clerk, caught Mess Cpl. A. C. Hinrichs showing Pit. Sgt. W. S. Smith a letter written in German. After much argument, the Irishman, aided by the Slav, translated the letter to the satisfaction of the German. What the results will be, we do not yet know.

Noticed in the first sergeant's office recently was the Jerseirite Messina, J. J., Pfc., doing a "George Washington and Cherry Tree" act, in the presence of prestige-seeking Fld. Ck. F. R. Ford, for the benefit of the first sergeant, and hoping that it would take. Another of our notable young men about here is Pvt. W. R. "One bottle of beer hangover" Curtis, he of the many telephone calls. During the last month two small holes in the Celotex covering on the walls have appeared near the telephone. Perhaps Pfc. L. J. Fuller and T. J. Swank could enlighten us on the use of these holes.

Several of the members of this command have won themselves enviable honors. The possessors of the honors are Pvt. T. V. Mullinax, the gourmand; H. L. Robinett, the toothpaste-advertisement smile; J. P. Daniels, with his qualification badge complexities; Pfc. Stillwagon, the boy with the school girl complexion; Pvt. F. L. Hembest, possessor of the reddest head of hair; and H. S. Batdorf, the thinking genius and stay-at-home artist.

Several of the men have developed the technique of being able to conceal their goings-about and nothing is available for publication. These young gentlemen are Pfc. C. J. Braud, G. E. Calhoun, Pvt. C. V. Davi, L. W. Graham, H. Hortman, C. Haught, M. Lubin, and E. G. McGowan and T. J. Thistlewood. Our sleep-disturber is none other than the one and only Tpr. G. I. Murphy, he of Washington-commuting fame.

To the new men, Pfs. V. L. Hahn, P. A. Hershner, and T. J. Kalin, a hearty welcome and a pleasant tour.

RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia Navy Yard
By J. P. Gale

Hi Ho, Hi Ho, Tralla La La La Te Do, or something, as Grumpy might say, or would he? We received a letter from our "Skipper" Capt. Corbett last month but unfortunately it arrived too late to make last month's edition. It seems that our ailing "Skipper" is now recuperating in Florida, the land of sunshine and oranges, after his long stay in the hospital. Reports indicate his condition as not much better; however, with time and the Florida sunshine we hope to hear that he is improving. Perhaps we will be able to report in our next issue or should I say contribution that things are breaking for him enough to make a hole in one on one of the courses in Florida during his sojourn.

During the absence of Capt. Corbett, we have had the good fortune to have Capt. Andrew L. W. Gordon temporarily attached to this Detachment until the arrival of Capt. John E. Curry, who is to take over the Detachment upon the completion of the school year at Quantico. It is quite a relief to have a commissioned officer around to take care of some of the many situations that arise during the course of events.

BROADCAST FOR THE JUNE LEATHERNECK MUST REACH THE EDITORS BY MAY 8

To tell you the truth I don't know what is happening to the twerps around here. I know it is spring but gosh all mighty to look at the wardrobe of some of our dashing Cavaliers is worse than taking a test for color blindness. Now just picture a pair of trousers comprising a powder blue background with red and yellow penciled lines, a sweater of sky blue, grey checkered shirt and a pair of socks combining the following colors viz yellow, orange, and brown, with a dash of the non color white, and you have a good idea of our dashing bird of the air Cpl. Levin. Whoops, my dear! Some of you people may recall my article of a few months ago concerning a certain Pfc. who made Cpl. Well, you should see the Duke of Camden now. He has a light grey suit, blue shirt, yellow tie and believe it or not two toned GREY shoes. We seem to think that someone dragged him in while walking along South Street.

There seems to be an air of mystery enveloping our fair brig Detachment these last few weeks. Every few days or so a cartoon suddenly crops up in a most conspicuous space depicting some one or another of our brig watch as he appears to most of us. There is one that is exceptionally good. It is a drawing of our one and only "Tombstone Buffington Flash" Brant gallantly going on watch. Each one of these cartoons is signed the "Avenger" and many of our fellows go to sleep with a cold heart for fear that they will be next to be numbered among his hallucinations.

Cpl. Gates and Pfc. Adomovitz, better known as "Butch" and "Giz Giz," took off for home last week-end to see the folks and recuperate. Up till this writing neither of them is the same yet. Pfc. Salata is contemplating going home this week-end. It must be love if a fellow will sit down for hours at a time and write line after

line, page after page, day in and day out, especially when he has had the ball and chain shackled to him for the past three years and a butt. Hi Sal.

It was the misfortune of two of our fire fighters to indulge in a little too much fizzle water the other week and as a result they took the Captain of the Yard's official car out for an airing. Unfortunately they were in it and did not have permission. Oh well, they will be out of the brig at the end of the month minus \$30.

On the first of the month this detachment was increased by five men from Quantico, Va., and were welcomed with open arms by the watch-standers. They are as follows: Pfc. Otto C. Link, Pts. Columb J. Frize, Jack "B" Chadwick, Jack H. Hirst and John L. Hunter. We hope that they will find the duty as enjoyable and pleasant as many of the members who have been here for some time can testify.

Pvt. John Kowalko has returned to duty and is again in the mess hall. No wonder he had to have his appendix taken out, he has been in the mess hall about half his cruise. Pvt. Brock came out of the hospital and went right back in again. Phooey these streamlined Marines. Pfc. Tanner was sent to the hospital, but argued the doctors out of keeping him there, as he said that he wasn't sick enough to warrant going to the hospital.

Giz Giz Adomovitz is in love. Ah, ah, love, beautiful love. Come my sweet and fly with me to my mountain castle, leaving the cares and worries of the cruel world behind and taste of that delicious fruit of love. I wouldn't mind but Giz Meighen is right there along with the rest of the boys. Now a sight for sore eyes is watching some of these fellows when they sit down to write to the lady of their heart. You can see love and affection oozing out of every pore and a bright shaft of light coming from their eyes. Ah me, whether must I go to find that ever evading thing called love? Am I doomed to a life of a bachelor? Oh, no, no, don't say that, insurance companies say that married men live ten to fifteen years longer than single men. Alack and alas, I fear I must die young. With a broken and pining I say farewell, who knows I might die any minute unless some fair maid comes and rescues me. Who knows, she may give me the kiss of love and endow me with manly beauty.

ATTENTION A flash in a flash:

This is one for Ripley's "Believe it or Not" on the 7th of April Cpl. Tailspin Thompson, one of the smoke-eaters was seen purchasing a package of cigarettes, members of the detachment please note this as I predict that it will rain for at least one week.

TOM TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

N.P.F., Indian Head, Md.
By Wiggy

When buds begin bursting, and warm winds blow, and nature awakens it means but one thing to the Indian Head Marines. It is time to begin planting the garden again. Three days of hard work cleared the garden of the debris of a past year and prepared it for a prosperous season, we hope. In those three days a few of us got a good start on our sun-tan for this year. Certainly did get hot there a few days.

Softball's here to stay again. After several warm up games we had our first game with the local boys. Nothing official though, just an informal contest. The Marines won due to better organization and the

home field. We will have to be careful with those boys later however. They like the game and play hard.

The trophy team has left and the second detail is scheduled to leave soon. Snapping in certainly pulls those shooting muscles into shape after a long lay-off.

Just last week four of our boys visited the Navy Yard in order to go aboard H.M.S. York which stopped in Washington for a week. Had a swell time swapping yarns with the British Marines who showed us around.

We have had five new arrivals in the past month. Pvt. Young from NOB, Norfolk, Va. Pffes. Eck and Jett and Pvts. Broyles and Kastroba from Quantico, Va. Gustave Gorombe was recently promoted to Pfe. Congratulations, Gus.

Cherry blossom time draws a good many of our men to Washington these days. Ah me, "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love." Every night sees the Indian Head Marines seated in Schreder's "Cotton Club" or struggling about on the newly acquired dance floor in that popular place. Just watch the direction of the crowds after the show is over.

Noticed Gutman in the P.X. the other night. He bought one beer and after consuming several goodly handfuls of pretzels proceeded to stuff a couple more handfuls of the aforementioned pretzels in a bag of supplies he had with him. "Why not?" he says, "I wanted to eat them later." Sam Huerton just passed out quietly behind the bar and Gutman flounced out into the night in a very peeved fashion. We wonder what he will try next.

Corporal Henry has taken up pipe smoking. Makes him look more distinguished, he says. Maybe so but to most of us you look like a G man or a Sherlock Holmes.

Not having anything else of importance to report, this article will cease until next month. See you then.

PORSCMOUTH POTSHOTS

Portsmouth, Va.

By Walter Winchelski

Having been absent without leave from this column for two months I'll try to get back and let the rest of the Marine Corps know that we still have the situation well in hand.

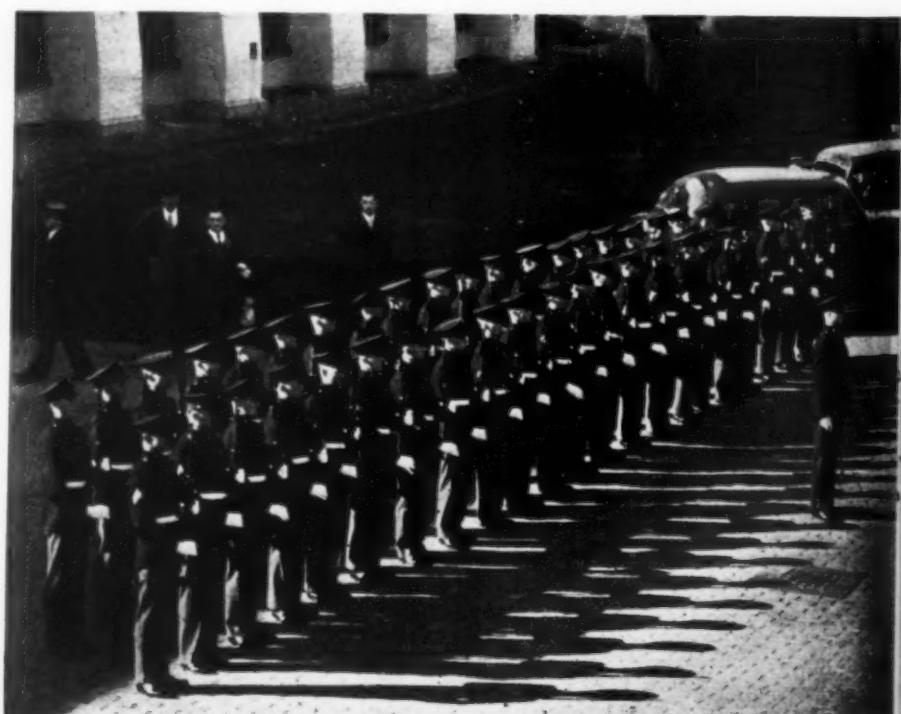
Since our last article two new officers reported at this post for duty, namely Major Ralph E. West and First Lieutenant Chandler W. Johnson; both from the 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China. Major West is the Post Executive Officer, and Lieutenant Johnson is the Post Mess Officer and Post Recreation Officer. Several of the officers who have been on duty at this post for the past several months, have received advance information that they will be detached about 1 June, 1938. Captain O. K. Pressley will leave for Honolulu; Captain William M. Mitchell will take command of the Marine Detachment, USS *Enterprise*; Second Lieutenants George F. Britt, Oscar K. LaRoque, will go to the Fleet Marine Force, Quantico, Va., and Second Lieutenant Ferdinand Bishop to the Fleet Marine Force, MCB, San Diego, California. Among the newly arrived enlisting men, First Sergeant Benjamin Franklin Hearn, Jr., no relation to the Benjamin Franklin, who flew the kite in the electric storm, was assigned to the Marine Detachment, USS *Enterprise*. First Sergeant Hearn, who spent the last eight years at New Orleans, is eager to get a little foreign duty, and also a few campaign medals, inasmuch as he did not get

any at New Orleans. According to Hearn, the City of New Orleans was sorry to see him leave; that's his story. Another plank owner by the name of Sergeant Coma May, who spent the last eleven years at Pensacola, Florida, joined this post for further transfer to sea duty.

Our Mess is still one of the best in the Marine Corps. Chief Cook Lois W. Ward, who has been acting Mess Sergeant in the absence of Staff Sergeant Hakanson, has been doing a great job. The Sergeant Major's Office is still functioning in an efficient manner, and you can still expect the same answer from his office force, which is "No." In the Barracks Detachment Office First Sergeant Sartorius is still the number one boy and doing a great job. Sergeant (Low) Geer, who is handling the Marine Crops Reserve for the Fifth Naval District, just returned from a well earned furlough and is still unmarried. Staff Sergeant Charlie Yale, who commutes between here and Washington, D. C., is the one man pay department at this post. Staff Sergeant Yale knows his pay-rolls and is always willing to give a helping hand. The only handicap Yale has is that he is not assigned to any detachment here, and when it comes to playing volleyball he can't make up his mind who to play for, the Barracks Detachment or the Sea School. Quartermaster Sergeant Manley smiles at every one who comes in his office now just to show his new set of choppers and grinders. Sergeant Joe Fuksa, Quartermaster Department, reported here from Newport, R. I., and is now in charge of clothing vice Supply Sergeant Wright, who took over Transportation. Gunnery Sergeant Sidney O. Patterson has requested that a new set of rules be set up for volleyball, and also that the net be lowered by three feet so that he can hit the ball over the net. First Sergeant Cohen, the number one man of the Sea School Detachment, also plays at volleyball.

A lot of people usually get spring fever this time of the year, but not our local Marines; they seem to be full of pep. I think one of our sergeants recently received a letter on how to keep up your vitality and passed it around, and now every night after chow you can see a line of about twenty men waiting to use the hand ball court. Some of the hand ball stars of the post are Sergeants Fuksa, Paddy Doyle, Betko, Baldy Murray and First Sergeant Hearn. A few of our non-coms who are afraid to get out in the open for fear the sun may spoil their complexion are indoor sports fanatics; they usually take part in cribbage, Aey-Ducy and pinochle. The stars among them are Sergeant Homer King, Corporals Craft, Himmelstein, while a few others of our local Marines are kept busy burning up the telephone wires, calling their sweeties. Sergeant Larry Killens, the Sea School Cassanova, gets his exercise pressing blankets daily. One of Killen's famous sayings is: "When I feel like taking a lot of exercise, I just lie down until the feeling passes over." Jesse (James) Kidd, one of the best baseball players the Marine Corps ever had, is still the Post Exchange Steward and doing all right. Staff Sergeant Curtis is in charge of the Post Garage and is general utility man. Curtis just returned from a 90-day furlough and put his shoes back on again. Platoon Sergeant Bryant, out acting field sergeant major, has requested transfer to the West Coast. Bryant claims the climate here does not agree with him. Sergeant Haseal L. Ewton, Tennessee's gift to the United States Marine Corps, who recently made the Platoon Sergeant's list, is planning on getting married and raise a family. Supply Sergeant Hesson, who is in charge of public property, is letting his beard grow for a part he is to take in a play sponsored by the pork growers of

(Continued on page 57)



Marines of the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard, as Guard of Honor for H.M.

Miscellany

FINAL RESULTS OF LEATHERNECK TROPHY MATCH

MARINES OF USS VINCENNES OFFICIAL WINNERS

LAST month, THE LEATHERNECK published a tentative standing of the trophy contenders, subject to change on receipt of the targets from China and the Virgin Islands. We have since been informed that the team representing Scouting Squadron Three, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, was forced to default due to maneuvers which required the majority of their team to perform squadron duties on the day the match was to be fired. However, they did assemble an out-of-practice team which fired in place of the regular team. These targets were not submitted inasmuch as this team would not give the squadron a fair representation.

Targets from the Marine Detachment, American Embassy, Peiping, China, finally arrived and official tallying disclosed them in seventh place with a total score of 1837 points. The receipt of these targets does not alter the trophy nor medal winners.

On the whole, all conditions of the match were highly gratifying. It is the first time THE LEATHERNECK has sponsored a competition of any sort and to the Marines of the USS *Vincennes* go the laurels.

There are a few things which shall necessarily be done differently next year. For instance, all Asiatic and distant stations will be notified to fire one month previous to the date of firing in the States. This will enable us to receive the results of all teams at approximately the same time.

It was a pleasure to instigate this match and our thanks to every team for the interest and effort expended. The Marine Detachment of the USS *Vincennes* is the official possessor of THE LEATHERNECK trophy for one year, at which time another match will be fired. The plaque and individual medals are permanent possessions and will be awarded to winning teams annually.

Inasmuch as all individual scores except Peiping were published in this magazine last month, we shall list only the official places of competing teams:

First, Marine Guard, USS *Vincennes*, 1834

- 2d, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., 1869
- 3d, Marine Barracks, Rifle Range, Parris Island, 1864
- 4th, Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, 1854
- 5th, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, 1850
- 6th, Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, Portsmouth, 1843
- 7th, Marine Detachment, American Embassy, Peiping, 1837
- 8th, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, 1829
- 9th, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, M.C.L., 1829
- 10th, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., 1826
- 11th, Marine Barracks, Sub-Base, New London, 1825
- 12th, HQ, 14th Battalion, FMCR, Spokane, 1819
- 13th, HQ, 5th Battalion, FMCR, Washington, D. C., 1816
- 14th, Marine Barracks, Torpedo Station, 1808
- 15th, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Bremerton, 1807
- 16th, VMS-2MR, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, 1799 (Continued on page 36)



HERE is little activity to report in the Story Sector. A few of the Old Guard have stuck to the outposts, sniping away at the Pulps, in a campaign of attrition. But the Brass-Hats of the slick magazines seem to have dug in deeper than a Welch miner. We couldn't muster a corporal's guard this issue.

The palm for productive plot-breeding this month goes to Brother Kier, who bagged four pay checks, including a pair of yarns in a single issue, requiring him to employ a nom de plume.

DALE DEV. KIER, in the June issue of *Double Action Gang* shows us it's "Plain as a Nose," where Boss Caesar tries, with not surprising results, to operate his racket in Chinatown. In *Ace-G Man*, May-June, our former colleague presents "Death Holds the Badges," wherein Slugger Flint decides to do what he wants to do, and not what he's told. "Pirates From Hell" is his contribution in *Secret Operator No. 5*, May-June. You might be able to get away with murder, but you can't make monkeys out of the Marines.

BENTON HILL, in the same book as above, offers "The Corpse Cargo," a thriller of a spy-ring in the Orient.

ARTHUR J. BURKS, in the June *Detective Yarns*, has something worth reading in "While Chinatown Slept"; a Harlan Dyke story featuring charred bodies in the river.

FULTON GRANT, as promised last month, wrote "Psych' the Pug," for the May *Blue Book*. Kid Brains, the man without a muscle, was the build-up for this remarkable pug. He looped the top-notchers with his powder-puff hooks; and all went well until a blonde and a psychiatrist took cards in this game of complexities.

LT-COLONEL JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., follows his former literary comments in the *American Mercury*, reporting in the April book on "Alcohol, One Man's Meat," by E. A. Strecker and Francis T. Chambers.

L. RON HUBBARD clicks with a brand new publication this month. Beginning with the June, Vol. 1, No. 1, *Sky Aces* will be brought out regularly by Magazine Publishers, Inc. Hubbard's "Boomerang Bomber" is a yarn of the Sino-Japanese conflict, and a Yank with an aeroplane. Best of luck on the new mag, Mr. Widmer. In the June edition of *Detective Yarns* our Red-headed thesaurus-thumper brings out "Killer Ape," a yarn of a newspaperman and some unusual troubles.

FRANK O. HOUGH, a sergeant of A.E.F. Marines at the tender age of 19, plugs our hole for book-length reports this month. His "Renown," a novel of Benedict Arnold, went through two editions before publication, and now ranks with the best sellers.

KENNETH COLLINGS stretched a scratch single into a neat double with the first issue of Mr. Gingrich's Nazi-knocker *Ken*. The trick, according to Walter Winchell, was this: "The editors of *Ken* were swindled by a California plagiarist, who thefted Kenneth Collings' article on parachute jumping from a 1935 *American Mercury*. Collings was paid \$200.00 by *Ken* for a release."

That's twice, within our knowledge, that the boys on the "Esky" staff have been hooked that way. But, like murder, such story-lifting always will out, and then the perpetrator had better stand by for a crash. It's a Federal offense, you know, to use Uncle Sam's mail to defraud.



for H.M.S. York.

Photo by Tager

17th, First Battalion, 5th Marines, FMF,
Quantico, 1789
18th, Marine Barracks, NAD, Hawthorne,
Nevada, 1780
19th, HQ, 19th Battalion, FMCR, Augusta,
1754
20th, Co. B, First Battalion, FMCR, Brook-
lyn, 1718
21st, Marine Barracks, NOP, S. Charles-
ton, W. Va., 1700
22d, Marine Barracks, NAS, Lakehurst,
N. J., 1699
23d, Co. B, 13th Battalion, FMCR, Pas-
adena, 1672
24th, Co. D, 13th Battalion, FMCR, Ingle-
wood, 1671
25th, Co. C, 13th Battalion, FMCR, Glen-
dale, 1606.

Following is the individual scores of Peiping's shooters, with a total of 1837, which placed them seventh in the match. All other individual scores were published last month:

TEAM—MD, American Embassy, Peiping,
China

Name	Pro	Sit	Kne	Std	Tl
Crowe	100	99	96	81	376
Milner	96	97	94	81	368
Barrett	99	98	94	75	366
Lawless	99	97	88	71	365
Seider	100	98	92	72	362
Team total					1837

AIDE-DE-CAMP C. E. GIEGOLD



I am enclosing a photograph of Chester E. Giegold, Marine Aide-de-Camp to Department President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Veterans of Foreign Wars. The uniform he is wearing has been cut down from the one issued to the writer at Parris Island, South Carolina, in 1917.

Might also mention that the writer was Q.M. Sergeant of the First Marine Aviation Force in France, and I would appreciate it very much if you would publish this photograph in one of

your issues of THE LEATHERNECK. It is unnecessary for me to inform you that the boy is very proud of this uniform, as is his father, Henry A. Giegold, who is Senior Vice-Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Department of New Jersey.

W. J. LOVEJOY.

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON

Major General T. Holcomb,
Commandant, United States Marine Corps,
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Holcomb:

Personally, and in behalf of all the members of the Army, I wish to express our appreciation for the Army Day greeting of the Marine Corps. The association of the Army and the Marine Corps in peace and in war has always been very close and all of the Army shares with your corps the memories and traditions of gallant service on many battlefields.

Sincerely yours,

MALIN CRAIG,
Chief of Staff.

April 6, 1938.



A TRULY MARINE FAMILY

A proud mother poses with her Marines. This picture is of the Bonough family, of Toledo, the largest Marine family we have yet heard of. They are members of the 8th Battalion, FMCR.

Left to right: Corporal Howard Walters, 8 years service; First Sergeant C. B. Bonough, 12 years service; Corporal L. L.

Bonough, 4 years service; Corporal C. H. Bonough, 4 years service; First Sergeant Carlos Loehrke, 12 years service; First Sergeant G. C. Bonough, 5 years service, and Private Victor Bonough, with one year in the battalion. Mrs. Olive C. Bonough is shown with her five sons and two sons-in-law.

vantage of being affiliated with a strong organization such as the V.F.W. of U. S. The best way to cope with those who oppose National Defense, or our democratic form of government is to join the V.F.W. and help America to be safe for Americans. Now join and march along with us under the Banner of Our Corps.

BATTLE ON "EL" DELAYS MARINE'S WEDDING

James Wilson, Jr., a Marine, was thinking of his scheduled marriage when he stepped on a Market Street elevated train at 32nd Street, returning to the Navy Yard.

But now, instead of being married, he's nursing a closed eye, cut face, skinned knuckles and sewing up a ripped uniform.

Four men aboard the train tackled him, he told Magistrate Muhly, at the 3d and Delancey Streets police station. They were tripping passengers (two of whom were slightly injured) and had the conductor, Albert Geiger, backed into a corner when Wilson stepped in.

He subdued the four and held them until a policeman arrived at the 2d Street station. After that came the blow he couldn't parry—his girl postponed the marriage until his wounds heal.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FOUND AFTER 16 YEARS

Newark, Ohio, March 19.—The strange disappearance 16 years ago of a U. S. Marine was solved here tonight with the positive identification of John Rish, member of a traveling entertainment company, as Merle Dupler, of Rockbridge, Ohio. Rish, who was recognized as the missing Marine when he came here with the company 10 days ago, was identified through fingerprints in the U. S. Marine Corps headquarters in Washington. Rish was believed to have suffered a head injury during a boxing match with another Marine in 1922. He disappeared shortly after and amnesia, brought on by the blow, was believed responsible.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

**2ND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF
REGULAR VETERANS ASSO-
CIATION TO BE AT DEN-
VER, COLO., JULY 2-6,
1938**

Roy D. Hopgood, National Commander, Regular Veterans Association, announces that the second annual convention of the RVA—the "Organized Regulars"—will be held at Denver, Colorado, the mile-high Convention City, July 3-6, 1938. Crawford V. Thawley, Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo., has been named the Chairman of the Convention Committee, and he promises a regular convention for Regulars, with plenty of entertainment and sightseeing for all, and plenty of work for the 862 delegates from units of the organization over the nation and its Insular Possessions.

Commander Hopgood said, "The phenomenal growth of the RVA which has been from 2 Departments and 9 posts, October 1, 1936, to 47 Departments and 173 posts to date and an increase in membership of well over 1,000 per cent, is due to the great need of an organization of only enlisted men of the Regular Armed Forces of the United States and the clean, fearless, determined and cooperative efforts of the entire membership."

"Our membership is made up of 16 groups—the enlisted men now in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, the Retired from the four services, the disabled from the four services and the ex-es from the four services. The mothers, wives, widows, and the adult daughters, grand-daughters and sisters of enlisted persons in the Regular Services are eligible to membership in the REGULAR VETERANS WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION, which is an incorporated organization under the strict laws of Congress in the District of Columbia, as is the RVA."

Q. M. SCHOOL ENDS SESSION

By P. A. Webb

One of the smallest schools in the Marine Corps, yet one that bears an important part in the training of future Q.M. Sergeants, completed its final session for the current term at Philadelphia on the last day of March. By the time this is published in THE LEATHERNECK a new school will have been started, if the usual routine is carried out.

Located in a quiet corner of the Depot Quartermaster building in the Quaker City, from time to time a group of U. S. Marines gather to learn the "ins and outs" of quartermaster sergeants' work in the Corps. Amid sundry textbooks, typewriters, aided by lectures from their teacher and others skilled in this line of duty, the students gradually learn the gentle art of "quartermastering."

The school has just graduated some fourteen students, who for five months or longer have been schooling themselves in the necessary paper and routine work, enabling them to qualify as Q.M. sergeants. Their ranks run from private to sergeant, and their promotions, of course, depend entirely upon vacancies which occur from time to time in the service.

The main object of the course is to prepare the students for the type of duty they like best, and to judge by the opinions of the students themselves they have found the course to be intensely interesting. They do not step out of the class to become quartermaster sergeants. The school is merely a stepping-stone to quar-

**HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
WASHINGTON**

General Malin Craig,
Chief of Staff, United States Army,
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Craig:

On behalf of the officers and men of the Marine Corps, it is my pleasure to extend to the officers and men of the United States Army, our greetings and felicitations on the occasion of the annual celebration of Army Day.

With pride and appreciation we remember the cordial relation and cooperation that have unfailingly been maintained between the United States Army and the Marine Corps, in personal and professional associations, at many times and in many places.

Wherever stationed, on shore and afloat, the Marine Corps will deem it an honor and a pleasure to join in the celebration of Army Day on April 6.

With highest regards and good wishes, I am,

Very sincerely,



T. HOLCOMB,
Major General Commandant.

termaster work, enabling the students to go out with "their lamps trimmed and ready."

Staff Sergeant Thomas Laviano is the schoolmaster, so to speak, and he has rarely been so enthusiastic over a class as the one he has just graduated. He found them all well fitted for the work they have chosen; discipline was perfect, and he dismissed his students with considerable confidence in their future.

Incidentally, Laviano has perfected a system of instruction which he believes will gain the best results. He subdivides the work into various phases, and makes his students give practical demonstrations of textbook instruction by giving them definite assignments, paralleling actual work at a Marine Corps post. He then checks the work of each, and points out or amends any slips which may have occurred in the finished papers. This process is repeated until a measure of perfection is attained. Several of the men in the most recent class had a little experience, but most of them were novices in this work. Their service backgrounds naturally differed, as is the case in any group of Marines.

Sergeant John A. Lippold, hails from Laramie and he attended the U. of Wyoming, where he played football on the varsity team. After joining the Marines he sojourned for a time in Guam, Shanghai, Peiping and elsewhere in the Asiatics.

Sergeant Mark H. Roberts comes from the same state as ex-Marine Bob Burns, of bazooka fame. This Arkansan had a couple of years' experience handling clothing and subsistence prior to entering the school. (Incidentally, the writer of this article is probably one of the few Marines who remembers seeing Bob Burns play his glorified gaspope with the Parris Island Jazz Band).

Experience as a packer and stockman at the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, and some duty in the office of the Post Quartermaster at Portsmouth, was gained by Sergeant Fred G. Schoessow before he

received an assignment to the school. Most of his service has been in the U. S. A.

Another Marine who had been around a bit before reaching the Quaker City is Corporal Willis G. Smith. As a former member of the F.M.F., he saw Culebra, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Panama, San Diego and Haiti. When a gun exploded near San Clemente Island, killing and injuring several Marines, he was nearby, but fortunately escaped unharmed.

Quartermaster work, both at San Diego and Quantico, helped to fit Private F. H. Christensen for his studies at Philly. At one time Christensen manipulated the slide on a trombone in the post band at San Diego.

The class also included Corporal Whitfield A. Morton and Private Olin L. Arnold, the former a native of Florida, while Arnold's home is in South Carolina. The remaining members of the class were mostly men who were entirely inexperienced in Q.M. work.

Sergeant Laviano was hesitant about picking out any "star" scholars, but if he had selected one to deliver the valedictory it probably would have been Sergeant Lippold, who, without previous experience, showed unusual ability and proved himself thoroughly qualified for good, all round work, especially disbursing.

The "schoolmaster" himself has won quite a bit of fame for himself in athletic circles. Laviano twice won the fancy skating championship of the eastern section of the United States, meeting all comers, and he is also an archer of note, fashioning his own bows and arrows with infinite skill, and belonging to an archery club. He strives to improve his system of instruction for each succeeding class.

The school definitely paves the way for men who aspire to become quartermaster sergeants. Students are quartered at the Navy Yard, and are transported over the two or more miles from the barracks by motor each class day. It is a pleasant as-

(Continued on page 57)

SPORTS

Pennant Awarded To Third Battalion Basketball Team By Mrs. A. H. Tharau, Widow of Gunnery Sergeant Killed in France

CSPECIALLY designed pennant, emblematic of mythical "championship" in the eastern reserve section of the country, was awarded to the basketball team of the Third Battalion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard by Mrs. A. H. Tharau, widow of Gunnery Sergeant Tharau, 55th Company, 5th Regiment, U. S. Marines, who was killed in France August 8th, 1918. Mrs. Tharau, affectionately known to the boys of the Third as "Ma Marine," has been the most consistent spectator and rooter for the basketball team for several years.

On the occasion of the memorable game with the 6th Battalion from Philadelphia, Mrs. Tharau personally made two huge cakes, one for each team, and with the Marine emblem and the Battalion numeral on each cake. She also presented the dance and floor prizes on February 22nd, when the Third defeated the 7th Naval Battalion team in another overtime thriller, almost identical to the Philadelphia fracas. Since the World War Mrs. Tharau has presented several mascots to the Regular Corps, notable among them being Jiggs Jr., which she gave to Co. H, 5th Regiment FMF at Quantico in November, 1935.

Gy. Sgt. Herman Tharau was a veteran of two wars. He enlisted in the Corps June 1st, 1893, at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y. He served with the 12th Infantry, USA, at Manila. In the World War he was awarded (posthumously) the Distinguished Service Cross, Medaille Militaire, Navy Cross, Silver Star Medal, and Croix de Guerre with three stars and a palm.

The pennant will be known as the "Sgt. Tharau Pennant" in his honor.



"Billy" Addis, 160 lbs.

THIRD BATTALION BASKET-BALL RECORD

(Since last Leatherneck Story—April)

Third

Battalion Opponents

38	6th Battalion FMCR (Phila)	35
65	52nd F. A. Brigade NYNG	28
54	B Co., 4th Bn., FMCR (N. J.)	30
63	USS <i>Briarchie</i> , NYNM	35

Total to above date (April 3rd)—Third Battalion: Won, 24; lost, 2. Points scored by Third Bn. this season: 1109. Last thirteen straight games won to above date.

A last minute radiogram from the Third Battalion, New York, reports that the Third Battalion basketballers have clinched the first undefeated championship of the Eastern Reserve Area by defeating New Jersey and Philadelphia quintets, while New York and Boston battalions entered no teams.

The Fourth Battalion was defeated at Newark, New Jersey, on their own maple to the tune of 57 to 25, on April 17, then forfeited return game April 10, by non-appearance.

Lieutenant Bershad, newly assigned to the Third Battalion, is the baseball officer to the squad that reported for training on April 16.

Exclusive of the final basketball game with the 102d Medical Regiment held on April 24, the Third Battalion has won the last sixteen straight games for the unequalled record of twenty six games won of a total of twenty-eight played during the season, scoring over twelve hundred points.

The presentation of the championship pennant, individual awards and a special trophy will be made at a dance honoring the team in the Navy Yard on Saturday, April 30.

JOHNNY DEAN TURNS PRO

By R. Allen Jackson

Johnny Dean, well liked San Diego Marine amateur, turned professional with a win at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium on the eighteenth of February.

Johnny, up against a good smart boy, flattened his opponent for the count of six with the only right hand of the bout, and went on to win the decision as well as the cash bonus offered for the best bout of the card.

Dean follows Dale Sparr and many other Navy fighters who have risen to the professional ranks under the capable tutelage of Harry Ussery, the Melville boxing expert. Johnny had fought 71 amateur fights prior



"Mickey" De Stefano, 147 lbs.

to his successful professional debut.

San Diego fans will be glad to hear that Ussery plans to have the up and coming middleweight in action at the Coliseum in the near future and all hands will be pulling for his continued success.—Our Navy.

AMATEUR RECORD OF BILLY ADDIS

Fought 56 bouts—won 48 (18 by knock-out).

Held Southern California Amateur Middleweight Title in 1933-1934. Competed in Pacific Coast Tournament both years. Portland in 1933; San Francisco in 1934; fought way to finals both times. Lost out in 1933, when received a cut over the eye. Lost by decision in 1934, after beating Freddie Gresham, 1933 Champion. Broke hand in Golden Gloves Tournament of 1935. Discontinued fighting until arrival on Asiatic Station in December, 1936.

ASIATIC STATION RECORD AT CAVITE, P. I.

Rounds

Harry Sutton	3	won decision
Harry Sutton	3	won decision
Buteh Holiday	3	won decision

AT SHANGHAI, CHINA

Rounds

Mike Nizomoff	3	won decision
Mike Nizomoff (2d)	3	won decision
Jim Feast	6	won by TKO in 4th
Bavet	6	won by KO in 3rd
Shaelaef	10	knocked out in 4th
Llewellyn	6	lost decision
Buteh Holiday	4	lost decision
Rocky Zullo	4	lost decision

JERRY HILBORN WINS PALMA MATCH

Ex-Marine Shoots Only Possible in Meet

As Mrs. Jimmie Hilborn remarked after having dropped her last record shot into the nine ring, "That's the first wifely thing I've done for Jimmie in years." And there is the perfect alibi. As to what the

other one hundred and thirty competitors had to offer, Husband Jerry wasn't concerned. He'd take the championship, thank you, and you can keep your alibis.

Thus with the only perfect score of 500 x 500, Jerry Hilborn of Bronxville, N. Y., defeated one hundred and thirty-one of the hardest holders in the East (Buffalo included) to win the 17th Annual Indoor Championship of the Metropolitan Rifle League, Inc. This match is, as you know, fired indoors at a range of one hundred yards at a four-inch gray bull's-eye with the regulation N.R.A. scoring rings. (The gray is used to enable the shooters to spot their shots more readily.) Second place was won by J. C. Lippencott of the Union City Rifle Club of N. J. with a score of 499, outranking eight similar scores. S. J. Vitiano of the Roslyn, Long Island, Rifle Club was third, and T. Fakelmen, also of the Union City Club, was fourth. Down in fifth place was slinging Sam Moore of the Madison, N. J., Rifle Club. After knocking the X-ring out of his sighting target, Sam slung his first shot for record out for a wide nine and then ran his next 49 shots clean.—*American Rifleman*.

FIFTH BATTALION WINS SMALL BORE SHOOT

Mr. C. B. Lister, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Rifle Association, announced here today that the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, had won the inter-battalion small bore rifle match between teams from each of the seventeen Marine Reserve Battalions.

The Fifth Battalion turned in a score of 1835. The Twelfth Battalion, San Francisco, was second with 1832 and the Fourteenth Battalion, Spokane, third, with 1827.

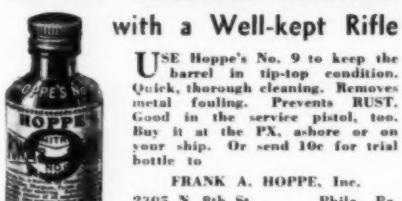
The team from Headquarters Company, Fifth Battalion, Washington, D. C., also won the inter-company national match between teams from the companies of the seventeen battalions, finishing 50 points ahead of the company from Spokane. The District of Columbia's team score was 1828.



HQ COMPANY, 5TH BATTALION, WINNERS OF COMPANY TEAM MATCH
Left to right—standing. Cpl. G. A. Benson, 1st Sgt. H. W. Warner. Sitting—Pfc. Arthur G. Hamilton, Jr., Pvt. Arthur D. Lachman, 1st Lieut. John E. Fondahl, Pfc. Samuel M. Sowder and Pvt. Benjamin F. Bean.

SHOOT HIGHER SCORES

with a Well-kept Rifle



USE Hoppe's No. 9 to keep the barrel in tip-top condition. Quick, thorough cleaning. Removes metal fouling. Prevents RUST. Good in the service pistol, too. Buy it at the PX, ashore or on your ship. Or send 10c for trial bottle to

FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.
2305 N. 8th St. Phila., Pa.

First Lieutenant John E. Fondahl, a member of the Metropolitan Police Department, is the winning battalion's range officer. Lieutenant Colonel Harvey L. Miller commands the Battalion.

The members of the Battalion team and their winning scores:

Corporal Lewis L. Harris, Co. G.....	374
Captain Charles B. Nerren, Co. G.....	372
Pvt. Ben F. Bean, HQ. Co.	367
Pvt. Arthur G. Hamilton, HQ. Co.	361
Pvt. Walter G. Piggott, HQ. Co.	361

1835

The members of the Headquarters Company, captained by First Sergeant Harry W. Warner, and coached by Corporal George A. Benson, and their winning scores: 1st Lieut. J. E. Fondahl 368
Pvt. A. G. Hamilton 376
Pvt. S. M. Sowder 370
Pvt. B. F. Bean 367
Pvt. A. D. Lachman 347

The Fifth Marine Reserve Battalion has been, for several years, rated as an "outstanding" Battalion by Boards of Observers from the regular service.

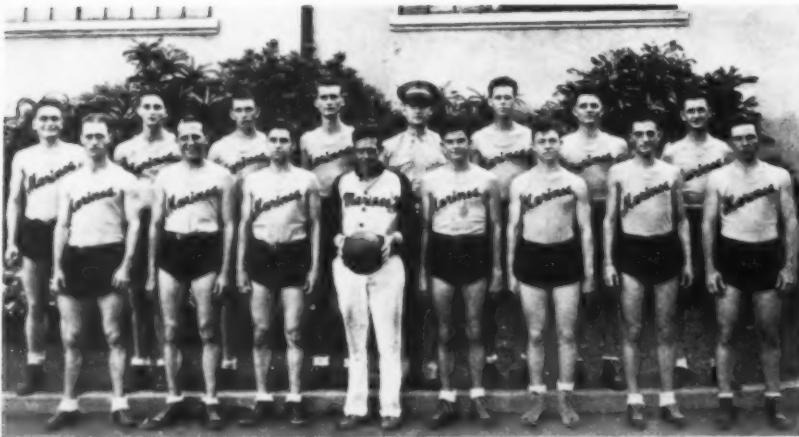
DEPOT OF SUPPLIES SMALL-BORE TEAM CLOSES SEASON'S SERIES

During the past four months, the Philadelphia Depot of Supplies has maintained a deadly gaze on the black center of the hundreds of targets that have come into their line of sights during the thirty-three matches fired during the months of December, January and February. A highly successful season it was, and now with the coming of Spring, the small-bore season draws to a close. The final ten matches of the series, which totals forty-three, are listed in the following:

To continue the series, match number thirty-four was fired on March 8. On respective ranges, the Marine Barracks team of Boston were the adversaries in a postal



MARINE RIFLE TEAM, PUGET SOUND NAVY YARD
Front Row: Capt. S. S. Yeaton, 2d Lt. H. U. Mustain, and Pl-Sgt. Anderson. Middle Row: Donovan, Baltra, McPherson, and Calhoun. Top Row: Hays, Edwards, Atkinson, and Beebe.



**POST BASKETBALL TEAM
MARINE BARRACKS, PEARL HARBOR, T. H., 1938**

Front row, left to right: Pfc. James W. Gabriel, Pvt. Frederick T. Stolley, Pvt. George R. Truckey, Pfc. Adrian V. McCammon (Trainer), Pvt. Byron G. Pulver, Pvt. Jack W. Rawls, Pvt. Herman N. Swick, Pvt. George Armstrong. Rear row, left to right: Pvt. Russell F. Martin, Pvt. Billie B. Morrison, Pvt. Albert E. Robinson, Pvt. Milton W. Magee, 1st Lieut. Henry W. Buse, Jr. (Head Coach), Pvt. Donald S. Hockensmith, Pvt. Alton M. Ashby, Cpl. Charles M. Bickart (Asst. Coach and Team Captain).

match with ten men firing and five high scores counting:

Name	Pro.	Sit.	Kne.	Sta.	Tl.
Hilton, H. F., Pfc.	95	96	94	88	373
McRobie, L. F., Pfc.	99	98	93	83	373
Dенно, Joseph, Pfc.	97	98	94	82	371
LaRoeque, A.N., S.Sgt.	100	100	91	78	369
Whaling, W.J., Maj.	97	99	93	76	365
Clews, J. B., Pfc.	96	98	93	77	364
Brown, C. J., Pfc.	99	97	87	79	362
Odom, E. H., Sgt.	99	97	92	73	361
Bugary, J. E., Pfc.	98	100	92	69	359
Gallagher, E., Sgt.	99	96	89	70	354
Depot of Supplies	488	491	465	407	1851
MB, Boston, Mass.	480	464	451	422	1817

Match number thirty-five, with the University of Maryland and the University of Wisconsin as competitors, turned out to be a win for the Depot over the University of Wisconsin, but a loss to the Maryland shooters, who won by twenty-three points.

Name	Pro.	Sit.	Kne.	Sta.	Tl.
LaRoeque, A.N., S.Sgt.	99	—	94	90	283
Dенно, Joseph, Pfc.	97	—	93	89	279
Hilton, H. F., Pfc.	99	—	92	83	274
McRobie, L.F., Pfc.	100	—	95	77	272
Odom, E. H., Sgt.	98	—	96	77	271
Bugary, J. E., Pfc.	94	—	90	84	268
Edwards, G.G., Pfc.	96	—	94	78	268
Brown, C. J., Pfc.	99	—	94	74	267
Whaling, W.J., Maj.	99	—	91	74	264
Clews, J. B., Pfc.	98	—	92	67	257
Univ. of Md.	494	—	472	436	1402
Depot of Supplies	493	—	470	416	1379
Univ. of Wisconsin	491	—	446	399	1336

In the thirty-sixth match of the series with LaFayette University, the Depot came back to score another win in the shoulder to shoulder match with ten men firing and five high scores tallying. The depot came forth with a total of 1361 points against their competitor's 1338.

Again the Depot scored a win over Frankford Arsenal in the thirty-seventh match of the series. This was held on March 10, and was a shoulder to shoulder match with eight men firing and five high scores counting. The Depot emerged the winners with a score of 1846 over Frankford's 1820.

March 17 brought the thirty-eighth match and another loss to the Depot of Supplies. This match constituted the sixth loss of the season with thirty-two wins. Fired at fifty feet, ten men firing and five high counting in the postal match, the University of Pittsburgh proved superior to the Depot with a total of 1391 against the Depot's 1364.

Not to be discouraged by the previous loss, the Depot came back and scored a win over the Holmesburg team in the thirty-ninth match of the season.

Name	Pro.	Sit.	Kne.	Sta.	Tl.
Bugary, J. E., Pfc.	98	96	91	88	373
Odom, E. H., Sgt.	97	98	93	78	366
Gallagher, E., Sgt.	99	99	94	74	366
Brown, C. J., Pfc.	98	96	84	84	362
McRobie, L. F., Pvt.	96	100	93	73	362
Edwards, G. G., Pfc.	97	96	70	76	359
LaRoeque, A.N., T.Sgt.	98	96	83	81	358
Silvermail, L., Pfc.	99	97	85	61	352
Depot of Supplies	488	489	455	397	1829
Holmesburg R. Club	485	455	387	323	1650

Match number forty, held on March 22, was another double adversary match. Fired on respective ranges with ten men firing and five high tallying, the Depot dropped their seventh match of the series. Scores listed below:

Name	Pro.	Sit.	Kne.	Sta.	Tl.
Dенно, Joseph, Pfc.	98	97	96	84	375
Edwards, G. G., Pfc.	99	95	92	87	373
Clews, J. B., Pfc.	98	98	97	79	372
LaRoeque, A.N., T.Sgt.	99	98	93	81	371
Odom, E. H., Sgt.	100	96	95	79	370
Bugary, J. E., Pfc.	100	95	87	84	366
Whaling, W.J., Maj.	98	96	92	79	365
Brown, C. J., Pfc.	97	97	84	79	357
McRobie, L. F., Pfc.	96	98	90	69	353
Hilton, H. F., Pfc.	98	94	82	75	349
Univ. of Missouri	499	490	477	437	1903
Depot of Supplies	494	484	473	410	1861
MB, Newport, R. I.	486	478	451	397	1812

The Depot retaliated in match number forty-one by scoring a win over Frankford Arsenal in a shoulder to shoulder match with ten men firing and all scores counting. The usual distance was extended to seventy-five feet in this match but still the Depot came out on top with a total of 3615 points over their competitor's 3607.

The Philadelphia Rifle Association turned out to be the forty-second adversary of the Depot. Eight men fired and the ten high counted.

Name	Pro.	Sit.	Kne.	Sta.	Tl.
Odom, E. H., Sgt.	99	99	96	80	374
Dенно, Joseph, Pfc.	100	96	93	79	368
McRobie, L. F., Pfc.	99	98	90	76	363
Edwards, G. G., Pfc.	93	97	89	81	360
Clews, J. B., Pfc.	97	94	88	79	358
Gallagher, E.W., Sgt.	97	96	88	77	358
Brodman, J.W., Pfc.	96	89	90	69	344
Silvermail, L., Pfc.	98	88	79	73	338
Depot of Supplies	488	484	456	395	1823
Phila. Rifle Asso.	489	469	418	377	1753

The final match of the season against Norristown Rifle Club, match number forty-three, found the Depot winding up the season with a decisive win. Six men fired in this match and five high counted. Held on April 3, this match summed up the strain of four months' continual firing over varied competitors and resulted in thirty-six won and seven lost during the entire season.

Name	Pro.	Sit.	Kne.	Sta.	Tl.
Odom, E. H., Sgt.	99	99	91	90	379
Silvermail, L.B., Pfc.	98	97	94	85	374
LaRoeque, A.N., T.Sgt.	99	98	89	82	368
Edwards, G. G., Pfc.	96	95	93	80	364
Clews, J. B., Pfc.	97	97	93	74	361
McRobie, L. F., Pfc.	98	93	84	76	351
Depot of Supplies	489	486	460	411	1846
Norristown Club	483	469	428	380	1760

WARDENIG SPORTS

Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

Report of Rifle Matches Fired

On 10 March, the small-bore rifle team of the Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Prison, won the final and deciding match of the Southeastern New Hampshire Rifle League by defeating the Piscataqua Rifle Club, of Portsmouth, 1092 to 1088. This victory was the tenth straight win for the Detachment team in the League matches and with it went the League championship, symbolized by a silver cup.

Below listed are the averages made by the team members in the league matches; the six high men will receive medals as members of the championship team:

Cpl. M. J. Holland	185.7
1st Lieut. C. R. Moss	178.4
Gy-Sgt. J. R. Tucker	178.2
Pvt. V. Perna	176.9
Pvt. H. L. Poole	176.8
Sgt. E. C. Griffin	176.9
Pvt. E. M. Powell	174
Sgt. C. N. Oliver	172.3
Sgt. J. J. Yarrow	171.4
Sgt. E. P. Wiseman	171

Below listed are the scores made in shoulder to shoulder matches fired this season:

U. S. Naval Prison	Opponents
897	M.B., N.Yd., Portsmouth, N.H. 891
1069	M.B., N.Yd., Portsmouth, N.H. 1063
1064	M.B., N.Yd., Portsmouth, N.H. 1041
1088	Piscataqua Rifle Club 1048
1086	Somersworth Rifle Club 999
1085	Manchester Rifle Club 1073
1104	Piscataqua Rifle Club "A" 1084
1094	Piscataqua Rifle Club "B" 1032
1052	M.B., N.Yd., Portsmouth, N.H. 1037
1054	Somersworth Rifle Club 1051
1085	Somersworth Rifle Club 1935
1065	M.B., N.Yd., Portsmouth, N.H. 1049
1100	Piscataqua Rifle Club "B" 1045
1092	Piscataqua Rifle Club "A" 1088

1084	Manchester Rifle Club	1064
1351	Ft. McKinley	1363
1837	Ft. McKinley	1819

Below listed are averages of team members who fired in postal matches, four positions:

Gy-Sgt. J. R. Tucker	374.3
Pvt. H. L. Poole	371.4
Cpl. M. J. Holland	370.8
Pvt. V. Perna	367.8
Sgt. E. G. Griffin	365.3
Sgt. C. M. Oliver	362.6
Cpl. H. P. Christian	361

Following is a list of scores fired in postal matches:

*U. S.
Naval
Prison*

Opponents

1845	M.B., Washington, D. C.	1869
1865	M.B., Parris Island	1859
1840	M.B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1829
1851	M.B., Washington, D.C., N.Yd.	1815
1847	Manlius School	1846
1874	Depot of Supplies	1837
1879	Marine Corps Headquarters	1269
1832	M.B., Philadelphia	1778

Following is a list of scores made by entries from this post in the National Rifle Association Individual Gallery Championships:

Cpl. M. J. Holland	382
Pvt. H. L. Poole	379
Gy-Sgt. J. R. Tucker	373
Pvt. V. Perna	365

Basketball Results

Playing before a crowd of 1000 people, the Naval Prison basketball team lost the final game for the Southeastern N. H. Championship to the Dover Clerks on Sunday afternoon, 6 March. The tournament was composed of 16 selected teams, with the Marines rated as the "dark horse" entry. On March 4th the Prison team defeated the Epping Redskins, 22 to 20; March 5th, the Portsmouth V-Eighters, 25 to 14; March 6th, Dover's Battery "B," 37 to 29, and losing the final game to the Clerks by a 29 to 17 count. This marks the first time during the four years the Prison has entered a team, that the Marines have gotten beyond the first round of play; so the whole Detachment is justly proud of their excellent showing this year. In winning second place in the tournament, the team added a fine gold trophy to the Prison athletic showcase, and placed two men on the selected All-Tournament Team and two men on the second team. The two men winning the special trophies on the first All-Tournament Team were Private Robert Adams, at right guard, and Private Herman Poole, at center.

The basketball team from the Naval Prison captured the Portsmouth High School Alumni Association City Basketball League on the night of March 10th, when they defeated the Marine Barracks from the Portsmouth Navy Yard for the third time by a score of 37 to 29. This game was a play-off for the second half championship which ended in a triple tie, and found the Prison aggregation the League champions as they captured both halves of the League play. Winning first half honors by virtue of seven consecutive victories, the winning of the second half too, automatically landed the full season title to the Prison Marines.

This year marks the first time in three seasons that the same team has captured both halves of the schedule, thereby eliminating any need for a play-off.



MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. NAVAL PRISON, PORTSMOUTH, N. H., BASKETBALL TEAM, 1937

Front row, left to right: H. Williams; W. Williams, Colonel R. L. Denig, Commanding U. S. Naval Prison, 2d Lt. C. A. Youngdale, coach; Adams, and Amacker. Back row: Julien, Wells, Neely, Gladding, Nussbaum, and Tasick.

In the all-star team chosen from the Portsmouth High School Alumni Association League by the sports editor of the local paper, the Prison team placed two men—Adams at guard, and Williams at forward. This last game marks the end of a very successful basketball season.

Following is a complete list of games and scores during the 1937-38 basketball season:

Naval

Prison	Opponents	Date
28	Marine Barracks	37 29 Nov.
26	Kingsbury	13 3 Dec.
37	U.N.H. Freshmen	28 6 Dec.
40	Portsmouth Merchants	30 9 Dec.
39	Portsmouth High	31 10 Dec.
37	Portsmouth High	28 13 Dec.
49	DeMolay	26 20 Dec.
21	V-Eighters	18 22 Dec.
30	DeMolay	15 27 Dec.
25	Boston Barracks	12 29 Dec.
44	South End	10 3 Jan.
29	Mariners	14 5 Jan.
51	Dolphin	14 6 Jan.
23	V-Eighters	21 12 Jan.
38	Boston Barracks	32 14 Jan.
28	Portsmouth Barracks	21 19 Jan.
29	Fort McKinley	26 29 Jan.
20	Kingsbury	17 31 Jan.
44	DeMolay	22 3 Feb.
26	Kingsbury	30 7 Feb.
21	Portsmouth Barracks	16 9 Feb.
21	South End	13 17 Feb.
44	Fort McKinley	22 26 Feb.
37	V-Eighters	23 28 Feb.
22	Epping Redskins	20 4 Mar.
25	V-Eighters	14 5 Mar.
37	Battery "B"	29 6 Mar.
17	Dover Clerks	29 7 Mar.
37	Portsmouth Barracks	29 10 Mar.

Individual Records:

Name	P	GP	FT	FG	Pts.
Adams	G	28	25	62	149
Amacker	G	28	18	60	138
Williams, H.	F	27	14	55	124
Gladding	C	13	11	48	107

Youngdale	F	15	15	37	89
Williams, W.	F	22	7	39	85
Wells	F	26	10	36	82
Poole	C	12	8	32	72
Neely	C	12	9	19	47
Julien	F	15	2	17	36
Nussbaum	G	13	1	1	3
Lasich	G	15	1	1	3

Team Record:
Won, 26; Lost, 3; Played, 29; Per Cent, .897.

Team Scoring: field goals, 407; free throws made, 121, missed, 181; personal fouls, 181; total points, 935. Opponents, field goals, 258; free throws made, 102, missed 130; personal fouls, 237; total points, 618.

BOWLING, PARRIS ISLAND

By Wry

Our match game with the German Club, Savannah, Ga., on Sunday, 27 March, proved a victory for the Post Team. And talk about close matches, the Post Team won by only 2 pins for total pinfall. The German Club rolled a three-game score of 2,302, and the Marines 2,302; we can thank the anchor man, Private Schick, for getting a strike instead of 7 pins on his last ball. The German Club enjoyed their visit at Parris Island this year and hope they can come down again next year. Our trip to Savannah to play this club did not prove a victory for the Marines, but it also was a very close match. The Savannah Club won by 45 pins for total pinfall. We were treated very nicely by the Club and also hope to be able to play them again next year at their club. In the Post Bowling League the Recruit Depot Five are on top this month and they seem to think they are going to stay there. I can't say that we (Service Company) can hurt them much now, but there are two other teams that can still take first place away from them—Rifle Range and Officers. There are prizes for the teams placing

first, second and third, so this should keep all the teams interested in trying to win either of the three. The Rifle Range rolled a new high three-game series by rolling a score of 2344, taking it away from Service Company. If we had new alleys you would see a great increase in the scores. The interest is greatly increasing in bowling and if we had new alleys for our next season's league I am sure there would be greater interest among the now non-bowlers of the post. Maybe we can have them? Results of the Post Bowling League for the week ending 3 April, 1938, is as follows:

Teams	GP	GW	GL
Recruit Depot	51	33	18
Rifle Range	54	35	19
Officers	54	34	20
Service Co.	54	30	24
Civilians	51	28	23
Band	54	21	33
Hdqrs. Co.	54	17	37
Hospital	54	16	38

High Average: Yingling, 163.

High three games: Yingling, 556.

High single game: Fullerton, 223.

Please watch this column in next month's LEATHERNECK for the final results of this Post League, which closes the 21st of April.

PORSCMOUTH, VIRGINIA, MARINES WIN INDOOR SMALL BORE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

In a competitive shooting match held by the Hampton Rifle Club at Langley Field, Va., on Saturday, 26 March, 1938, the Norfolk Navy Yard Marines won the State Championship with a total score of 894 out of a possible 1000. Five other teams took part in this match and finished in the following order:

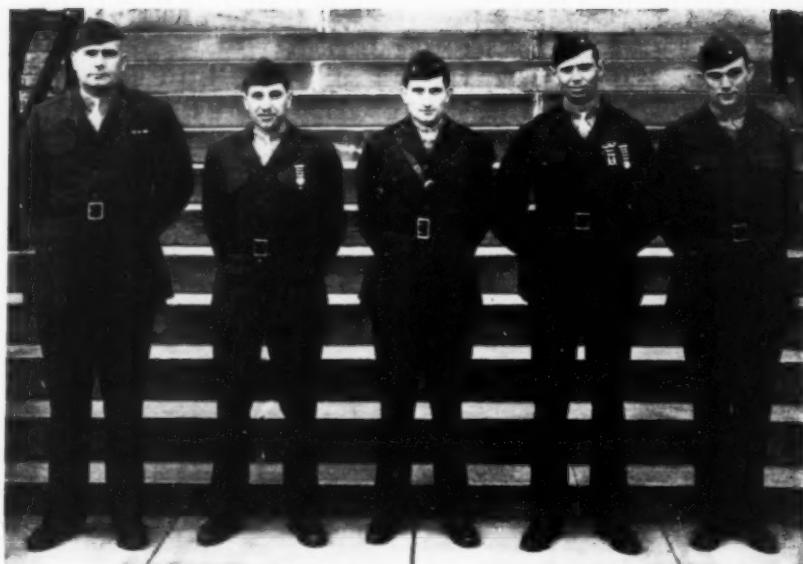
Marines	894
Harrisonburg, Va.	892
Hampton, Va.	889
Old Dominion	843
N.A.C.A.	824
Richmond, Va.	803
Total	894

Mr. Harry Heatwole, of Harrisonburg, was high man with a score of 188, with Sergeant Hascal L. Ewton, of the Marine Barracks, second with 185, and Sergeant Homer King, of the Marine Barracks, third with 182. Some of the best shots in the State participated in this match, and their ability is evidenced by the slight difference in the final scores. The match was held under the National Rifle Association. Second Lieutenant Robert M. Dean, Jr., was in charge of the Marine Barracks team. The following individual scores were made by the Marines:

Sgt. Hascal L. Ewton	185
Sgt. Homer King	182
Sgt. Broox E. Clements	177
Cpl. Harold Cleghorn	177
Pfc. Francis M. Lowrey	173
Total	894

Three other matches were held here during the month of March, on the 9th, 18th and 23rd, between this post and the Portsmouth Rifle Club; the results were as follows:

Teams	Team Scores
Marines	859
Portsmouth	843



BOWLING CHAMPS, 1937-38, 13TH NAVAL DISTRICT
McWilliams, Baltra, Roe, Via, and Hays.

the barracks were behind by four points when a basket by Branch followed by another by George tied the score and with twenty seconds to go Ruge of the Basic School dropped one of his many uncanny shots of the evening through the net to win by a score of 44 to 42.

For the Basic School Ruge led the scoring and for the Barracks team Branch was high scorer. Ruge was the outstanding star of the evening, with Branch and Maitland of the Barracks team both standing out.

BASIC SCHOOL (44)	G.	F.	P.
Ruge, f.	10	3	23
Hays, f.	0	0	0
Barninger, f.	1	1	3
Townsend, e.	2	2	6
Knott, e.	0	0	0
Galer, g.	6	0	12
Prickett, g.	0	0	0
MARINE BARRACKS (42)	G.	F.	P.
Decker, f.	1	0	2
Branch, f.	8	4	20
Maitland, e.	5	2	12
Mitchell, g.	0	0	0
George, g.	3	2	8
Shervais, g.	0	0	0

BASIC STUDENT OFFICERS DEFEAT BARRACKS

The student officers of the Basic School defeated the team from the Marine Barracks March 15 in one of the most interesting games of basketball seen here this season.

At no time during the game were there more than four points' difference in the score, with the lead changing back and forth. With less than two minutes to play

BREMERTON MARINES WIN CITY LEAGUE BASKETBALL TITLE

1—Marines	41
Maryland Marines	12
2—Marines	39
Maryland Marines	23
3—Marines	23
Maryland Marines	12
4—Marines	47
All Stars	44
5—Marines	36
USS Lexington	25
6—Marines	46
USS Swallow	28
7—Marines	27
Knights of Columbus	34
8—Marines	27
USS Lexington	47
9—Marines	30
USS Maryland	49
10—Marines	23
USS Lexington	31
11—Marines	63
Sport Shop	41
12—Marines	30
USS Utah	55
13—Marines	37
NYD Apprentices	64
14—Marines	35
Silverdale	26
15—Marines	49
USS Pensacola	37
16—Marines	56
Silverdale	42
17—Marines	54
Bank of Commerce	38
18—Marines	47
Belfair C. C.	28
19—Marines	40
USS Ranger	42
20—Marines	35
U. S. Naval Hospital	26
21—Marines	21
USS Pensacola	36
22—Marines	34
Gilt Top	21

(Continued on page 59)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

FIVE-STATE MILITARY-NAVAL COMPETITION BEING ORGANIZED BY THIRD BATTALION AT BROOKLYN AS RESULT OF INTER-CITY ATHLETIC COMPETITION SUCCESS

Rifle Matches, Athletic Contests, and Military Competition Under New Plan for Reserve and Guard Units in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

ONE of the most comprehensive military interstate programs ever attempted is being worked out by the officers of the Third Battalion, stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and commanded by Major B. S. Barron, FMCR, it was recently announced. The success of the basketball program of this season at the Navy Yard, in which the Third met no less than eleven different service teams from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, led to the organization of the new plan. The five-state idea, however, will greatly broaden the program of inter-unit competition, to include rifle and pistol matches, military competitions of various kinds, joint reviews, as well as

competition in basketball and other sports.

Ever since there were Marine Reservists stationed in the Navy Yard, nearly six years ago, these units have been active in their participation in military social affairs, as well as parades and other military ceremonies. Major Barron and his officers of the Battalion are well known to all of New York's various National Guard and regular organizations, and are invited regularly to attend all military functions of those outfits. A particularly fine spirit of co-operation with National Guard units has been built up through these contacts.

The inter-Battalion athletic competition, which included the Sixth, of Philadelphia, Fourth of New Jersey, the Third of Brooklyn, the Seventh and 33rd Naval Battalions of New York and New Jersey, as well as local National Guard units in and around New York City, marked the most successful athletic season the Marines of the Yard ever have enjoyed. Probably the best winning record ever set up by any Marine basketball team, regular or reserve, was established by the Third Battalion squad, coached for the fifth successive season by Capt. M. V. O'Connell, FMCR, Battalion Athletic Officer. So satisfactory were the Yard arrangements to visiting teams, despite their defeat by the Leatherneck court-men, that they readily agreed to a regular inter-City and inter-State league to go into operation this coming fall.

From this point the matter was developed until plans now are being worked out in the other phases of inter-organization activity. In this connection the commanding officers of Reserve units, between (and including) Washington and Portland, Me., are urged to communicate with Capt. O'Connell regarding this inter-unit competition in various activities beginning next Fall. Efforts to have the 5th Battalion of Washington, and the 2nd Battalion of Boston, enter into competition on the court this season with the Third fell through, but are expected to be arranged for the coming season.

The new plan will afford those Reserve units engaged in such competition, facilities which they do not have in their own stations, as most of the Guard units with which they will compete have the finest equipment, armories and facilities. Competitive drills, joint reviews, and even outdoor maneuvers are possible under the proposed setup. Details of the plan will take several months to work out between the various units, and these are proceeding apace. Suggestions from unit commanders are being sought so that the first

year of the new plan may be successful and afford every outfit participating the utmost in opportunity.

Meanwhile, the active work of preparing the officers and men of the Third for their annual tour of duty at Quantico, beginning June 26th, is under way, and equipment is being put in tiptop shape, while instruction and drill sessions are well attended by the men, eager to get under way for the sunny south and the shores of the Potomac, but a few weeks from now. Keen competition between the respective companies of the Battalion is bound to mark the Quantico encampment, as there are numerous trophies which are contested for annually. New men in the outfits, who have never attended summer encampments before, are being given all sorts of "dope" by the so-called "old-timers."

Company A, commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan, is working day and night to bring its outfit to the point of taking its first trophies away from the other companies at camp. Attendance has increased materially, and the efficiency of the non-coms and men is apparent to everyone. A touch of college and professional athletic "scouting" was rendered the Battalion team when Pfc. Kopecki, of A Company, while at the Philadelphia depot armorer's school, attended most of the games of the 6th Battalion, so that the Brooklyn lads knew who to watch out for in the memorable overtime thriller at the Navy Yard. The score being so close (38-35) it's a good thing Kopecki was on the job!

B Company, with its two first lieutenants, Fred ("Newlywed") Lindlaw, commanding, and Edgar Persky sporting his new silver bars, are aiming at topping the list of Battalion units winners at Quantico. Lindlaw and Persky (sometimes known as "The Heavenly Twins") are reported to be combing the ramrod market for new type prizes for their crack shots. The Company played a big part in providing some of the star players for the championship court team this season with Alonge, Gross, DeSandis, and McCaffrey among the men on the squad. They also provide a number of baseball luminaries for the Battalion nine, soon to open its second annual season.

C Company, the custodian of more trophies than any other unit of the Battalion, is determined to hold on to them, and if possible gather in any they don't have now. Capt. Howard W. Houck, although minus the help of a second officer, is pointing his lads toward a high mark at Quantico, setting the drill attendance pace for all other units thus far this year. His unit is well up among the leaders in the .22 calibre qualification. Another "young Marine" was recorded by the company when Pvt. Franklin Reynolds, Jr., passed out cigars (!) on the occasion of the birth of a son. It is getting so that C Company is among the leaders in husbands and papas in the Battalion, they evidently seeking that as

(Continued on page 56)



Corporal Harry R. Allen, Solo Cornetist of the band of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Allen, in a national radio competition for individual musicians, finished first in a field over ninety-five picked entries, many of them from Regular Service bands.

The broadcast was conducted from the Earle Theatre Stage, Washington, D. C., originating in Station WRC in connection with the "Raleigh-Kool" program.

Corporal Allen is a nephew of the late Francis Cooke, one of the tutors for the late John Phillip Sousa.



Company B, Tenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, located in New Orleans. Seated, front row center, are, left to right, First Lieutenant Charles S. Williamson, Captain William J. Wise, Commanding, and Second Lieutenant Frederick W. Miller.

TENTH BATTALION NEWS

New Orleans, La.

By 1st Lt. Charles Williamson

At the moment this is being written, news has just been received that Supply Sergeant James D. McNeill has just received his commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. "Mac" had a long and excellent record of performance in the Tenth Battalion. He enlisted in the 22nd Reserve Marines, 1st Battalion, in New Orleans on April 6th, 1933. When the 1st Battalion, 22nd Reserve Marines was re-designated the Tenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, "Mac" was one of its best workers and boosters. After a time served as a private in the "rear rank," he transferred to the Supply section and worked as a clerk for the Battalion Quartermaster and was promoted to the rank of Corporal. Later, he became Supply Sergeant of the Tenth Battalion. "Mac" is one of the best liked men in the Battalion, and has done an outstanding job. At Tulane University, he graduated from the Arts and Science College one of the highest in his class in 1934. A year later he returned to Tulane to take Law. His first year he led his class; his second year he was also tops, and now he expects to graduate with his share of the honors as a full-fledged lawyer. He is at present one of the editors of the Tulane Law Review, a publication with a world-wide reputation for excellence in its field. His position is a coveted one which is a reward for excellence in scholarship. When "Mac" was a senior in the Academic College at Tulane he displayed a flare for practical politics and was elected President of the Student body. He is something of an athlete, having been on Tulane's boxing team. He is a member of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity. "Mac" is married and has a name-sake about a year and a half old. We wish "Mac" all the success possible as an officer, knowing he will come through.

While this article is being written other

things are going on. Harry and Bob Shaw, brothers in Company D, are off in Boston competing in the National A.A.U. boxing championships. In their weights they both won first place in the Southern A.A.U. competitions. At Beauregard last summer they showed unusual prowess as boxers. They are both clean-cut fellows and good Marines. They should go far in boxing.

Joe Ingraham, who is now medical sergeant will become First Sergeant of Company D. Joe won the Daughters of 1812 medal for general excellence. Joe heads the Ingraham dynasty in the Tenth Battalion. The others with him are his brothers, Corporal Charles H. Ingraham and Private Robert E. Ingraham.

Recruiting is taking an upward swing in the Tenth Battalion as the dead-line nears and enthusiasm is fast building up for the training cruise to Quantico. All of the men believe they will go to Quantico resolved to establish an enviable record for general excellence.

First Lieutenant Eugene Schultz goes to Washington on May 22nd and to Philadelphia Depot of Supplies on June 2nd for specialized training in Quartermaster duties. He is the Battalion Quartermaster.

Twenty-two caliber qualifications are moving right along now with the new flood-lights on Sergeant Stone's range which opens the range for night-firing. Records of the Battalion office show that to date over 50 per cent on rolls have qualified with the twenty-two. It is our goal to take the Battalion to Quantico with one hundred per cent qualifications.

Corporal Robert Landwehr received the top medal as high man in the individual shooters' competition from this battalion submitted to the national rifle association in the Marine Corps Reserve Matches, and Sergeant Joseph Landwehr received the medal for second high score. Corporal Landwehr and Sergeant Landwehr are cousins, not brothers, but they have the same old eagle-eye. Speaking of dynasties (above: Ingraham dynasty), these Landwehrs are about to establish a shooting dynasty.

Two previous inspector-instructors of the Tenth Battalion, Major George R. Rowan, USMC, and Major Lucien W. Burnham, USMC, who are now in Quantico will have the opportunity to give the battalion they were so long associated with the "once-over" and will be able to determine whether their associates are still up to the high standards they left them with. Incidentally, the officers of the battalion are looking forward to a reunion with their old friends, Major George Rowan and Major Lucien Burnham.

We got a letter from Sergeant Major Alban Uhlman in San Diego. We were glad to hear from him and appreciate his regards for us. We remember him as a good friend and hope he will let us know from time to time how he is faring. Uhlman, you will always be able to read about what we are doing in this corner of THE LEATHERNECK and from now on, we will work a sort of one-way correspondence via THE LEATHERNECK to you, telling you the dope here. I hope you will drop us a line soon. Best of luck!

19TH BATTALION, FMCR

Augusta, Georgia

By Leland W. Smith

There has been so much local activity within our Battalion during the past couple of months that we have almost neglected our publicity and gossip column in THE LEATHERNECK. As soon as THE LEATHERNECK Trophy matches were concluded we began our regular qualifying on the range and even with groups firing twice weekly there are a lot of men who haven't fired for record at this writing. We haven't been ordered to drill in summer uniforms yet, but with the warm weather slipping up on us it can't be long now. Most of the fellows have been issued their summer equipment.

All three companies now have their authorized quota of enlisted men and you can take our word for it they look good on the drill field. It is pretty well circulated that the Battalion is getting a nice new armory when we return from Parris Island this summer. It is our understanding that we will have a whole



Sgt. Irvin A. Miegel, Company C, 19th Battalion, FMCR.



Photo by Tager

First Sergeant Harry Warner, 5th
Battalion, FMCR.

building for ourselves, remodeled especially to fit our demands.

So many aspirants turned out for softball practice a few days ago that it has been decided to enter two teams in the local leagues. Unfortunately for some of the other teams, we are borrowing a number of their former players (they have joined the Marine Reserves) and some of the onlookers say we have the pick of the city. It won't take many games to find just how good we are. Lieutenant Dyess, Lieutenant Smith, and Lieutenant Stafford are all really first-class ballplayers and under their leadership we hope to lead the city.

Recent promotions include Corporal Hannsman to Sergeant, Private Moyer to Private First Class, Private First Class Faulkner to Corporal, Sergeant "Windy" Wiggins to Quartermaster Sergeant, and Corporal Collins to Sergeant. Sergeant Hannsman states that his wife misunderstood his instructions and inadvertently sewed his chevrons on the front of his shirts instead of on the sleeves. He says he tried one of the shirts on while the chevrons were still on the front and thereby increased his chest expansion some five inches. Not bad, but at that rate he'll need medical care if he gets promoted again and the same thing happens to his chevrons.

Last year's winner of the Jeanne Fox-Weinmann medal for the Battalion, Sergeant Irvin A. Miegel, is acting top kick for C Company, and is doing a splendid job of it. Especially with the help of Sergeant Paulk and Corporals Covar and Cooper. C Company has the distinction of having a Lt. Colonel with the rank of Private First Class within the company. Pfc. William E. James is R.O.T.C. regimental commander at the local Richmond Academy. When the battalion participates in a joint review with the Academy, Pfc. Jakes dons his Lt. Colonel's uniform (including the medals) and you can bet he gets a kick when he hears his superiors in the Marine Corps repeat his commands.

Captain Spicer, our Inspector-Instructor, has returned to the Battalion after a few weeks' absence. He is responsible in no small way for the splendid accomplish-

ments of the Battalion since our beginning late in 1936.

Any of the fellows who are having or anticipate having trouble with the girls are advised to contact Private McWee, of Company B. He has given up his endorsing of patent medicines and now offers first-hand advice to the love-lorn. He decided to give up the idea of marriage and return to the company.

1st Sergeant Walton, of B Company, can get more work out of a fatigue detail than any non-commissioned officer in the Battalion. And some how or the other the boys like it and even ask to be on the fatigue drill. (Ed's Note: My, my, how that word "fatigue" brought back our old A.E.F. army days! We haven't heard of a fatigue detail since we abandoned the army fatigue details for police work in the Marine Corps).

WARNER OF THE 5TH BATTALION

Washington, D. C.

We skeptics take an awful licking every once in a while and this time it fell to the lot of Harry Wood Warner, a first sergeant in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, attached to Headquarters Company, of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, to deal the lethal blow to nearly all our skepticism.

We darn near got surveyed a couple of times for our chuckling to ourselves over some of the advertising claims we read and, before we get any further there'll be no "you should've" from any of you. Those catch lines "they laughed when we sat down to play" and "Now I'm the life of the party" always caused an inward chortle that sometimes developed into a goofy chuckle emanating from the place known as "nowhere."

But to get to the meat of our story. Some six or eight months ago our hero of the month, Harry Wood Warner (or did we say that before?) grabbed himself a piece of paper and applied to the Marine Corps Institute for enrollment in the Air Condi-

tioning course which application was approved and lesson material forwarded with the usual Institute precision (no charge for the plug).

Now Warner is frank in admitting that his educational background never set the world afire. There are no university professor tossing uneasy heads fearing they may be ousted from their jobs by our hero, but he doesn't have to admit, for we know, that he's a pluggger type and when we say plug, we mean plug.

He's a sort of handy-man. Handy at a lot of things yet claiming no blue ribbons for any, but he's the durndest guy for plugging at things until they are finished. He got the Air conditioning course and applied himself with that blasted doggedness that irritates a lot of people although the irritation is generally the result of jealousy because the irritated just can't apply themselves as he does. We knew he was taking the course and soon knew he was getting something out of it. Blast him, he takes such a huge delight in asking us dope about temperature and then pinning us down to the tenth of degrees. A round degree always elicits mild scorn if we should forget to include a couple of teeths here and there. He's a great bird for proving it too, in fact we daren't leave any notes laying around because when Warner comes in he's just as liable to grab them off to draw out his argument as not.

For the past five years or so he's been a trouble shooter down at the House Office Building in Washington. Worked the most uncanny hours too. Most of us would have to hire a special time-keeper to figure out when we went to work. Anyway, Warner announced in his most emphatic terms (and can he be emphatic!) that he would soon be an Air Conditioning expert, and, so help us, just last month they took him at this word and made him just that and, seriously, it was his home study in the Marine Corps Institute that got him the new job with a boost in the bi-weekly check.

There's nobody we'd rather see get a boost than this Warner chap. They don't come any more rugged, more honest, nor more faithful. When the Marine Corps



Supply Sgt. W. Fields inspecting the supply room of the 14th Battalion, FMCR, in Spokane, Wash.

Photo by L. M. Norris

said noncommissioned officers of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve should take correspondence courses he did and he was in the first three in the Fifth Battalion to get his certificate of graduation from the Basic Course.

This year, God willing, Warner will attend his thirteenth annual field training period with the Marine Corps Reserve. It may be a record, then again it may not, but it'll do until someone tops it.

Back in 1920 Warner embarked on a two-year hitch in the Regular Marine Corps, doing most of his time in Quantico, although he got two tastes of Mail guard duty. If our memory serves us, he was in on that terrible Kniekerbocker Theater disaster in Washington in 1922. As a Marine he crowded quite a lot into those two years, but crowding a lot into a little is an old habit.

He came to the Fifth Battalion from Rochester, New York, where he also served in the Marine Corps Reserve.

There's a good lesson in this little article and if you are one of those who have been wondering whether home study is worth a hang or not, this should settle the matter.

Incidentally, any one interested in selling an insurance policy on a right hand index finger might contact Warner. The members of Headquarters company will chip in and pay the policy. If anything ever happens to that finger there'll be some delays in the quarterly pay checks.

14TH BATTALION, FMCR

Spokane, Wash.

By L. M. Norris

The Fourteenth Battalion has gone over the top . . . in recruiting we mean. Companies A and B are both full and the members who have moved out of town have been transferred to the VMCR . . . and still the recruits come in. In fact, they have come in so fast that we have sent in a request for the authorization of Company C which we hope to have filled before the

time comes for us to go to summer camp. As the time for summer training draws closer the interest waxes greater. We should have a real showing this year at the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Proving that the Fourteenth is socially-minded as well as military-minded, the boys turned out in full force augmented by their girl friends and wives at a recent dance, music for which was furnished by members of our unit. The hop was a real success in every way and when the dust had cleared away, it was found that about a hundred dollars was left over to be added to the Battalion funds.

At our last drill we had a thorough inspection by our Inspector-Instructor, Major Herman Anderson. He inspected not only the men but the locker rooms, the supply rooms and the Battalion offices. He reported that all was in ship-shape condition.

Among the recent promotions are to be included those of Chester H. Breneman, now Private first class, and William F. Wilson, now corporal. Both men are members of A Company. Congratulations.

HDQTS. CO., 4TH BN., FMCR

Newark, New Jersey

By Keck

The men of Headquarters Company read and hear all about the keen competition of the various companies that are out to win the battalion Efficiency Pennant. That is about all the good it does them as they are not in the race, yet they work as hard as any company in submitting lessons, etc. There is one thing that Headquarters can boast about and that is that they have the only original blimp squad. During the mobilization trial, the men of Headquarters helped to fill up the ranks of Company C and at the same time showed that they can still handle a rifle. All the boys needed on that night on the platform at the train station was for a train to come in and the major to give the order to get aboard. There would have been a lot of worried boys who had for-

get their tooth brush and forgot to say good-by to their thrills.

We are glad to welcome Pfc. Maddox home, he has been at the armorer's school in Philadelphia. Now we can keep him busy on Tuesday nights, besides playing with Sgt. "45" Wright in the medical room.

We have another record to be proud of and that is that the 4th battalion placed first in the record drill attendance over the other Reserve battalions.

Everyone is looking forward to the dance and dinner that is being given by Company C at a club in New Jersey. I wonder if the chow hounds come home still hungry after the affair, there is a possibility that they will be well filled.

We are glad to announce that Sergeant Major Mattia is going to run for sheriff of Essex County in the coming election. If it is up to the Leathernecks, he is as good as elected right now as he has their support one hundred per cent.

COMPANY A, 4TH BN., FMCR

Elizabeth, N. J.

By Ira J. Callman

News flashes from Company A:

We'll start off this month with our change in personnel. Effective April 1, our former Commanding Officer, 2nd Lt. John J. Waybright, became Company Officer of Co. C. 2nd Lt. Charles S. Tracy, who was our Company Officer, took over command of the company, and 2nd Lt. Lucas became our new Company Officer. The fellows all hated to see Lt. Waybright go, and hope he will keep in touch with the outfit.

Pvt. Thorn, Pfc. Dietrich, and Pfc. Mann received their Corporal chevrons, and Privates Boettger and Runyon became Pfs. on April 1. The five men passed their exams with little difficulty.

The trip to the radio broadcast in New York proved to be a boner. We chartered a bus for the occasion, and upon leaving, the bus knocked over a mail box. After



PHOTO SHOTS OF COMPANY C, 4TH BATTALION, FMCR

Smith and Boan give Goodstir the works, while Calder, Conk and Feldman observe.

Pvt. Abraham Feldman.

Humphrey Ciofalo.

surveying the damage, we decided to shove off before anything else happened. But the driver couldn't start the bus again, and we had to wait for the transportation company to send another one. We finally got on our way, and arrived at the studio twenty minutes late. Well, as no one is allowed in a studio during the actual broadcast, we were out of luck. Climbing aboard the bus again, we headed for Greenwich Village. We had some solid and also liquid refreshments in the Village, and returned to Elizabeth, but not before we lost our way in Jersey City and Hoboken. We all enjoyed ourselves, even if fate did play us a dirty trick.

What they do besides drill: Chief Cook Manasse keeps in trim by working in a Dining Car. However, regardless of what he says, he never eats anything he cooks himself. Let's hope he studies his Cook Book before we shove off for camp.

Turning to sports, we had the basketball team winding up the season with a win over a local team. With basketball over for another year, the fellows are talking of indoor baseball. The company will probably have a team on the field before the month is over.

ATTENTION RESERVISTS!

Here's the announcement you have been waiting for. The chance for two men to win brass jointed ram-rods for their .30 caliber rifles is at hand.

The company is sponsoring a photograph contest for the best pictures of interior views of the places where you fellows drill. The members of this company are anxious to see pictures of the different places used by the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve for drill purposes, and that is the reason for the contest.

The rules of the contest are:

1. The photographs must be of interior views of your place of drill.
2. Any size photograph will be accepted.
3. Write your name and home address, the name of your organization, and the name of the building or ship where the picture was taken, on the back of the photo.
4. Send the photographs to: Cpl. I. J. Callman, 816 Summer St., Elizabeth, N. J.
5. All pictures must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 21, 1938.
6. The contest is open to all Reservists, except members of the Fourth Battalion, FMCR.

7. The photos will be judged as to photographic value, by a group of competent judges, and all photos submitted become the property of Company "A."

Arrangements will be made with THE LEATHERNECK to publish the winning pictures in one of its editions.

That's all for now, so I'll shove off again until next month.

I SAW THE "C"

Co. C, 4th Bn., FMCR

Newark, N. J.

By the Sentinel

Your sentinel and mine returns to his post after a brief absence. He talks to no one except in line of duty, but with his eyes wide open and ears alert he's here today to spill the dirt. So read on, my fair ones.

Company C has been performing in Glenn Cunningham style, breaking records, I mean. In January we led the battalion attendance competition with the record breaking mark of 96%. In February we continued in the lead with a mark of 95%. By the looks of things it seems as though

my new year prophecy, that of having the efficiency pennant as our guidon throughout the year, will materialize.

On Tuesday evening, March 22nd, headquarters was taxed to capacity in accommodating the horde of enlistment hopefuls for Company C. No less than 108 men applied for enlistment. To weed out the unwanted and unfit from this mass of hopefuls certainly proved a problem. Our present high type of personnel speaks of good judgment in coping with this situation. Lt. Drewes' "new form of recruiting has borne more than the expected fruits of success." (No, not the big apple).

On Thursday evening, March 29, 1938, the streets of Newark, N. J., resounded to the cadence of marching feet. Mr. and Mrs. John Public suddenly looked up from their daily routine and took note of the two companies of the 4th Battalion going through its paces of a trial mobilization as ordered by our Battalion Commander.

Company C turned out en masse 100% displaying its true *esprit de corps*. The commands were carried out with machine like precision, thus, we of Company C have proven that we are prepared in cases of emergencies to step in and take the situation well in hand, with hands that are welded together by the common spirit of devotion—*Semper Fidelis*. Our 100% turnout was brought about only through the untiring and unceasing preparatory efforts of our Commanding Officer, Lt. Drewes. (Drewes' appeal is what did it, I say).

Latest News From the "C" Front: FLASH—Sgt. (Bulls-eye) Bartola was seen shopping for a new cradle. Pvt. (French Fried) Freeda is now a sea-going Marine. He's sailing on the USS "Matrimony."

DOUBLE FLASH — First Sergeant (Smiles) Aloia has been contemplating a trip to Bermuda for two (Isn't that honeymooners' Paradise?).

Cpl. (Baby Face) Giordano will soon embark upon a long trip (to the altar). Sgt. Farro says Barnum was right, "A sucker born every minute" (We can remember when the above mentioned Cpl. made the same remark). The ranks are thinning.

Father and Son Club—Lt. Drewes—Pvt. Drewes, Sgt. Bartola and his future three, Sgt. D'Amico and his ——, Cpl. Giordano? Ist Sgt. Aloia?

Private (Sonny Boy) Drewes states the only way to be successful is to start from the bottom (But how about swimming)?

Pvt. (Red) Nealon has discovered a new dance called the "Worm." First you wiggle, then go into the "Big Apple."

Pvt. (Honk) Conk's one ambition is to hit the bullseye on the range. The wind is at fault, he says.

Pvt. Veith, a new member, recently distinguished himself by leaping into the icy waters of the Passaic River and swimming to shore with the body of a suicide. Veith's efforts were in vain, for the man died after being rushed to the hospital.

Another example of the stuff Marines are made of.

Lt. Lucas, Jr. Officer of Company C, is bidding us farewell after a short stay. He leaves to take over duties in Company A. Company C salutes you, Lieutenant, and wishes success.

Hear Ye—Hear Ye—On the 22nd day of April, 1938, Company C is sponsoring its dinner and dance. The splendid response with which the initial announcement of the dance was received indicated the outcome as another success story. It's getting to be a habit with Company C. Members of the committee are as follows: Honorary Chairmen, Lt. Drewes, Lt. Lucas; Chairman, Sgt. Bartola; Vice-Chairman, Cpl. Giordano, Committeemen, Sgt. D'Amico, Pfc. Ondik, McKeon, Pvts. Recsiniti, Kretz, Manger, Romeo, Sanderson and Villicari. Cpl. Fredericks, Pfc. Goodsir and Pvt. Hinlicky comprise the Advertising Committee.

Last minute news reports to the sentinel state that Sgt. (Bulls-eye) Bartola will be ready to serve you with THE LEATHERNECK next month at the bargain price of twenty-five cents (\$.25) per single copy.

COMPANY D, 4TH BN., FMCR Newark, N. J.

The most exciting event of the past month was the play-off for the Battalion basketball championship, for which Company D and C were tied. After several postponements the game was finally played on March 31st, after drill. It proved to be a close and hotly contested affair, with the lead alternating between the companies to the very last. Company D felt keenly the loss of Cpl. Hansen, with a broken bone in his hand, and Cpl. Ohlsen, with a torn knee cap. The final whistle found Company C ahead by a score of 18 to 22, and the Battalion champs.

St. Patrick's Day found members of Company D in several units of the local parade. Besides those marching in line, Pvt. Maxwell carried the colors for the Irish War Veterans, and several of the musicians with the Marine Corps League were furnished by this company. As usual, after the parade the Irish showed the hospitality for which they are noted.

Company D felt quite chesty when its C. O., Captain Thomas P. Barton, was appointed acting Battalion commander in the absence of Major Lessing, who was assigned to active duty at the recent Fleet Marine Force maneuvers in the West Indies. The Captain recently suffered an attack of illness, but we are all glad to see him about again. We all felt the armory was deserted the one week he was absent.

In this issue we bid good-bye to Sgt. John Hallo, a member of the company for some seven years, and a former regular Marine. Sgt. Hallo is the possessor of the Jeanne Fox Weimann Medal, donated by the Daughters of 1812 to the outstanding

(Continued on page 55)



GLENDALE GYRENES

C Company, 13th Batt.

By R. Heden

Prominent among the happenings during the last month was the "open house" held by this company on the night of Tuesday, April 5th. As it was the first of such occasions to be held by this outfit, there was some doubt as to whether it would click. However, we were greatly pleased with the results of the venture, as there was a very nice turn-out. A great number of the members' families and friends were there as well as quite a few interested town people. A short drill was held for the benefit of the guests, after which they were invited into the Armory for demonstrations and exhibits. Cpl. Irwin explained the operation of the Browning Automatic Rifle and showed how it was field-stripped and re-assembled. Sgt. Roberts, who was all decked-out in a freshly ironed khaki uniform, gave a talk on the pack and other pieces of equipment which were displayed according to the good old M.C.R. Cpl. Gillespie, who was just recently elevated to that rank, was all prettied-up in a suit of dress blues. Probably for the benefit of the feminine guests. Eh, Gillespie? Yours truly took it upon himself to dismantle a .45 Automatic and explain why the do-dad goes on the what-you-may-call-it. To be frank, it had been so long since we had taken one of them apart that we thought we would never get the darned thing back together. Was our face red? One thing which wasn't made clear was what happened to the refreshments? Perhaps Lt. Dean Morgan will answer or maybe Sgt. Dewey can put some light on the subject.

According to the calendar, the 13th Battalion is slated for a General Inspection and Parade to be held in Pasadena on the night of April 14th. Major General Lyman is to be the Inspecting Officer. After the Parade the different Companies in the Battalion will compete for the Drill Cup. This will be the third competition drill for the second Cup to be donated. D Co. has one win and C Co. has one win also. The Company that wins the Cup three times gets to keep it permanently.

Lt. Dean Morgan, our Company Officer, and his wife are leaving on a three months' tour of Europe. The members of this or-

ganization all wish him Bon Voyage and hope that he doesn't get into any of the wars that are going on over there. Anyway, he promised us all a postcard from Paris.

The rifle qualifications are progressing rapidly and it is probable that the entire Company will be qualified in the near future.

As the California Chamber of Commerce has arranged for the heavy precipitation to stop, there is hope that we won't have to bail-out the Armory again this year. A few weeks ago we were wondering whether we were in the Navy or not. However, everything has dried out now and all of the boys have put their shoes back on and are ashore again.

NOTES FROM THE HUB 2nd Bn, FMCR, NYd, Boston, Mass.

By RLN

Spring has come to Boston town and everyone is pepping up and getting Quantico minded in anticipation of our forthcoming tour of active duty at that famous station this summer. As we have stated before in these columns the word Quantico has proved to be better than a spring tonic in getting the personnel of the battalion on the hop, the result being better drill attendance and everyone playing ball to help make the 2nd Battalion one of the best in the Marine Corps Reserve.

The battalion was deeply moved during the past month owing to the sudden death on 13 March of Private Joseph R. Burns, of A Company. As this has been the first time that the Grim Reaper has visited us the feeling of sorrow and sympathy was more than noticeable. Your scribe feels that a no more touching tribute could have been written than the one appearing in A Company's news-organ—"The Bugle Call Rag," in the issue of 23 March. With the permission of the editor we quote: "Pvt. J. R. Burns. At roll call Wednesday night 1st Sgt. Wallace in calling the roll, read 'Burnett.' Then he hesitated a second, skipping 'Burns,' and passed on to the next name. Just that second—it told us all that there was a blank file in our ranks. We all heard about it in the squad room,

however. Some of us didn't know who he was, but that doesn't matter. He was a member of our company and they had skipped his name—no, hesitated where it should have been, and we all knew that he had gone. Whether we knew him or not isn't important. Yet most of us there noticed that hesitation, and missed him. The fellows ex. of D Company knew him better. We remember his wit, smile and proud appearance in his blues and the nights he shot over at the range. He was one swell lad. Wednesday night, 9 March, he read 'The Bugle Call Rag' and fell in for roll call. On Sunday night, 13 March, he answered a higher Roll Call.—We shall miss him.—The Battalion conveyed its respects by sending flowers and a detail to act as bearers, together with a firing squad. This detail consisted of Plat. Sgt. F. B. Trahan, Sgt. R. Innis, Sgt. R. E. Flanagan, Cpls. C. J. Murphy, L. F. Seelig, Pfs. J. F. Murphy, R. Mahoney, Pvts. F. F. Murphy, Killam and Chase. Lt.-Col. Wm. E. Marshall, USMC, and 1st Lt. Ira J. Irwin, FMCR, Inspector Instructor, 2nd Bn, and Co. A Commander, respectively, represented the Marine Corps Reserve at the funeral." While dwelling on A Company, we wish to announce that when their CO, 1st Lt. Irwin, went on his honeymoon he was a 2nd Lt., and on arriving back found he had been elevated to the rank of 1st Lieutenant. Congratulations were in order from the officers and men of the battalion. Incidentally, last drill night Lieutenant Irwin rounded out ten years continuous service with the Marine Corps Reserve. The date was 30 March, and at this time we feel it appropriate to give a resume of the Lieutenant's service with the Reserve. We find that he enlisted as a private on 30 March, 1928, at Boston, Mass., and was assigned to our forerunner, the old 301st (Artillery) Co., USMCR, as of 16 April, '28. We find him promoted to corporal 27 March, '29, and attended annual Field Training at MB, Quantico, Va., July 7-22, 1928. Again went to annual field training at MB, Quantico, and Camp Meade, Md., as a corporal from 10 to 25 August, 1929. He was a corporal when he went to active duty at Camp Curtis Guild (Rifle Range), Wakefield, Mass., during the period 31 August to 13 September, 1930. He received another stripe the following year, being promoted to sergeant on May 7, 1931, and with that rank went to active duty at Conn. State Camp, Niantic, Conn., during the period 21 June to 3 July, '31. Discharged as a sergeant 29 March, 1932, with character Excellent. Due to difficulties in getting a doctor to give him the physical examination, Lieutenant Irwin was not reenlisted until 9 May, 1932, being reappointed a sergeant the same date (These were lean times for the Marine Corps Reserve, remember?). We have another promotion recorded, this time to Gunnery Sgt., as of 25 May, 1933, with another session of active training in between at State Camp, Niantic, Conn., 11 to 25 June, '32. As a Gy-Sgt. he attended annual field training during the period 11-24 June, '33, this time in the home sector, at MB, NYd, Boston, Mass. We next find him being discharged on 31 May, 1934 (Character: Excellent) in order to accept an appointment as a 2nd lieutenant in the 19th Reserve Marines, accepting the appointment as of 1 June, 1934. The lieutenant then attended four sessions of active training at MB, NYd,



"ON NUMBER TWO—OPEN FIRE!"

Fire Control Station, Artillery Practice, Camp Elliott, Panama, 1913. 1st Lt. E. A. Osterman, Lt. R. S. Crenshaw (USN), 1st Lt. J. C. Smith, Major Smedley D. Butler, commanding Camp Elliott; 1st Lt. C. C. Riner, Capt. J. C. Beaumont.

Portsmouth, N. H., during June, 1934-35-36-37, as a company officer. He then formed D Company, 2nd Bn, FMCR, in September, 1936, and commanded same until 1 February, '38, when he was detached and assigned to command A Company. His acceptance of his first lieutenancy on 7 March, 1938, rounds out our record, and one to be proud of. There, you fellows who are commission-minded, the above is something to shoot at.

The ghost-writers attached to this column failed us this month for some reason unknown to us, and even the Pine Tree State scribe must have spring fever or something or other. Sgt. "Jack" Doherty, our C Company rep., has deserted us for the Ladies' Home Journal and Collier's, so I am reliably informed. We might say that if it wasn't for the "Bugle Call Rag" we would be at sea altogether this time. While dwelling on the subject we announce that Pvt. Taylor, of the staff of the "Rag," strenuously objects to the monicker "Household Editor," but the chief, Pvt. Burnett, refuses to budge on the issue.

Three discharges are recorded in the outfit since last writeup; namely, Pvt. Henry J. Schneider, of C Co., was discharged to enlist in the U. S. Navy. Guess all our alumni intend to be gobos. Pvt. Jack Reddy, of B Company, was discharged EoE., and Pvt. Walter J. Devins, C Company, discharged by special order of the MGC. Three of our special duty men returned to us from active duty during the period, namely: Sup. Sgt. H. D. Cohen, who hit the ball for two weeks in the office of the QM at HQ, USMC, Washington; Pfc. Howard C. Broman, who left many broken hearts behind in Quaker Town incidental to his two months' stay at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., taking the course at the Armorer's School there. Incidentally, Howard gave a good account of himself while there, as is testified to by the markings on the certificate attached to his service record. Well done, Broman! Last but not least to return to the fold was our battalion cook, none other than Pvt. Dionne, of HQ Co., who came back to us fresh from two weeks in the galley at MB, NYd, Boston. Dionne asserts he is now an expert slum maker, not to mention navy beans, and that delectable morning dish called something or other on toast. Treat us right at Quantico, Al, or we'll have to draft Pl. Sgt. McKenna, who used to keep the boys smiling at Lakehurst back in '26 and '27.

Fourteen deserving aspirants are being elevated to the rank of Pfc. in B Co., as of 1 April. Gunner Weeman never has vacancies open long at Portland as there is always suitable non-com material to be had in his outfit. We will publish the names of the lucky ones in next month's writeup.

Oh, yes, Sgt. P. F. B. (Pop) Fall is again attending drill after an absence of a few weeks due to his being on the sick list. We welcome him back with open arms, and now we have another popular non-com on the Binnalee List, none other than Cpl. Lawrence J. (Buddy) Morris of A Co. Is it the newly married life, Buddy? Anyhow we all wish you a speedy recovery and return to duty as Blondy Benson seems to have a woebegone look around her drill nights. The two are inseparable even though they are in different companies, a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship.



Marines debarking on visit to Pootoo.

By the time these lines appear in print our big Military Dance at the Hotel Brunswick will be history. To all the committee who have been working like Trojans to put the affair over, all hands extend their thanks and appreciation and a record turnout is looked for. Highlights of the work has been attended to by Pl. Sgts. Trahan and McKenna and Cpl. Benson, and while we are not positive it is thought that Sgt. "Pat" Murphy has been hitting the ball hard also.

High C welcomed back a couple members of the flock who had strayed away for a time, namely: Pvts. Howard H. Proude and Ernest J. Tinson, both hailing from down on the South Shore. It is rumored that two husky sergeants together with a member of the local gendarmerie was chiefly responsible for one of them again heading north on Wed. nights to take in drill. *N'est ce pas, Ernie?*

Lt.-Col. Marshall, our I-I, was overheard to remark the other evening that at one time on drill nights he was wont to smoke twenty cigarettes, whereas now he only smokes ten. With that remark emanating from high places we can rest assured that the battalion is over the hump, so to speak. With the lessening of tension above us the same feeling is bound to prevail down through all ranks, and so it has, with the general consensus of opinion being that now we can afford to dig in and hold what we have gained during the past year. The smart appearance of the troops is noticeable at the weekly inspections held by Captain Crowley, CO, 2nd Bn, which indicates an excellent morale has been developed.

Next month we will endeavor to give you more company news, providing we can resurrect our company scribes from their month-long siesta.

THE LUCKY BAG: 1st Sgt. Wallace (A. Co.) has another new clerk***When a fuse blew out in Building 5 the other night "Quinn" of the QM kept right on typing with the aid of a match***Must have been his income tax***Top Soldier "Jack" Williams (I-I's Office) positively on a diet***We have a hunch he's get-

ting ready for a trek***One Pvt. John Roake, of D (Boston College) Co., who is a sophomore at the Heights, fell asleep in Greek and woke up in History***Hear that Eagle scream***Sharaf's seems to be the favorite eating place after drill Wed. nites***No sea lawyers allowed***Webber having a tough time collecting jawbone from sale of the Marines Handbook***Why not turn it over to a collection agency?***"Al" Lewis back with us after a lengthy sojourn in Brooklyn, N. Y., his old love***To end it all, how many Murphys are there in the Battalion?***

COMPANY B, SECOND BATTALION Portland, Maine

News has come from the "Pine Tree State," the "Coast Town," now with Spring here, tho' it has not felt much like it of late, believe it would be appropriate to say the news is emanating from "Vacationland."

We have completed our small-bore firing with satisfactory results. The men are now praying for good weather to enable them to start their workout with the .30 cal. at the State Range at Auburn, Maine.

We naturally are proud of our basketball team and what company could feel otherwise with these results to make claim to—We copped the two divisions in the NYA Tournament as predicted by "Ye Scribe" in last month's issue of THE LEATHERNECK. In the Commercial League we were runners-up, but it brought home an attractive trophy. As a wind-up for our basketball season we are now participating in the Y. M. C. A. Varsity Tournament. All things considered a most successful season.

After completing final exams for Pfc. the men are all in a dither as to the results. Keep courage, boys.

Regarding recruits, we could use a few here. During the past few months rejections have far exceeded enlistments.

(Continued on page 55)

16TH BATTALION

Indianapolis, Ind.

April 1st finds the Sixteenth Battalion entering another quarter of its yearly training period, and your correspondent is pleased to report that the end of each successive quarter indicates continued progress is being made in all features of the program.

The attendance bogey has been overcome to such an extent that our monthly average has increased to better than eighty five per cent of the allowable strength. Enlistments have been practically completed and correspondence courses turned in, in advance of the requirements.

The employers of our men are now being contacted regarding the possibility of releasing men for camp and it is surprising how readily vacation schedules in plants and offices are altered to allow the attendance at camp of battalion members. So far, no man will be prevented from attending camp on account of employer's objections.

We are informed that on Monday, April 11th, Major Raymond L. Knapp, USMC, assistant to Colonel Upshur as director of Marine Corps Reserves, accompanied by Captain Joseph F. Hankins, USMCR (F), will inspect the Sixteenth Battalion. This inspection is the first for the Sixteenth this year and all necessary preparations to make it a success are being carried out.

The officer quota of the battalion was completed March 10th when Mr. Glenn V. Jordan received his commission as Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Jordan, who will be assigned to Company B, makes a fine officer and we are greatly pleased to welcome him to our organization.

The battalion will be represented at the Platoon Leaders' second class at Quantico, Virginia, during July by Private First Class Presecan and private William Beleher and Dred F. Parks.

Private First Class Johnny Hill has just returned from a course at the Armorer's School at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, and Dred F. Parks.

8TH BN. FMCR

Toledo, Ohio

By Basil R. Littin

As alive as a 2000-volt wire is the 8th Battalion, FMCR. Men in the unit are as proud of their outfit as a bride with her first biscuits—and why not?

The 8th Battalion, of Toledo, Ohio, is under the direction of as fine a group of officers as ever came out of the Corps. Major L. Cecil Stieckney, USMCR, commands. Captain Walter A. Churchill is battalion adjutant. Incidentally, Captain Churchill is rumored to be more popular in the Toledo area than *Bie Mir Biat Du Shen* is in the ghetto. Major Clyde H. Hartsel, USMC, is the recently appointed inspector-instructor.

Drill headquarters are located in the beautiful \$2,000,000 reserve armory on Maumee bay, just off Lake Erie. The training schedule includes Wednesday evening close order drill on the armory's acre drill deck, instruction in various Marine Corps skills, and rifle marksmanship.

Recently completed is an indoor range built to accommodate both rifle and pistol courses. With scientific target, sound-proofing and lighting arrangements, the range guarantees Toledo Marines more firing practice than an industrial boss has during a depression.

Activity in the 8th Battalion is as varied

as a cafeteria menu. Besides working snap into all their techniques the men find time to enjoy many social functions. Headliners on the year's social program are the Officers' New Year party, the smart Navy-Marine Corps Ball, and the Army, Navy and Marine Officers' Ball. Equipped for pleasure and comfort like a king's bathroom, the officers' wardroom, dining room and galley, the staff non-commissioned officers' club, and the enlisted men's club are among the most popular leisure spots in the city.

A sharp sighting eye makes regulation basketball hoops as easy to hit as a 50-inch bull at fifty feet. One of the many extra activities of the Toledoans is basketball. A fine skill has been developed by Marine Reserve men in this sport and if this year's record is any indication of success, next year's opposition had better frequent the hardwoods before engaging Toledo.

Platoon Sergeant Frank L. Bliss and 1st Sgt. James K. Young are the envy as well as the boasting stock of the 8th Bn. at the present time. They have been with the FMF maneuvers at Culebra. They should be able to increase the already very evident snappiness of the battalion. Louis A.



The Deck Force USS Trenton

Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War, who reviewed 8th Battalion exhibition drill during National Defense Week, complimented the outfit's officers for an outstanding drill. In a letter he wrote . . . "best Reserve drill I have ever seen."

Lieutenant George J. Clark, commanding C Company, and Lieutenant Neal L. Walker, junior officer of the same company, have recently been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.

COMPANY D, FIRST BN., FMCR

Brooklyn, New York

Unfortunately, Company D has been in the discard for the past few months due to illness of our ace reporter. Therefore, yours truly is back to scribble a few lines for the Company.

Big news! Company D is up to full strength, sixty men, the first time in the history of the company. Our Commanding Officer is very happy and to top it off, gave us a party on the evening of February 1.

Our sincere thanks to you, Captain Christie, and we all appreciate your untiring effort in this colossal task.

Not so many weeks ago our 31st Fleet Division, N.Y.N.M., and their hospitable skipper, Lt. Commander F. K. Gundlach, played host to our company at a fine turkey dinner and some very interesting boxing bouts. Thank you, Commander, and may we be privileged to enjoy your hospitality at some similar occasion in the future.

The married personnel of Company D is endeavoring to do their bit about new recruits. Now we have the support of our good friend Lieutenant Murray T. Decker. Just a few months ago a fine bouncing boy arrived at the Decker household, smartly saluted and said "Wa Wa" (meaning, give me time, Pop). We were recently privileged to be inspected by Major Knapp from Headquarters. His remarks were most gratifying.

Social activities have been steaming at slow speed since last October and everybody has been doing some real soldiering. That our company may acquire an even higher degree of efficiency is quite certain.

Our Corporal Pryor recently met with a very painful accident, interrupting a perfect attendance for the past three years. Good health, Pryor, and better luck in the future.

Sergeant Nelly, assisted by Sgt. Davis, our regular Marine instructor on rifle marksmanship, is making excellent progress. "Make 'em good shots," says Captain Christie, and "do it or die." Sergeants Nelly and Davis will.

Corporal Serry has shipped over for another four years. With nine years behind you, Corporal, you are entitled to be an "Old timer."

Flash—Company D celebrates Fifth Anniversary affiliated with the New York Naval Militia. Our company has just completed five years' service. The occasion was properly celebrated with muster and inspection by our Battalion Commander, Major George W. Bettix.

The uniform was dress-blues, and upon completion of the inspection, the following men were awarded the 100% duty medal: First Sergeant Milton Rogers, five year; Sgt. T. Nelly, one year; Sgt. B. Fowler, one year; Pvt. Alexander Weer, one year; Pvt. Oscar Nalley, one year.

Corporal McGettigan received the N.R.A. bronze medal as second high man in the First Battalion for the "Military Individual" matches sponsored by the N.R.A. Following the ceremonies, the balance of the evening was devoted to a very snappy floor show, dancing, and that good old Marine pastime, beer drinking. Signing off.

COMPANY D, 13TH BATTALION

Inglewood, Calif.

By "Props"

Enlistments, transfers, discharges, issue slips, memorandum receipts, books, ping pong, target practice, statements of charges, ledger totals, correspondence courses and so on week after week. Perhaps the foregoing doesn't make sense? Well, we grant that it may be argumentative, but there is also foundation in fact for the outburst.

With regards to enlistments, the last week of March brought to the outfit Clark, Gorgon, Lundstrom and Edwards. Transfer from Co. D, 9th Bn., netted a likely lad named Fenwick. Corporal Franklin Soper made a lot of paper work by getting himself discharged and reenlisting all in the same night. Cpl. Phillip K. Veatch was discharged and gave away his extra clothing and gadgets (thanks for the scarf, kid). Some of the boys who couldn't take it or something are Garcia, Reich, Carrington, Stansbury and Campbell, transferred to WRA.

This should be a scoop, and certainly is a loss to D Company. Sgt. Ralph Bohne has been transferred to A Co. at Santa Monica and promoted to Platoon Sergeant, relieving Gy-Sgt. Stone, who goes to Class VI. Bohne's long association with this

outfit, his mild but firm manner, have made for him many friends. Sgt. Bohne was your correspondent's instructor back in '33, and while we know that he will make good in his new berth, we also know that he would make as fine a commissioned officer as he is a Pl-Sgt.

Perhaps the vandals who shot up a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of high-tension insulators near the El Segundo rifle range did us a favor. We recently received consent from the City Council of that City to fire small-bore rifles for rifle-qualification on a designated area with complete cooperation of the Police Department. The legal and proper use of firearms at closely populated areas has always been a headache for the officers and non-coms in charge. Captain Horace W. Card, FMC, our CC., convinced the City Dads that supervised and controlled shooting is not a menace to life, limb or property; "quite the contrary," maintained the Skipper, "Organized shooting is a highly desirable form of sport and should be fostered and supervised by such organizations as Police departments, organized Reserves and rifle and gun clubs." To which we all agree.

Speaking of Books, last year we decided to build up a good library, and we did. Through a book club we now buy one book each month and are given a "dividend" book each quarter. The books are purchased by means of the Amusement Fund and are available to members of the Company on memorandum receipt.

Kindly forgive the wandering, but it just occurs to us that, to wit: with Bohne out of the way, and Veatch discharged, and perhaps some more NCO expiration of enlistments, there are bound to be some promotions. Who are the candidates? Well, that's what everyone wants to know. There's the rub. In an outfit like this, we always have more good men for the jobs than there are vacancies. Anyhow, more about that next time.

Getting back to the lead of this article, we find that the only items not accounted for are issue slips, statements of charges, ledger totals and ping pong. And those are my personal headaches. If someone doesn't take Sgt. Card to the cleaners in this ping pong business we will have to start a tournament or something. Pigs is pigs and this is what we overheard in the office: Trmptr. Anderson (to C O) "Sir, if I join the Regulars —" C. O. (cutting in), "You'll have to get a haircut." In the Cathey, Hawkins, Harrison triangle we heard a heated discussion on the care of infants, it seems the boys can't convince the ladies that there is a regulation procedure for the changing of diapers. Well, enough is maybe too much (?). And we'll see you later.

SIXTH BATTALION Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

On to Quantico! Most of the rumors having evaporated, it now looks as though Quantico will see the Sixth Battalion from 10 July to 24 July. We expect the outfit to surpass that of 1937 in many respects and for many reasons.

One of these reasons is the system of flood-lights which has been installed on the parade ground in front of our local barracks. For the past few weeks we have started off the Monday evening drill with a parade, band and all. Each week shows an improvement over the preceding one.

These weekly rehearsals have put us in just the right shape to take part in the big parade being held in Philadelphia on Sat-

urday, April 9. This parade is part of the celebration in connection with Army Day and also the three hundredth anniversary of the first settlement in the state.

This parade is not the only big thing taking place on that date. Our amiable adjutant Lieutenant John E. Lineh is middle-aisling it on that date. Double congratulations are in order for the lieutenant. Not only is he being married but he has just been awarded his first lieutenant's shoulder bars. Pretty soon we will not know what a second lieutenant looks like if this sort of thing keeps up.

Congratulations are also in order for our own Corporal Mawson who was our battalion representative at the Armorer's School, 1100 South Broad Street. Corporal Mawson came out tied for highest honors. Which only goes to show that you might tie with us but you cannot beat us.

The basketball team winds up its season on April 14 with a game with the Basic School. Oh yes, they did beat us over in New York the other week but it took an extra period to do it. No alibis. We played a good game but the Third played a better one.

It is with regret that we announce the

The orchestra, too, has been going strong. To mention the places this group has played in the past few weeks would take up too much space in this magazine but we cannot refrain from informing you that they have a long term contract to furnish music for the dances held each Friday night at the Officers' Mess right here in our own back yard.

Semper Fidelis, that's us!

SEVENTH BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE (ARTILLERY) Philadelphia, Pa.

By W. H. Tinney

Well, the "Winchelites" were wrong as usual and instead of "P. I." the Seventh will have its field training at Fort Hoyle, Maryland, 19 June to 3 July. While we were anxious to get down to the Sunny South, we are just as glad to get back to Hoyle, where we were treated so well last year. Here's hoping that the N.C.O. Club is still functioning, because it's a long train ride. In order to evade the "Barber Shop Leave" the Quartermaster will be requested to requisition 1 electric razor and hair clippings machine.

First Sergeant Foster of A Battery and Platoon Sergeant Eaton of C Battery are to be commended for their showing in the recent matches—Foster rated highest and was awarded the Silver Medal and Eaton was runner up, clinching the bronze medal. From the envious looks around the Battalion there will be some real serious competition during the next match. Speaking of rumors, just who were the marksmen in C Battery who made those high (?) scores in the shoot against West Catholic High School—and to think we asked?

Recruiting has been going along at a good pace, since the last issue the following men have graduated from "civils" to Boots: Headquarters Battery—B. J. Schad, Jr.; A Battery—W. H. Boos, J. F. Chevalier, A. J. Kildea; B Battery—R. Bomberger, C. T. Gaskill, C. L. Utter, J. J. Mitchell; C Battery—F. E. Devlin, J. E. Grand, J. C. Kilbride, Jr.; F. J. Shirley, J. F. Walsh, S. F. Zimniuch. In C Battery Pfc. Lagler was promoted to Corporal and Pvt. (twin) Yentzer was promoted to Pfc.

Major Campbell H. Brown, USMC, our Inspector-Instructor, returned from the recent maneuvers with the F.M.F. well sun-tanned and brought back with him a bunch of zebra swagger bats for the officers; we hope they will not be used swatting mosquitoes at Fort Hoyle.

Philip L. Mossberg, Jr., and Francis M. Brooke, Jr., have recently been commissioned Second Lieutenants in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and assigned to this Battalion for duty. Their interbattalion assignment has been duty with A Battery and we wish them lots of luck in their new avocation.

We are now holding most of our formations on the drill field due to the fact that the arc lights have been recently installed on the upper deck of Barracks No. 2 and Gunner Lawrence has been assigned to the additional duty of keeping the "beacons" burning. The moth-balls haven't been shaken out of the foot-movements as yet but like most artillerymen we are like the colored Union cavalryman who was sleepily riding along a dark road, when he awoke and found himself in the midst of Jeb Stuart's cavalry—Adaptable, that's us.

The only gripes heard this month are from the one-arm drivers, since Dr. Lell

(Continued on page 56)



Near La Jolla, two Marines hiking one Sunday, stood for this pose.

death of the mother of Lieutenant Beyer, our battalion mess officer.

Right now the members of this battalion are hard at work under the tutelage of Sergeant Peterson, USMC, in punching holes in the targets on the small bore range. From reports issuing from the shooting gallery, some good scores are being turned in and we look forward to ranking high in the list when we tackle the heavier artillery at Quantico.

And now it would not be right to close this article without some news about our band. Recently we were pleased to have been paid a visit by "Bill" Coley, whose discharge from the Quantico band was dated only a few weeks previous. We expect to take Bill back to Quantico in July as a member of our band. The band has been practicing seriously all winter and created much favorable comment on their first appearance with the battalion in the Monday evening parades.



SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

San Francisco, Cal.

MCL HE City by the Golden Gate has not been heard from for a long time, so will try to give you a short résumé of our activities during the past few months.

On Thanksgiving Day the Detachment gave a two-hour show for the patients at Fort Miley Veterans' Facility, the San Francisco Veterans' Hospital. The 12th Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve Band was our main attraction, the Olympic Club Orchestra and various soloists completed the program. With the aid of our Auxiliary, cigarettes were distributed to the men in every ward of the hospital. This Thanksgiving party is an annual affair and is looked forward to by the patients and staff of the hospital as they consider it one of the best shows put on there by the various veteran organizations.

Our fourth annual Ball was held on December 18, and was one of the best we have held. This dance is always held in the Gold Ball Room of the Palace Hotel, one of the city's famous hosteries, and is always well supported by the people of San Francisco. As the detachment gives only one, or at the most two paid affairs each year, we are always welcome when we ask the public for their patronage.

A few days later, under the guidance of our Auxiliary, we held our annual Christmas party for our children. We men feel that this is something out of our province, so we ask the aid of our Auxiliary in running this affair and we pay the bills. Gifts, candy, nuts and fruit were distributed to fifty children. An hour's children's show was staged by one of the city's best dancing schools, followed by coffee for the grown-ups.

The Auxiliary ran a dance on February 12, which was very well attended. It was one of the largest dances ever held in this smaller ballroom of the Veterans' Memorial Building. Well represented were the various veteran groups, especially the Canadian Legion. The San Jose and Oakland Detachments and their Auxiliaries turned out in force and left early in the morning.

The next activity was our annual "Roll Call Dinner," at this dinner we were honored by the presence of Major General Lyman, also Captain Crimmins, Commanding Officer of the 12th Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve. General Lyman gave a short talk on his service and the different posts where he has served. During thirty-nine years' service one does cover and see a lot of territory in the Marine Corps. On the Roll Call, the oldest Marine present enlisted in '03, and the youngest in '32. Although we have a couple of members who enlisted previous to that, they were not able to be present.

The ten (10) leading Detachments of the Marine Corps League in membership standing as of 1 April, 1938, are as follows:

- 1 Theodore Roosevelt
- 2 Niagara Frontier
- 3 Badger
- 4 Oakland
- 5 Hudson-Mohawk
- 6 Col. Louis J. Magill
- 7 Albert Lincoln Harlow
- 8 San Francisco
- 9 Homer A. Harkness
- 10 Troy

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.,
National Adjutant and Paymaster.

There is one field of activity which this Detachment has, that is in assisting the Marine Corps Reserve. In this field, by sponsoring the Reserve Band, we were able to get them the band room at the Veterans' Building and as a direct result the band has increased in number and efficiency. Annually we give a trophy for the best individual score in the inter-company rifle match for the Major Anthony Cup. Each year also, we hold a free dance in honor of the 12th Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve, in the Auditorium of the Veterans' Building, which is attended by a thousand or more people and the colors of various veteran organizations are paraded and posted. This gives the Reserve some welcome publicity, as the dance is well publicized in the daily and neighborhood papers.

At the last regular meeting of our Detachment a motion was unanimously passed endorsing National Senior Vice Commandant Roy S. Taylor for the office of National Commandant, and that all Detachments were to be notified of this action and to ask their support for him at the coming National Convention. We, of the San Francisco Detachment, feel that Roy, through his work as National Sr. Vice for the past two years, merits this honor and we believe that with him as National Commandant, the League would make much progress. He has always been active in local recruiting and was of much aid to the women organizing the National Department of the Auxiliary. These and many more are the reasons we ask your support in this nomination.

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT No. 1 New York City

The Detachment marked the change to new permanent meeting quarters at Brooklyn Borough Hall with a well attended session on the fourth Tuesday

evening in March, Commandant Manning C. Taylor presiding. Report of the selection of Washington, D. C., as the National Convention city for 1938 by the League was received with acclaim. Several members declared they will arrange their vacations for that time and we are hopeful of sending a large delegation from the big city, including many of the fair sex.

Preparations are under way to have the Detachment represented in the Memorial Day parade. Notices have been sent out for a check-up of those available to march. We are counting on having at least two squads of red caps in line, in addition to the color guard.

Discussion on means of increasing the interest of members in the Detachment and inducing new members to join resulted in the consideration of a plan to hold an outing or excursion during the early summer months. Leon Hayman was named chairman of a committee to carry out the plans.

Chris Wilkinson was the pirate of the poker session held after the meeting. Chris claims stud is his meat. And I guess he's right.

Commandant Taylor's discourse on Marine Loyalty created quite a stir. Some of the boys interpreted his remarks as personal and retorted with some heat, but all agreed in the end that it was well chosen and helped to pep up the meeting.

Would welcome any news, if any, of the State Convention. Was unable to attend last year because of cock-eyed working hours, but will be free this year.

For the information of inquiring buddies will state that our Adjutant and Paymaster is Milton J. Weller, not "J. J." as we previously wrote. That's what comes of a guy who uses his initials only. We were going to take a chance on "Mike," but passed it up.

Orchids to my old buddy, Ernie Sippel, for his grand work of organization in the Middle West. Served with Ernie at Cavite in 1902, and we never met again until the National Convention at Boston in 1936.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Chief of Staff.

NEWARK DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

Now that the Newark Detachment has undergone the orgy of reorganization and harmony is in the ranks we shall endeavor to have our place in THE LEATHERNECK filled instead of keeping all of our activities a deep dark secret. John L. Whigam, our energetic Chief of Staff, has at the present time got his hands full between his plans for a large membership drive and his intended marriage. He sounds off plenty at the meetings and is always present when the chow is served, but he is tighter than a clam about that impending wedding. We all hope that by the time this is published

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he will have married the girl and relieved us of the suspense.

Since the Akron Convention our Commandant has been finding all sort of excuses to visit Akron. The last time it was "Deer hunting." We all wonder just how cute those "Dears are out there."

The Detachment feels deeply the loss of one of our best known and liked members. James W. Bouvier died recently as a direct result of injuries received when he fell from the top of a building. The detachment buried him with full military honors.

Our genial Chaplain, Steve Orzechowski, has taken it upon himself lately to be the official matchmaker of the outfit at all affairs we attend. If you haven't a girl ask Steve and he will get you one pronto.

We trust that Tony Gielanella, Charley Mayeau, Ray Kaiser and "Kid" Moffitt, who have reenlisted and are now serving in China have not forgotten that they all promised to write to us. What is wrong, gang are you having too much fun?

Our Paymaster has resigned in order to devote all his time to his office as State Senior Vice Commandant of the New Jersey State Department. Frank Bardecker is now Paymaster and he swears that no one will get money from the treasury without an act of Congress.

On February 18, the Detachment was host to the Essex County Detachment and after the meeting, while refreshments were being devoured, the air was blue with stories of the old days in the outfit. What we need is more get-together like that to swap lies around and enjoy ourselves.

Our legal advisor, Judge Advocate Eckert, seems to have gone "ga-ga" over red hair. We wish she would take a powder and send him back to us. We miss him lately.

"Father McIlroy" has acquired an enormous capacity for the stowing away of beer. He maintains that he never gets drunk but we won't bet on it after what happened at the Polish War Veterans celebration.

The Detachment Drum Corps is going to town at the present writing and the boys are blowing their heads off. Although far from being green, we will parade on St. Patrick's Day and then get gloriously—(Nuff said).

The gang is certainly enjoying themselves of late. Nothing seems to occur around this neck of the woods that the Leaguers are not invited to attend and believe you me some of the affairs are something to write home about.

The Detachment is contemplating a dance in the near future and we trust that all you Leaguers and future Leaguers in the vicinity will attend and get acquainted with us. We guarantee a good time for all.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Detachment has got off with a flying start and expect big things of them in the future. Good luck, Girls.

We are all looking forward to the next meeting of the Department of New Jersey Staff. State Commandant Shielan has never yet failed to have the beer on tap and his meetings seem to be better attended lately than the detachment's. We wonder why we didn't think of that.

Our Senior Vice Commandant, Charles Samback, seems to have trouble getting to the meetings of the Auxiliary in his capacity as contact officer. How come, Charley? Bashful or careful?

May, 1938

National Capital Detachment,
Marine Corps League.
March, 1938.

From: National Convention Committee Chairman.
To: All Detachments, all State Departments, all Members-at-large and all Auxiliaries.
Subject: National Convention, 1938.

1. The date is set. The headquarters hotel is selected. You are all invited to attend the 15th Annual Convention of the Marine Corps League. Don't forget the date—September 1, 2, 3, 4, 1938. September is ideal for a vacation in the most beautiful capital in the world. The Committee has selected a hotel that is ideally located for a vacation, a honeymoon, or a mere sightseeing trip—a hotel which cannot be surpassed for its hospitality, for its comfort (having been recently completely air-cooled), for its convenience, and with rates low enough to meet every one's pocketbook.

"THE NEW WILLARD HOTEL"

2. Don't forget this name. Let's all meet in the spacious banquet hall on the 10th floor, with the *Marine Band* playing "From the Halls of Montezuma," and enjoy hearing from the celebrities who will be there to entertain. I cannot put too much stress on my praise for this hotel, and sincerely hope that every member of the Marine Corps League who intends to take a vacation during the summer of 1938 will make arrangements to visit Washington the first week in September. Washington, the beautiful city, is at its best during the early fall months. The beauty of the most lovely of capitals in early fall is only surpassed in splendor around Easter time when the Cherry Trees are in full bloom, and then the grandeur is diminished by the enormous crowds. So why not take advantage of this occasion, and come here next September prepared to make a lot of "*WHOOPEE!*"

3. Is there an ex-Marine who would not enjoy a trip to Quantico to contrast this clever Marine base with the one he knew back in the "Hip-Boot" days of 1917 and 1918? Is there an ex-Leatherneck who would not relish a "Down on the Spuds" chow, served the good old Marine way in one of the spacious "Mess Halls" at the Barracks, and cooked as only Marines know how? This is what you will get on one day of your visit; also a pilgrimage to the beautiful Arlington Cemetery, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier; and to the Spanish American War Memorial.

WATCH FOR MY APRIL BULLETIN. IT WILL CONTAIN SOME SURPRISES

Semper Fidelis

WILLARD W. SIBERT,

National Convention Committee Chairman.

Guess we better sign off or we'll be accused of trying to hog the whole page. More next issue, until then

"The Newarker."

CHICAGO DEACHEMENT No. 1 Chicago, Illinois

This office has just received a request from the Chicago Marines for a charter to be known as Chicago Detachment No. 1, and our old friend Ernest A. Sippel is to be their Commandant.

This Detachment will be heard from later.

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.,
National Adj. and Paymaster.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

This Detachment is still in existence and still leading the list in membership and if the writer has his wish it will be on top at the end of the year. With many activities in the offing, I can see a very bright future and I am not an optimist. The Detachment has two sets of quarters, one for business and one for social. We have the opportunity to sponsor our own band of 25 pieces. The summer months are always chock full of enjoyable outings, etc., and to end the year we have a New Year's party that will knock your ears off! This party is now in the making and has been since February, so if any of you readers of this article are near Boston New Year's, you will certainly be missing something if you don't visit the Theodore Roose-

velt Detachment for this affair.

Our Memorial Day exercises are well under way and we expect a large turnout. Post No. 44, American Legion, with their entire 44-piece band, have assured us they will be on hand, together with the Mahoney Post, V.F.W., along with other Veteran groups. This looks very much like a successful affair.

The writer wishes to compliment the Editor of THE LEATHERNECK for the way and manner in which he has reproduced the pictures of the old-time Marines. Members of my Detachment are continually picking out old ship-mates. On page 47 of the April issue we find the picture of Sgt. Ernest Horvath, who was a member of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment for many years and was beloved by everyone who knew him.

Sgt. Horvath was the second gunnery sergeant ever made in the Marine Corps. Comrade Horvath was laid to rest with full military honors, by the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, in 1937. Let's have more of these old pictures. (Ed's Note: Thanks. We like to publish old-timers' pictures, and use all we get. Got any to lend us?).

This National Convention is being talked of plenty and from various bulletins received from the National Capitol Detachment, the boys down there are sure working hard to make it a success and here's wishing them plenty of luck, as this Detachment realizes the hard work that is required to put a National Convention over.

IRA S. WADE,
Commandant.

CHARLES RUDDICK DETACHMENT

Elmira, N. Y.

"Charles Ruddick Detachment Celebrates Annual Banquet."

With about 40 Marines and distinguished guests seated in the beautiful main dining room of the Rathbun Hotel, the annual affair and get-together was begun with the singing of the Marine hymn, played by yours truly, followed by a wonderful turkey dinner flanked by all the good things necessary to make it a complete success.

After the tables were cleared, speeches were in order and we were interestingly entertained by our Commandant, George Krestschmann, who, as toastmaster, introduced in his inimitably humorous manner, the following speakers: Mayor J. Maxwell Beers; Ben Frank, Liaison Officer; Harry Holley, of Cortland, State Sergeant-at-Arms; George French, of Montour Falls, Past State Commandant; Adjutant Lester Johnson, of Ithaca; Dr. S. Piper, Commander of Harry B. Bentley Post, American Legion, Elmira; Ralph D. Klebes, City Manager of Elmira.

Representatives from Montour Falls, Ithaca and Cortland were present and we are proud of the friendship that predominates with our neighboring Marine Corps League Detachments.

A great deal of excitement and interest prevails throughout the entire city at present relative to the establishment of a State Aviation Ground School and a Mark Twain Memorial in Elmira. After much discussion the Charles Ruddick Detachment went on record as being willing to work with all other veterans' and civic organizations to further the cause of civic advancement.

Have you Leathernecks ever heard of Mark Twain? Have you seen the picture, "Tom Sawyer," now being shown at all leading picture houses throughout the country? If you ever read the book you will remember the famous whitewashed fence, the cave where Becky and Tom were lost, Becky's home right across the street from Tom's. Your Chief-of-Staff has seen all these in Hannibal, Missouri, where the story of Tom Sawyer was written. In the public square of the town is a monument to Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, the first, so the townspeople told me, to be erected to any fictional character.

Residents of Hannibal are proud of the memories of Mark Twain, as well they might be. We are also proud of the many places of interest in and surrounding Elmira that are associated with the life of the beloved man. He and his family are buried in Woodlawn Cemetery here, and last year a monument was erected on the burial plot to his memory. Now the city wants to do more to commemorate Mark Twain and the Charles Ruddick Detachment says, "More power to them."

Telegrams expressing regrets at not being able to attend the banquet were received from M. A. Illich of Albany, National Commandant; Jerome D. Cohen of Boston, National Junior Vice Commandant; John B. Hinckley, Jr., of Worcester, Mass., National Adjutant and Paymaster; Dr. Francis Schwarz of Troy, N. Y., State Commandant; Chris Cunningham, Adjutant and Paymaster of the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment.

WEAVER C. MOSS,
Chief of Staff.

NATIONAL CAPITAL DETACHMENT Washington, D. C.

Well, this Detachment is still without a Chief of Staff—hence the Commandant will attempt again to pen a few remarks—mostly apropos to the coming of the National Convention for 1938. One of the Detachments, writing articles for THE LEATHERNECK in March issue, took pains enough about this matter to remind us of a rumor that was going the rounds—should same be true—that their detachment would have a larger delegation to the convention than the total membership of the detachment sponsoring same. The writer does not exactly know how this was intended. It could have been a "Boost" and then again it could have been intended for a "Knock." I am inclined to believe the latter is the inference that will be drawn by most readers. Be it either, it still remains a "BOOST," for that is what every "KNOCK" is—just a "BOOST" in



Native home near Guantanamo.

the end. So thanks a million, BOSTON, for the mention in your article. Come on to the convention a hundred strong or more, I promise the National Capital Detachment will take care of you and see to it that you are entertained even if we have to yell for "Seconds on the Beans" at every turn. Even outnumbered ten to one, what we lack in numbers we will make up in "Esprit De Corps" or something. And Lo and Behold—it just this minute occurred to me that the Committee intends to offer a cash prize to the detachment sending the largest delegation to the convention—this to be published in future bulletins—but, Boston, you had better look to your "Laurels," as Newark intends to send a large delegation and might beat you out, and this is no "RUMOR."

Six new members were initiated at our last meeting, with several more applica-

tions to be acted upon. We are gradually growing and will be one tenth the size of the Boston Detachment—still no rumor.

There will be two whole pages set aside in our convention "Yearbook" or program as a "BOOSTER" column. Any readers of THE LEATHERNECK who think enough of the Marine Corps League and wish to see the National Capital Detachment of Washington, D. C., put over this Convention successfully and desire to let the public know of such a wish will kindly send in their names and city from which sent to either the writer at 2032 Otis Street, N. E., or Comrade E. B. Garrett, 1629 Trinidad Avenue, N. E. One dollar fee to accompany each name to cover cost of printing, etc.

WILLARD W. SIBERT,
Commandant, National Capital Det.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany, N. Y.

Hudson-Mohawk's regular monthly assembly took place at the Albany Garage with the largest attendance in many months.

Expression of sympathy was extended to V. C. Lew Ballard, whose mother recently passed away.

The committee on the Convention reported plans in the making for chartering special cars to accommodate a record number making the trip to Washington in September.

The Annual Dinner and Military Ball of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment will be held at the Hotel Kenmore on April 28, during which we will inaugurate an interesting feature.

Hudson-Mohawk invites all members of the League and their friends to attend this affair and assures all who attend an excellent dinner, the best in music and floor shows, and finally the event. A chance to win an all expense, two-day trip for two to New York City with trimmings, including a Major League baseball game and a show. This is only the first prize. There will be others to make this evening to be remembered.

LLOYD C. BENDER, JR.

LT. WILLIAM H. McNALLY DETACHMENT

Holyoke, Mass.

Congratulations to the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment on their excellent showing in the recent LEATHERNECK Small-Bore Match. We heartily agree with the editor of this publication when he infers that they are by no means in the "has been" class. Here's hoping that all detachments of a size that can put a team on the range will do so when the next contest comes around.

We were glad to welcome into our ranks, recently, Bob Feldman, popular radio commentator, of Springfield. From what we were able to observe, Bob is the man to see if you want to know what's going on in this section of the country. Versatility is not a common quality today, but this gent has got what it takes. We hope that you will take an active interest in the activities of the outfit, Bob.

I suppose that all Detachments have their new charters by now and that the feeling is mutual regarding the fine workmanship put into them. We of the McNally Detachment have ours framed already. It certainly impresses new members to see General Lejeune's signature on

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it and to realize that he is staunchly in back of us.

So the Capital City Detachment is going to be host to the National Convention this year. Having been in Washington a few times, we want to go on record as saying that this is one convention every one of us should attend. Something tells us that some mighty fine surprises are in store and regardless of what future years may have to offer, this one will be long remembered.

Yours truly almost got soaked in Newark and almost soaked somebody in Boston, but thinks that Washington will have the situation very much in control. We only hope that Washington can offer as good a brewery as Newark. (Ed's Note: We like the Washington brew).

We'll be seeing you.

Lou Bergstrom,
Asst. Chief of Staff.

RESERVE NEWS

Second Battalion, FMCR

(Continued from page 49)

Our new "Softball Team" will soon get underway.

We also have an exhibition drill squad in the making.

With the time getting short before we push off for camp, all men are keeping busy readying their equipment to ensure it being in first-class condition, as it is our intention not to have to apologize for the appearance of equipment and personal appearance of any man in the outfit.

OUR OWN CANDID SHOTS:

Pfc. Luther, generally No. 1 man for feed details. That's what comes from working in a restaurant, Dick.

Our First Sergeant, Stewart, getting real close to business, his new abode and the Armory being next door neighbors.

Hats off to Cpl. Gibbons, in charge of the April 1st feed, and his assistants, Pts. Curry and Ross, for the tasty bean supper; getting us ready for camp "Gibby!"

Sgt. Kane recently gone back to the good earth.

Pvt. Seavy recently transferred from Co. C, says, I am plenty pleased with my new berth.

Pvt. Steward our newest arrival. His "Popp" wanted him to have military training, you brought him to the right outfit, "Pop."

That's all. Cheerio!

COMPANIES A AND C

11th Battalion, FMCR, Seattle, Wash.

The battalion is looking forward to its first inspection of the year scheduled for April 19, 20 and 21. Major R. E. Knapp and Captain J. T. Hankins are to arrive from Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, to inspect the five companies. Major Knapp is assistant to the Director Marine Corps Reserve, Colonel Upshur, and is traveling to the West Coast to inspect various battalions of the Reserves. He is spending a day in each city where the companies of the battalion are located. Companies A and C and headquarters are in Seattle, Companies D and E in Tacoma and Company B in Aberdeen.

A very entertaining and highly interesting evening was enjoyed by all hands



Main Street of Pootoo.

recently when Sgt. W. Smith, one of our regular instructors, put on an exhibition of ladies' drill teams. The affair attracted a large civilian audience and the girls made a very snappy appearance in their uniforms and equipment. Needless to state, the Marines were quite attentive. We congratulate Smitty on his perfect control and finesse in handling these girls; how about a few lessons, Smitty?

Pvt. Shots. . . . We were definitely surprised the other night when 130-pound Trumpeter Colasurdo drilled the company. A voice resembling a bass drum resounded the hall and he knew when to give the correct commands, too. The more we see Lieutenant John and Sgt. Davidson of headquarters tearing their hair over annual inventory, the better we like the duty in a line company.

Sgt. Snyder of Company A, is now acting Platoon Sergeant. We hope to see you sporting new chevrons soon, Bert. Cpl. Stratton won his first medal recently at the Ft. Lawton range. We expect to see him blossom out some drill night, at which time we look for cheers all around. It's true what they say about Sgt. Bryant. He is an expectant father and before very long will be folding those three-cornered handkerchiefs. Guess it was the wrinkles on your forehead that gave you away, Bryant. Pvt. Anderson is still cavoring that mustache that we so playfully tried to remove last camp. Oh, well, it won't be long until next camp.

Lieutenant C. E. Magnuson, of Company B, in Aberdeen, has been transferred to the VMCR. Command of the company has been turned over to Lieutenant J. W. Clark, Jr., USMC.

Several Marines are attending the Sunday shoots of the Puget Sound Rifle Club at Ft. Lawton, where they have been getting in some excellent .30 calibre firing on the finest outdoor range in all the city. Among those firing are Sergeant Major Fitz, First Sergeant "stroke" Acker and Cpl. Stratton. We all are going to get in a few shots on this range before we go to camp. The range has been reserved for two Sundays later in the spring, when the whole outfit will

FOURTH BATTALION, FMF

(Continued from page 47)

enlisted man in the Fourth Battalion. He has accepted a position with the Seapost, and will now handle Uncle Sam's mail aboard all the luxury liners. This is quite a break for the Sergeant, but a distinct loss to Company D. Our best wishes to you in your new position, John, and drop us a line once in a while.

Sgt. Hallo's going creates three more promotional opportunities. The boys are up on their toes, with stripes and ratings in the offing. One of the latest promotions in the company is that of Walter Honour, from private to Private First Class.

On March 24th this company participated in a practice mobilization. We gathered at Headquarters, slung our packs, and with our rifles marched to the Pennsylvania Railroad station. The mobilization was accomplished without confusion, and with efficiency and dispatch. It proved to be a good example of the excellence of our training.

Word has come that a drum and bugle corps has been authorized for the Fourth Battalion. It looks as though Cpl. Moskowitz, of this company, has been selected to lead it. Mosky, who recently returned from a vacation in Florida, has done much along this line so far. He has nearly all the men required signed up.

Everybody in the Battalion is pleased at this authorization. It will add much color to the outfit, and improve the morale and loyalty of all.

And now for a few personalities. . . . We hear that Cpl. Hedman's wife failed to meet him one night after drill, with embarrassing results to John. . . . What tough Marine took two weeks to recover from a tonsillectomy? . . . You can't keep a good Marine down—Cpl. Hansen, in the game against the 3rd Bn., played with a broken bone in his hand. . . . Vincent Bierne, formerly of this company and now with the regulars, was up from Quantico for a visit. We are always glad to see our old friends drop around. . . . Pvt. Kubilus has rejoined the company from Headquarters, and is



Parris Island abounds in scenic beauty.

busy fixing things for the company; he is a hard worker.

Determination will tell—this is to announce that Pfc. Reiner has qualified. . . Sgt. Felber and Cpl. Mollenhauer are still recovering from the cruise that Pvt. Biglin took them on after the St. Patrick's Day parade: "Join Biglin and See Bloomfield" . . . Pvt. May is wearing out the police force—he received four traffic violation tickets in one week. . . The boys are all remarking on "Randy" Crowell's great playing in the game against C Company. First Sgt. Bove got his rifle and his basketball team mixed during this game, and tried some prone shooting. . . See you all next month with more dirt.

SEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 51)

has been shooting them with the typhoid inoculations, they have been steering their ears with their knees—nice work if you can get it.

Adios, hasta la manana, buenas noches,, or carbolic acid until next issue when we will have the tentative if not permanent set-up for camp and will give you all the dope.

THIRD BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 43)

an additional record, though no cups or trophies have been offered in this competition thus far!

D Company lost one of its original and best members when Corporal Reese Nicholas, Jr., left to join the Regulars last month. D Company—the original 462nd Navy Yard Guard Detachment, and the first reserve unit to be stationed in the Navy Yard since the War—has sent nearly a dozen men to the Regulars, all of whom have made excellent records, and Capt. O'Connell is hard put to hold on to the good men when they get notions of going to sea, to foreign station or to any other Regular post. This company, holder for the past two years of the .30 calibre rifle championship, is determined to add a repeat to this honor at Quantico.

Headquarters Company, the Medical

Detachment under Commander A. ("I Spy") Jablons, and the Quartermaster unit ably commanded by Capt. Angelo Cincotta, all are busily occupied days—and nights—getting ready for camp. That Battalion ambulance which the Battalion Surgeon has been looking for over a period of several years hasn't yet materialized, though the "Doc" still keeps on trying. It would certainly serve some transportation problems both at camp and at home.

The Third is looking forward to meeting the officers and men of the New England ("Yankee Bean") Battalion, with which it will serve at Quantico beginning June 26th, and will deeply miss its comrades of the 1st, 4th and 6th, who go elsewhere this summer.

PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 24)

ing March: Corporal B. Metzger, Jr., Recruit Depot Detachment, to Sergeant; Private First Class H. M. Tupper, Headquarters Company, to Corporal.

The Privates' Dance, held at the Post Inn on 11 March proved to be quite a success. A good time was had by all and hope that they come oftener.

The Post Sunday School had its annual picnic on Saturday, 26 March. Parents furnished items of food, as requested by the committee. It was an old-fashioned dinner, where all eat together. The Committee is composed of the teachers of the Sunday School: Mrs. Long, Mrs. Tabor, Mrs. Nichol, Mrs. Byers and Mrs. Bell. The picnic was quite a treat for the children, as prizes were awarded for winners of several meets like shooting, running, high-jumping, pole climbing, etc., and believe you me they all enjoyed it a lot.

The Enlisted Men's dance held at the Post Lyceum on Saturday, 26 March, was enjoyed very much by those that could get there. It was rather warm that evening and I believe that is why there were not more there. When you say Blue's to a Marine he knows that he is in for a warm evening, especially in the summer. However, there was a nice crowd there and

all that did take in the dance had a very enjoyable evening (So I was told by one that was there).

Speaking of dances, you really have a good time if and when you take in the Membership Dance at the Non-commis-sioned and Petty Officers' Club. Music is furnished by the Post Orchestra, which can not be beat for dance music. Beer and sandwiches are served and those that don't usually have a glass take advantage of this party and all let off the pressure and really get together for a good time. Just one big happy family.

The Beaufort-Parris Island Cooperative Concert Association presented its second concert on the season on Monday, March 21st, in the Post Lyceum. The soloist was CAROLYN URBANEK, gifted Polish-American soprano, of whom a well-known Boston music critic writes: "She has one of the finest young soprano voices I have heard in a decade of attendance at concerts." Miss Urbanek was assisted by Mr. Harvey Brown at the piano.

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of March, 1938, and assigned to Recruit Depot, at Parris Island, for training:

Neal H. Adams, Jr., John T. Buckley, Woodrow Busbee, Buck A. Byrd, Claude Chavis, James W. Cooper, Chester S. Cziak, Jack Ellis, Angelo M. Fondanova, Charles E. Frank, Jr., Roland Fridell, Joseph C. Gonzales, Carl R. Harper, Garnett E. Helton, Howard B. Hodge, George B. Horney, John M. Jagoda, James E. Kirkland, Charles A. Krantz, Barnie O. Marlowe, Thomas W. Miller, Woodrow W. Montgomery, Richard T. Myers, Charles S. Newman, Herbert N. Pearce, Edward S. Popek, Edward W. Rittenberg, Irwin J. Seymour, Milton E. Smith, Elmer W. Stoll, Lawrence Taylor, Robert E. Allen, Jr., Roger D. Buckley, Clifford W. Butler, Edwin H. Cabaniss, Fred H. Cole, Samuel Cosman, Paul E. H. Dolbier, Charles E. Feirle, Vernon B. Ford, Ira N. Frazier, William R. Geary, Jr., Aloysius Gregory, David M. Hartley, Harold E. Herndon, Louis "J." Holloway, James L. Horney, Vincent A. Jakubielski, William E. Klar, Harold C. Lakes, James W. McLaurin, Joseph N. Mire, John J. Mott, John M. Nadelman, James S. Owen, Richard L. Platt, Dewey J. Prestwood, Lewis O. Rose, Elwood M. Smith, Jack A. Stefanik, Douglas M. Stone, Carl C. Teague, George E. Thompson, Dermot M. Tully, Arthur R. Williams, Claude E. Tull, Jack P. Wardlaw, Roseoe C. Word, Jr.

SEA-GOING LOG USS Mississippi

(Continued from page 28)

you fair ladies of San Diego are warned to watch your step. Good luck in your new station, Knight.

The following joined us since our last item: Griffin, Harmon, Faris, J. E. Smith, Singer, Owens, G. R. Smith, Simpson, Karns, Rohner, Rutheford, Green. They replace men who have made good as MARINES on the GOOD SHIP Mississippi—and we can say from our short period of observation that they all too are well on their way to being fit reliefs for the men that they replaced—time will tell and in the short period that they will remain aboard ship we will not be surprised when their names "reach the top of the list of notable MARINES of the GOOD SHIP Mississippi."

USS Saratoga

(Continued from page 29)

was resting complacently on the quarter-deck when they returned.

I (Wawa) understand that Oggy has been giving Donald Duck a few lessons in Quack-Quack. This is strictly confidential, understand. If you scare any more mess attendants, Oggy, something will have to be done about it.

Both our Lieutenants have received orders to move, and we are sorry to see them go, but can appreciate their pleasure to get back with the outfit. First Lieutenant Enright has been ordered to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and 2nd Lieutenant Chapman to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va. Both Officers will be detached sometime in June. Bon Voyage, hope to be with you again some time.

Well, me lads, while phase V, Battle problem XIX, is getting underway, we shall attempt to get a few much-needed winks of sleep before flight quarters. Here's hoping we can get the crates off and back on deck again in one piece. So until next month, Oggy and Wawa bid you all aloha.

QUARTERMASTER SCHOOL

(Continued from page 37)

signment for men who are determined to make good. Unless the men show some aptitude for this work after joining the class they are, of course, assigned to other duties.

There is no doubt but that this comparatively unknown little school is a fine auxiliary of the Q.M. Department.

PORSCMOUTH POTSHOTS

(Continued from page 34)

Tidewater area. Sergeant Major Johnson and First Sergeant Cohen have recently made a deal where, on the days the mess has pork for dinner, the Sergeant Major may eat Cohen's share of the pork for dinner, and Cohen will get the Sergeant Major's share of ice cream. Sergeant Broox E. Clements extended his enlistment for two years for the USS *Enterprise*.

Corporal Harvey B. Atkins, of the Sea School Detachment, has received word that he has passed his preliminary examinations candidate as second lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps. Corporal Atkins will be transferred to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., in the near future for his final examination, and if he passes, which we all know he will, he will be appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. The whole post is proud to have such an outstanding man, and we'll all be proud to salute you, Lieutenant Atkins.

Since Lieutenant Johnson's arrival a baseball team has been started at this post, with Sergeant Jesse Kidd at the helm. Kidd reports that he has some excellent material and will have a winning ball club. Despite Kidd's bad arm he still can whiz them by the batters like he did in the old days on the All-Marine team several years back. The first day 36 men turned out for the team, some of these played on the 4th Marines in Shanghai. No schedule has been arranged, but watch THE LEATHERNECK for the results. In addition to baseball, Lieutenant Johnson has started an inter-post soft ball league, and also a volley ball league. The men are so enthused over it that you can see them out playing after colors at night. Also

there is a big supply of golf clubs and balls for any of those who like that game. The tennis courts are also in full use at all times. In the first practice soft ball game the Sea School Detachment downed the Barracks Detachment, 16-0.

THE CANNONEERS

Battery E, Antiaircraft

(Continued from page 25)

five-foot alligator. A fine mud-splashing battle was enjoyed by all concerned until at last the unhappy cayman was taken prisoner by our two fearless Marines. With true hunters' instinct the exhausted prisoner of war was brought back to camp and exhibited by our amateur Frank Bucks. Your humble scribbler was on hand to record this memorable occasion for posterity. On being quizzed the warriors confessed that "we did it for dear ol' Bty. E." The alligator in turn was asked for a statement and he said: "nothing."

Pvt. "Ikey" Nurenberg can't give Bing Crosby a run for his money. Yesterday, after serenading all who were unlucky enough to be within hearing distance with his beer baritone, he had the nerve to ask Sgt. Bunch, "if you had my voice would you cultivate it?" Quickly the sarge replied, "Hell no, I'd plow it under."

Famous Quotations

"Now when I was on the stage"—yours truly.

"Get some men to do some work"—Gy-Sgt. Klappholz.

"Down in Del Rio"—"Wild Bill" Crouse.

"Lend me \$5.00"—Practically everybody.

"All right, youse guys"—Cpl. "Simon Legree" Wright.

"I'll volunteer for mess duty"—Practically nobody.

"If I had a cigarette, I'd smoke, if I had a match"—"Muscle-man" Herriotics.

"The only thing on the house is the roof"—Canteen steward.

"Yeah, I joined the Marines to get out of the woods and now look at us!"—Busch.

I want three volunteers, you, you and you"—Sgt. Vlach.

"How did I find out she was married? Where do you think I got this black eye!"—Romeo Cannon.

"Just because I swallowed my tobacco is no sign I was scared"—Tong Saung Le Mons.

BATTERY G

By Ruddy

Here we are again, bring to you the "dope" and lowdown from Camp McDougal, Hilton Head Island, S. C.

Last month we were honored by a visit from Colonel Griffin and Major Pepper—according to inside "dope," they were well pleased with the way the battery conducted the firing and the results attained in preliminary sleeve firing.

We are sticking out our collective chests, 'cause insofar as we know, our preliminary firing has been as good as that of any antiaircraft machine gun firing we know of.

The efforts of 1st-Sgt. "Backrest" McKinley has been most appreciated by the gunners of the battery, and it is felt that through his guidance our percentage of hits have been greater than they would have been otherwise.

Last month we regret to say that we lost a most able and inspiring officer, when 2nd Lt. Howard G. Kirgis was detached to H

Battery. The only consolation we have is that our loss is their gain. We are looking forward to the time when the officers from the schools join us and Lt. Kirgis can rejoin our battery.

The humdrum existence on Hilton Head has not one whit abated with the passing of weeks. It is noticed, though, the men are getting fine sun-tans in preparation for the beaches of "Sunny California," where sun-tans are much harder to get.

Field events are being run off with regularity, so far we are getting our share of the "bacon" or Ice Cream!

It was seen, by the "snoop" of this column, upon going into the galley one fine morning, Assistant Cook Carter and Pvt. Vandette trying to start the stoves and using asbestos for kindling. Much to their chagrin, the laws of nature would not change for a cook and a "pot wobbler." A curious thing, this Nature!

Another transfer last month was that of Plat-Sgt. William A. Easterling, Rebel to you, who is an aspiring first-sergeant-to-be, to MBNY, Philadelphia, Pa., where he will organize a range detachment for Cape May, N. J. The biggest laugh of all was when Rebel dropped his trunk overboard from the steamer *Imogene* and watched it sedately float away. Why didn't you go in after it, Rebel?

We have a corporal in the battery who claims the singular honor of being the only one able to make a snake disappear at will. Farley also claims to have witnesses to this fact. How reliable are your witnesses though, Farley?

What supernatural powers does Pvt. Deviney evoke while playing horseshoes to be able to ring the stake most of the time?

The eye dimmeth, the hand groweth weary, and as the midnight oil is growing low, I'll say "aw-reservoir" until next time.

QUANTICO NEWS

First Engineer Company

(Continued from page 19)

are glad to get back to Quantico, and Joe's (the Mess Sergeant's) good chow.

A turnover in personnel is in progress now as men with three years' or more time in the Fleet Marine Force are being transferred to other posts. We are afraid that we are going to lose some of our key men in the company through this turnover but we are still hoping for the best.

Second Lieutenant Nilan, one of our company officers, is on temporary detached duty at Marine Detachment, Warm Springs, Georgia.

Second Lieutenant Schmitz, another of our company officers, is studying for examination to the rank of First Lieutenant. We all hope that he makes the grade.

Now for the dirt.

Why was Sergeant Izard so excited when we arrived in Quantico?

Privates Davey and Bushey fell down the steps. Davey says that he was talking when he should have been listening, and Bushey says he was trying to get to chow in too big of a hurry. Looks to me as if elevators are going to have to be built in our barracks.

Why are Privates Eaton, Thompson, Stanley, Meade, Sandlin, and Hicks always boxing in the basement? Seems to me as if I heard something about a smoker sometime soon.

Sergeant Izard, Corporals Brown and Hallman, Privates First Class Ayres, Carlton and Moore, Privates Cotton, Bottoni,

Gibson and Love checked out on furlough.

Now for the new faces in our company. Staff Sergeant Papas joined us from SS-1M, Aircraft One, FMF, post. Privates Acord, Carrigan, Durr, Fritz, Haller, Harville, Huffer, Richardson, Russell and Walter joined us from RD Det, MB, Parris Island, S. C. We are glad to have these men with us.

We hate to say goodbye to Sergeant Troutman, our esteemed property and police Sergeant. Corporal Hallman, who is by the way one of our best coxswains and engineers, Privates Brabandt, our water purification unit operator, Drake, one of our best carpenters, and Reese (Battling) topographer, are being transferred to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Our company as a whole is certainly going to miss these men, not only for services rendered but also they were all around good fellows.

SECOND BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

(Continued from page 22)

Bay, Cuba, and Lt. Prewitt will soon be on his way to become a flying ace at Pensacola, Florida.

Add to all that the fact that on the first of next month we'll be having a new First Sergeant for our Top for a year and a half, Pete Sorensen, goes with the Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment as First Sergeant. So that leaves us sort of short-handed and it is the same all over the FMF.

That is all the news. Most of the lads are either on furlough or have come back from furlough. So things have been quite quiet around here, with guard details, post police, and troop and inspection taking up most of the day. So we'll say so long till next month.

FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

(Continued from page 20)

James F. Mayenschein, from Parris Island, S. C.

In regard to transfers, Corporal Edmund H. Fiske passed his preliminary examination for the Candidates for Commission Class and has gone to the Marine Barracks, at Washington, D. C. We wish him every success, and that he will come back to us as a Second Lieutenant. Toxic H. Lee has gone to the Washington Navy Yard, Richard H. Parks to Pensacola, Florida, and Thomas J. Wright to the USS *Reina Mercedes* at Annapolis, Md. In addition, Wilbur R. Slaton was transferred to Lakehurst, N. J., Robert W. Roth to Hingham, Mass., and Eugene Leasure to the Norfolk Navy Yard. Also, as the following-named men have, or will have, completed three years in the FMF this year, their transfer is expected at any time: Corporals Raleigh B. Perry, Gilbert Staley, Barrett T. Waters, Privates First Class Russell S. Haines, Joseph W. Lanben, Privates Remah J. McDaniel and Conley R. Milligan, as well as Field Musics Carl Jones and Carl J. Slotterback.

Corporal Wallace D. Thomas is due for discharge on April 10th, and states that he does not intend to reenlist. However, he will have to stay with us a few days longer as he is temporarily indisposed, and is now staying at the Naval Hospital in Washington, D. C.

With half the company on furlough, and Platoon Sergeant Hade, Privates First Class Livesay, Reeves, and Privates Graves

and Krostek trying out for the Rifle and Pistol Team, we have had to defer our training for a few weeks and are hard put to furnish our share of guard and working details, especially with the Spring Cleaning Season now being in full swing. However, they always say that the last ten years are the hardest and, fortunately for us, furloughs can't last for always and we hope to soon have our company up to strength once more, with the addition of about ten more men from other organizations.

FIRST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES

(Continued from page 23)

nette you had one moonlit eve in the much caressed bench in the park. Now! Now! Griscom, are you the only one whose initials are F. G.?

Just a gigolo, and gosh, there I go again talking about these hard-hearted, hairy-eared nurse maids to a Pack-Howitz; but don't take it so hard, Young. I might not mean you alone, nor can I be in such a mixed up state as to call Whitelock, Evanochko, or even little "Pudgy" Larrison, hard-hearted or nurse-maid.

What's got into me? I seem so fond of prying I'll have to stop right now, but first I must mention the new second section. Tractor driver, Pvt. Blaine, by name, came to us from H & S Battery during maneuvers. We would like to hear Pvt. Blaine and Pvt. Harris' version of the "Tale of Two Cities," not being a reading man I am in doubt, not as to your story, but was it Dickens or was it Paradise Inn? Pvt. Harris has made known his ambition (His one and only) and that ambition is to become the owner of the "Tango Bar" with Pvt. Blaine as his chief cook and bottle washer.

"Ritz Bar"—Imagine yourself in a scattered line of palms with a "sunburned" maid, a can of beer, the soft roll of the ocean, soul-stirring music in your ear—sounds good doesn't it? You wonder if it is true. Well, that description fits when derived from Pvt. Royals and Pfc. Hoover.

It seems as if Pvt. Gerwig has reverted back to his childhood days. You know—barefooted fisherman with his willow pole and knee pants. There is reasonable doubt to my story but tell me, who was it I saw chasing the gold fish in the pool at the Park Reverie.

I won't go so far as to say that any of the boys were struck by Cupid's darts but there seems to be quite a few pictures and letters since we returned home; how about it Rigdon, and you can't hide yours either, Jake.

By the way, not mentioning any names, but there is a fellow in the Battery that can give a very good account of University City, Rio Peairde, nurses, etc. For the ones who need a guiding hand the initials are Tilton.

Tell me, fellows, one and all, "can it be the trees or the ocean's breeze," that wore down the fo'c'sle ropes? It might have been, but how can you account for the calloused hands or hemp stained khaki? Sure, wear and tear does such things, but how did the foot hit my unprotected head when I slept there.

I'll call on another member of our Battling Battery, "Tarzen." Would you care to tell us about the movies you saw in San Juan, or did you see any movies?

My, I almost forgot Hart, who, though

detailed as recreation room orderly as soon as he arrived, has been singing and having a merry time all by himself. Can it be the atmosphere or the good old U. S. or is it that well known word beginning with L.

Pvt. Rorror deserves special praise for his fine collection of photographs, come on Rorror, "fess up" and tell us what you are going to do with them—start an Art gallery.

In the above mentioned scandals, or should I call it gossip, I haven't mentioned one, two, or maybe three well known members of our Battery, and though they well deserve mention, I don't like to use my neck when one censors this column, and the other holds police call. They are namely 1st Sgt. Waldrop, Pvt. Patrik, and the last but not least Cpl. Szynkowski, our highly esteemed Police Sergeant. I won't say more, but figure it out for yourself.

Now I must discontinue our 75 reports (count 'em), so while the gunners present Howitzers I'll ease-on along. Adios, 'till next month, when we'll be back full of vim and vinegar or—vigor.

BATTERY C

In case you've forgotten . . . or haven't you heard; the U. S. Marine Corps has a newcomer—coming right along.

Introducing Battery C, First Bn, Tenth Marines, FMB, FMF, MB, now stationed at Quantico, Va. The battery was organized 20 March, 1938, under the command of Captain Saville T. Clark, U.S. M.C., with an enlisted personnel of 80, most of which just came from the Recruit Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.

We now boast of a splendid and up-coming battery, Capt. Clark in command; 2nd Lt. Richard W. Wallace, Reconnaissance Officer, and Marine Gunner Sanford N. Young, Executive Officer.

So in the future you can expect to be hearing from us.

BROWN FIELD

(Continued from page 23)

The new Sikorsky recently attached to the Utility roster was given a thorough test on its initial voyage to San Juan. Lt.-Colonel James Roosevelt was a passenger on the planes' shake-down cruise to the tropics. The addition of the Sikorsky should prove somewhat of a relief to our transport question.

The selecting of candidates, Sergeant McMahon and Corporal Mike Marks probably completes the enlisted men's flight class for this year. The selection of these two men gives unanimous honors to the Scouting Squadron, they having been preceded by Corporal Powell and Private First Class Haverstadt some time ago.

Now let's take a look into the low-down here and there:

I wonder what is going to happen to the Underground Balloon Corps now that Sergeant Charles Barker has transferred to St. Thomas? The Suicide Squadron is still going at a rapid clip with Hokie Seanlon in there pitching as C. O. All hands found San Juan as just what the doctor ordered until the good ship *Astares* arrived in the harbor and slowed up RITZY operations in the new found PARADISE. Speaking of paradise, I wonder why Private Zigler has added an extra ink spot to his signature? If wanted any time

around twelve o'clock (chow time) please look up toward the head of the line and locate Sergeant Barbee, Corporal Jodoin and Pfc. Weber, of the Utility Squadron, respectively. Radiomen get in my hair, claims Sergeant Lenn, of the bombers, while the key tappers declare that Lenn will replace Critz as chief gumbuster before many more issues of THE LEATHERNECK. And there was that Lieutenant from the mighty bombers who found himself in the queen's ear at the carnival and insisted on being driven to the field . . . queen and all. It is my bet that Bill Calm will swing the majority of the pinochle games with his two new-found stripes. If the readers can recall a few months back this writer bid farewell to an old amigo, one Joe Holup. The terror of number nine barracks is one of us once more and going strong I might add. M. T. Sergeant "Skip" Adams claims he won the thousand yard dash in our field meet at San Juan, the only hitch, no one remembers the race being staged. Sergeant Morrison did not enjoy his stay at San Juan near so much as the flights to and from Puerto Rico. I wonder where Sergeant "Abie" Levine is securig all that cocoanut? I just passed Frog "The Greek" Papen outside wearing a broad grin, upon enquiring I learned he has an engine to pull this week-end. To First Sergeant Hartkoff: As a special request the members of six barracks would like to find out how Galvin acquired charge of their happy home.

RECEIVING SHIP, SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 17)

Among these are Corporals Richard M. (Baldy) Buhman, Elmer F. LaBarr, Allen M. McLeod, and Corbett K. Bates, the last named of the Field Music two-stripe grouping.

Among others arriving here we have Privates First Class Oliver La Brash, Jr., Aurelio J. Locatelli, Joseph B. Nelson, Jr., and Privates Harry J. Bail, Jacob Fritzler, Jean E. Hooe, Leslie C. Johns, and Thomas A. Nebbergall.

Two men who have recently added the first stripes are Adolph (Deacon) Nagy and Alvan E. (Burp) Engeman. Nagy is the Captain's Orderly, and Engeman one of the switchboard staff of Marines. Cigars were passed, and many thanks, boys. Er, men.

Sergeant Raymond L. Luckel, who is well known to many of the boys who have served out Cavite way, recently went in for police examinations, and we'll say for a look at the man he should make a worthwhile addition to any police force. So we wish him luck while "on the waiting list." Leon C. Handley, former Corporal, is now a Sergeant of Class VI, and residing in Yreka, California. Pfc. Robert C. Hall and Private John H. Clegg, Jr., have also left for the civilian life with well wishes for success. Private Roy E. Sims, THE LEATHERNECK man, says the sale of our popular magazine has been even more favorable than ever, especially so since that issue with pictures of Platoon Sergeant John G. Stuttz and Corporal Wilbur W. (Speed) Daniels in action poses. "Speed" says that he hasn't, as yet, been able to persuade the visit of the famous California striped bass to the waters of Yerba Buena Island, but we understand he is steadily working on the idea with many catches of the sand shark that inhabits these shore waters. If we

could just get striped bass around here now, the boys would be shipping over for Goat Island.

Those new Marine Corps wall lockers finally arrived, about the first of March, and all hands have been placing them in their favorite corners. They seem pretty large after using the Navy lockers.

Private Frederick M. Merrill recently decided to turn over a new leaf, but after a week he went under, and was once more seen ashore. Need more will power. And how's everything in Alameda?

Our "team shots"—Corporal Eugene T. Wilson and Privates Charles L. Lear and William H. Williamson, have been strangely quiet since their return from Mare Island. How come? Williamson has been so impressed by our little home that he recently extended for another two years. Must be something to this job of Assistant Turnkey.

Time is short, but we hope to see you again next month.

BREMERTON BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 42)

23—Marines	37
USS Ranger	40
24—Marines	54
USS Astoria	24
25—Marines	38
U. of W. Freshmen	57
26—Marines	34
Sons of Norway	22
27—Marines	50
Sons of Norway	43
28—Marines	44
USS Minneapolis	46
29—Marines	51
Y. M. B. C.	45
30—Marines	60
Charleston Club	34
31—Marines	63
NYD Apprentices	30

32—Marines	57
Shelton	28
33—Marines	49
Port Orchard	22
34—Marines	37
USS West Virginia	44
FINALS	
35—Marines	38
Charleston Club	36
36—Marines	62
National Bank of Commerce	35
37—Marines	53
Gilt Top	34
<i>Games</i>	<i>Win</i>
37	25
<i>Lose</i>	<i>Percentage</i>
12	676

BREMERTON SMALL-BORE TEAM

The following is a report of the scores and results of small-bore rifle matches participated in by the team representing this barracks on dates, and with other teams, as indicated.

25 JANUARY, 1938	
Marine Barracks	1369
Kitsap Rifle Club	1367
1 FEBRUARY, 1938	
Marine Barracks	1395
Kitsap Rifle Club	1347
9 FEBRUARY, 1938	
Marine Barracks	1379
Fort Lawton	1360
14 FEBRUARY, 1938	
Marine Barracks	906
Fleet Marine Corps Reserves	897
23 FEBRUARY, 1938	
Marine Barracks	1373
Fort Lawton	1367
2 MARCH, 1938	
Marine Barracks	883
Fleet Marine Corps Reserves	859

A team representing this post fired in four of the Washington State Postal Small Arms matches, making score of 3713 out of a possible 4000; standing in matches not yet reported.



MARINE BASKETBALL SQUAD, PUGET SOUND NAVY YARD,
CITY LEAGUE CHAMPIONS, 1937-38
Lt. Mustain; Minyon, Schiff, Burch, Lehman, Frederickson, Berger, Keen, Lucht,
Marchant, Weitz, Young, and Gulley.

WARM SPRINGS, GEORGIA

(Continued from page 7)

Thursday, March thirty-first, a show was staged by the Marines for the entertainment of all of the patients of the Foundation. The detachment was dressed in blues from 1200 until evening colors. Shortly after noon chow, which many of the kids enjoyed, the detachment was formed for close order drill by Platoon Sergeant Skowronek, presented to the detachment commander, Captain Wallace O. Thompson, who drilled it for perhaps thirty or forty five minutes. At the conclusion of the close order drill, the men assisted the patients about the camp and especially to two tables, one set up at each end of the camp, on one of which was displayed the small arms used by Marines and presided over by Platoon Sergeant Skowronek, and on the other, presided over by First Sergeant Barnes, was displayed grenades, gas and smoke, a gas mask, a Very pistol and signal flare shells. Much interest was shown by the kids especially in these displays, and, after a period of about thirty minutes, or so, devoted to this purpose, the detachment was formed for formal guard mounting; this completed the show and many of the children enthusiastically told their Marine friends how well they enjoyed it all. Some of them wanted to stay for evening chow but the weather was becoming threatening and they felt compelled to leave. At about ten minutes after evening colors the rain began and continued without a let-up until four o'clock the next afternoon—it was one of only two days of bad weather experienced during the camp.

Liberty parties were dispatched each night at six and seven o'clock to Manchester, Georgia, and liberty was usually up at about midnight. Nearly every Marine in camp off duty went ashore each night, even the two nights it rained, and no complaints to speak of were heard about Manchester as a liberty port. Most of the men seemed to have a good time and all of them conducted themselves as befitting Marines. This outfit went a long way toward furthering the good reputation already established with the citizenry of Manchester and Warm Springs; and succeeding units, it is this writer's opinion, will find themselves exceedingly welcome in those towns.

The officers and the secret service men seemed also not to find time dragging and indulged in much social life at night as well as by day. The afternoons usually found many of them, led by Colonel Hunt and Second Lieutenant John Nilan, Jr. (Get him to tell you about his golf game

sometime), on the golf course digging up divots and trying to knock an insignificant ball to kingdom come (Seriously, though, they are both pretty good golfers, so we have been informed).

Apropos of giving credit where credit is due, much credit was deservedly due to the mess force and Quartermaster Sergeant Detweiler for the excellence of the chow and the service rendered in the mess hall throughout the period of the encampment. Lieutenant Nilan and his crew, which comprised the advance detail, did a good job of preparing the camp in readiness for the main body to move in with the least trouble. Both lieutenants, Second Lieutenant H. G. Walker and Second Lieutenant John J. Nilan, Jr., wish to take this means of expressing their appreciation to the men of their guard detachments for the excellence of the duty performed and for the whole-hearted cooperation of each man.

Camp was struck on Monday, April fourth, and the troops embarked for Quantico and Washington from Harris, Georgia, at 1610 the same day. The route taken on the downward journey, aboard the Seaboard Airline Railway to Atlanta, aboard the Central of Georgia to Harris and aboard trucks into Camp Roosevelt at Warm Springs was taken in reverse order for the return trip. All troops arrived in Quantico and Washington in sound health and without mishap, much the better for the experience and confessing they had enjoyed it all immensely. This writer believes there was a certain feeling akin to nostalgia in some of them for the fair hills and charming damsels of Georgia.

As Colonel Hunt expressed it, it was a job well done, worthy of the Corps, and each man earned commendation for the cheerfulness with which he performed his duty and the manner in which he conducted himself generally.

Palmarum qui meruit ferat!

NUMBERED LOVE

(Continued from page 9)

indifferent, but they were well within eye-blinking distance of the landing men.

All but one.

Back in the shadows of the dock shed stood a pert, blue-eyed girl, an Irish colleen blooming in the semi-tropical climate of southern California by reason of restless emigrant ancestors. Quite evidently, she was here to see, but not be seen.

Honey-Bun Kelly was a very tolerant young lady. For that matter, a girl had to be tolerant to stand for a fiancé known in sea ports the world over.



Georgia Hall, Warm Springs Foundation.

But being tolerant didn't mean that she needn't be watchful, and she didn't intend having her hero hopping around nibbling on any tender young buds in the home port. There was an unspoken code about that. No matter what a wandering Marine might do in foreign ports, he was supposed to be strictly true to his steady, while anchored at home. But there was always a chance that some unscrupulous girl would catch him off guard.

Especially tonight!

When Honey-Bun had received word, via a friend of Swifty's, that he couldn't get ashore for the week-end, deep dark suspicion invaded her trusting young mind. Gunnery Sergeants didn't have to do week-end book work for the Captain. So, just to be on the safe side, she had driven her father's wrecking-car down to the wharf, and parked it where it wouldn't be seen. Now from the darkened doorway of the dock shed, she carefully scanned the faces of the disembarking Liberty Parties from the fleet.

It grew darker, and flood lights were turned on the pier. Finally, her long wait was rewarded. The boats from the *Texas* pulled alongside.

Not twenty feet from where she stood, Gunnery Sergeant McSnatch, magnificently attired in his dress blues, and accompanied by his satellite, Machinist Mate Bilboa, strode briskly past.

Despite the fact that he should so cruelly deceive his trusting fiancée, it soothed her wounded feelings somewhat, to see how absolutely indifferent was her handsome sweetheart to the inviting glances of many young ladies from San Pedro's lower social strata. Then her heart stopped—but only for a moment. Swifty had merely tipped his hat to the wife of Corporal Hatch.

Honey-Bun left her hiding place, and trailed cautiously after the pair. It would never do to let her fiancé know that she suspected him of deceiving her—not until she had him with the dress goods on his arm.

Ahead, Swifty marched serenely on through the crowd, Biff rolling at his side. As he continued to refuse bright-eyed invitations, Honey-Bun began to feel a change of heart. Undoubtedly she had wronged her faithful lover. He must have obtained liberty at the last moment, and even now was on his way to her house.

She turned aside, and hastily climbing into the parked wrecking-car, drove off toward home.

Several blocks away, she pulled up at a red stop-light. She was thinking of the nice things she was going to tell Swifty, when a Long Beach bus pulled alongside. She glanced idly at it, then stiffened.

There sat her Swifty listening intently to Biff who was talking earnestly.

Honey-Bun's eyes snapped.

Undoubtedly that navy snake was leading her innocent Swifty astray, painting for him an enticing word picture of the Lorelei sirens up the coast.

As a strict matter of fact, Biff was pleading with Swifty to get off the bus and head straight for Honey-Bun's house, but she was never to know that.

The lights changed, and the bus moved along. Behind her, an impatient motorist honked his horn. Honey-Bun compressed her attractive lips into a firm line, shifted gears, and drove after the bus. Mr. Kelly might have a hurried call for his wrecking-car tonight, but his daughter knew of a more important salvaging job in Long Beach.

Biff and Swifty descended from the bus, and after several inquiries, came to a stop in front of a one story frame building.

Over the doorway, lighted by a dim bulb, a tattered streamer announced this to be, "Get-Together Hall."

Biff looked at the dingy building dubiously.

"It don't seem to be a very lively joint," he announced.

Swifty, who had been thinking the same thing, glanced defensively at his companion.

"Of course, it ain't lively," he said. "This here's a respectable meetin' place—an' don't call it no joint."

"Sure, sure," soothed Biff. "I've seen sleepier lookin' places turn into a ball o' fire before the night was over. Let's go in."

They entered.

A fat woman, in a rumpled gingham dress, was seated behind a small, bare table in the entrance hallway. At the sight of the uniforms, she looked apprehensively, then seeing they were not policemen, she smiled ingratiatingly.

"Would you gentlemen like to become members?"

Swifty exhibited his card.

"I'm a mail order member," he explained, "signed on from Panama." He nodded toward Biff. "This here's a friend o' mine—just taggin' along on an inspection tour."

The woman looked at the sailor.

"Oh—then you are already married?"

"No ma'am," said Biff hurriedly, "an' I don't aim to be. I'm just keepin' him comp'ny—not lookin' for none—that is, nothin' permanent."

The club greeter received this information coldly. Evidently the Lonely Hearts didn't encourage triflers. She hesitated, eyeing Biff's unromantic countenance with disfavor.

"As a rule, we don't allow anyone to attend meetings, unless they become members, but I suppose we can make an exception with the navy." Her tone indicated that sailors in general, and Biff in particular, would be poor prospective husband material anyhow.

She pulled open a drawer in the table, and extracted therefrom a loud purple badge, which had a gilt metal heart at the top. On a bit of paper clamped in this space, she copied the number from Swifty's membership card, and handed the badge to him.

"Wear this over your heart, 4Z-925," she ordered. "It will identify you to the other members."

Swifty looked distastefully at the Sweetheart adornment.

"I can't," he objected. "It ain't regulation to wear no ribbons on uniforms—not unless they're campaign badges."

"It's regulation here," she assured him coyly. "Remember, you are campaigning for cupid now. Besides, members don't exchange names until they have passed the first stages of courtship in the hall."

BEHIND him, Swifty heard a suppressed chuckle, which was immediately changed into a covering cough. His ears went a shade more purple than the offending ribbon in his hand. Glaring at the non-member, he defiantly pinned the badge of anonymous love under his marksmanship bar, and stalked toward the inner door to the hall.

As he placed a hand on the knob, a piano inside sounded a few chords. Then a chorus of mixed voices began to sing: "Love Thy Neighbor."

Swifty hesitated, but Cliff pushed him forward.

"Let's go in an' get chubby with a few good lookin' neighbors," he urged.

Swifty took a deep breath, yanked open the door, and stepped inside the sanctum of numbered love.

On a platform, at the far end of the small



"The Guide is Right!"

Yes, sir! The guide certainly is right . . . in smoking O.G.s!

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PRIZE CROP TOBACCO is one reason . . . Only the tenderest, choicest strains of tobacco are used in the Old Gold blend.

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscops, Tuesday and Thursday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

hall, a fat man in a pongee suit was leading about fifty assembled lonely hearts of both sexes in the song so successfully crooned by Bing Crosby. A tall gaunt man with a very crooked eye was accompanying him on a battered piano.

"That professor don't play the ivory box so good," whispered Biff who had an ear for music.

Swifty dug him in the ribs with a silencing elbow.

"This ain't supposed to be no symphony hall."

"I'll say it ain't," replied Biff, and subsided.

A pimply faced youth approached.

"I'll show you your seats," he said, and led the way down the aisle of collapsible chairs.

Swifty would have much preferred to take a place in the rear, but their uniforms had already attracted some attention, so he allowed the youth to lead them to places in the front row.

The rallying song of the club coming to an end, the members sat down.

Biff took a quick glance at the sour-faced woman next to him, and instantly decided that this was one neighbor he couldn't love under any circumstances.

The fat man cleared his throat, and smiled genially down on his audience.

"As you know, dear friends," he commenced, "we not only cater to the more serious minded, who are seeking life partners, but also to those merely wishing delightful social contacts . . ."

"Social contacts . . . that's me," whispered Biff to Swifty.

The fat man heard the fog-horn whisper of the sailor, and frowned. He glanced severely down at the un-badged jumper of the U. S. Navy's seeker after social contacts.

"I might add," he continued, "that it is considered unfair practice for regular club members to pass out names and addresses to non-members, after they have gotten past the introductory, or numbered phase, here in the hall."

His eyes met Biff's.

"After all," he added meaningfully, "our fee is so small that only a chiseler would . . . er . . . horn in, where honest people pay . . ."

Biff glanced at the speaker, and half rose from his seat.

"I think I'll take that fat walrus apart," he muttered to Swifty.

Suddenly realizing that it was not personally healthy to antagonize so husky a representative of the Navy, the fat man hurriedly crawfished.

". . . but then," he amended placatingly, "there is nothing personal in this statement for any one present. You are all welcome within the portals of Get-Together Hall."

He fished in his pocket, and took out a slip of paper.

"During the past week, the following members of the Lonely Hearts Club have been united in holy wedlock. These members were not, as you see, mere dalliers on the pathway of true love."

He gave a covert, reproachful glance at the sailor and turned to his list.

"3Z-163 married 5Z-928; 8X-145 married 2Z-110; and 3Y-918 was united with 6Z-202."

Biff was impressed.

"Looks like you got a lucky number," he whispered to Swifty. "There's more of them Z's gettin' spliced than anythin' else."

Swifty nodded, but not too happily.

"And now," concluded the speaker, putting away his list, "if you will all move your chairs back against the walls, we will have our usual get-together. Those who don't care to dance can sit an chat, or else play

cards at the tables in the corner—but remember, please, no gambling."

With a scrapping of feet and chairs, the Lonely Hearts cleared the center of the hall.

After they had placed their chairs as directed, Biff and Swifty had a chance to look around. The cock-eyed piano player began to pound out Melancholy Baby, which so far as Biff could see, made a swell theme song for the ladies present.

"A pretty scraggly lookin' bunch o' frails," he confided impolitely to the mail order member. "I may be a chiseler for not payin' my way in, but I wouldn't hand out a Chink cash to be a regular member of this here exclusive organization o' yours."

However, as he glanced at the gentlemen present, one happy thought presented itself. For once in his life, Biff was, by comparison, a veritable Adonis. But his pleasure at this momentous discovery was short lived.

"Who," he stated mournfully, "would want any of these frowzies dearies. Where's this 2N-sumpin' o' yours?"

This was exactly the question which was worrying Swifty. What if 2N-786 should

dance floor before Biff spotted her.

Instantly realizing that the situation required immediate corrective measures, the Sailor turned, and grabbed Swifty and his partner.

"Gimme that dame," he cried, trying vainly to separate the pair.

Swifty who had not noticed the approach of his fiancée, looked at him with astonishment, and grapsed 2N-786 the tighter.

"Shove off," he said dangerously. "Go get a number of your own."

But Biff, determined to save his buddy from disaster, refused to let go.

"What do you mean?" he yelled, tugging. "This here's my number, an . . ."

But 2N-786 also intended having something to say about whose number she was. Glaring at the intruding sailor, she freed herself from Swifty's encircling arm, and drew back a most un-lady like fist.

"I'm busy," she said, "seram . . ."

Just then Swifty caught sight of Honey-Bun, the Stillson in her upraised hand. He ducked. Both girls landed on Biff, but the wrench caromed off the sailor's head, and tapped 2N-786 behind the ear. She promptly collapsed in Swifty's arms.

As for Biff, the lights went out, and he sailed away on a black roaring sea. . . .

WHEN he came to, Biff thought he had been asleep on the forward deck, his head pillow'd on a cast iron sea gull's egg, which had been laid in the coils of the anchor chains.

He groaned, and sat up. The egg came with him, and he discovered it was just an aching lump on the back of his head. Then he opened his eyes. He wasn't at sea. He was riding in the back of Mr. Kelly's wrecking-car, and his head had been resting on the hoisting chains.

"Feeling better, big boy?"

He turned—and stared.

Arranging a lock of hair to likewise hide an aching lump, 2N-786 smiled brightly at him.

He glanced hastily at the front seat. Honey-Bun was driving and Swifty was talking—rapidly.

"You see," explained Swifty, as his fiancée turned a corner, "Biff ain't had much luck trying to get a nice steady girl-like I have. So he thought he'd try pickin' one by this number system. I just went along to help him grab off a real swell number."

"Gambling in numbers," replied Miss Kelly severely, "is all wrong."

Swifty slid his arm around the back of the seat.

"I know it," he said humbly, "that's why I'm stickin' to the number one I got."

Biff turned to 2N-786. Pretty swell dish this. Ordinarily, he'd never dream of trying to grab a girl away from McSnatch, but under the circumstances . . ."

"You know," he said, "I got a squat at that ad o' yours myself. Have you really got a cottage with vines growin' on it?"

2N-786 nodded.

"You'll see it in a moment," she said. "We're all going to stop by there for a glass of my wine."

Biff's eyes widened.

"Are them vines—grape vines?"

Again she nodded.

Biff brightened, and edged closer.

"What?" he demanded, "might your name be?"

"Tilly Eizenswott," she replied coyly.

Biff shuddered, then put an arm comfortably around her shoulders.

"Oh well," he sighed, "maybe I could change that!"

There can only be one

best!

In regulation uniforms, Marines all over the world know that "best" means

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

turn out to be one of these terrible looking tomatoes? His prestige as a picker of good looking dolls under any circumstances was at stake.

He turned, and his eye fell on a group of men standing in a semi-circle about a chair in a far corner. Obviously, the girl they had cornered must be the belle of the club.

"That's prob'ly her over there," he said, taking a long chance. "Come on."

Followed by Biff, he strolled over, and shouldered his way through the group of admirers. He looked at the number on the badge of the seated girl.

His luck held! Number 2N-786, and she was more than passably good looking, although slightly huskier than he usually picked them.

"Let's dance, Babe," he said, ignoring the black looks of his fellow Lonely Hearts. "I'm 4Z-925, the guy what wrote you from Panama."

2N-786 looked at the dashing Marine with relief, and arose putting out her arms.

"I was just waiting for you, big boy," she murmured nestling close.

At that moment Honey-Bun Kelly entered the hall.

Miss Kelly toted what is known in good garage parlance as a number 7 Stillson wrench. Her entrance caused no great furor, and she was half way across the

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on February 28	18,460
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—February 28	1,328
Separations during March	0
Appointments during March	1,328
Total Strength on March 31	18,773
ENLISTED—Total Strength on February 28	17,132
Separations during March	253
Joinings during March	17,026
Total Strength on March 31	18,354
Total Strength Marine Corps on March 31	18,354



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
 Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.
 Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.
 Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
 Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
 Col. Maurice E. Shearer.
 Lt. Col. John T. Walker.
 Maj. Edwin J. Farrell.
 Capt. Albert J. Keller.
 1st Lt. John E. Weber.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
 Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
 Col. Oliver Floyd.
 Lt. Col. John T. Walker.
 Maj. Edwin J. Farrell.
 Capt. Albert J. Keller.
 1st Lt. John E. Weber.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARCH 16, 1938.
 Lt. Col. Thomas E. Watson, about 22 June, 1938, detached Army War College, Fort Humphries, D. C., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., with delay in reporting to 31 July, 1938.

Capt. Edmund B. Games, on 10 March, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Savannah".
 Capt. Clinton W. McLeod, detached MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif., to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. George O. Van Orden, about 16 March, 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., ordered temporary duty MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., then to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J., with delay reporting NYd, Philadelphia, until 28 March, 1938.

Capt. Robert J. Straub, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 1 April, 1938. About 21 March, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia Pa., with delay in reporting to 1 April, 1938.

Capt. Edwin C. Ferguson, about 1 May, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Paul B. Watson, about 1 April, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Max D. Smith, about 20 June, 1938, detached MD, USS "Colorado," to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 9th Bn., FMCR, Chicago, Ill., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. Frank P. Snow, AQM, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. Charles W. Henkle, AQM, about 10 April, 1938, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Capt. Julian N. Frisbie, APM, about 21 March, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Robert R. Porter, about 22 May, 1938, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Post Graduate School

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MARCH 1, 1938.

Sgt. David Mayo—Quantico to Philadelphia MTS.

MARCH 2, 1938.

Platoon Sergeant Geo. S. Plantier—Balboa, C. Z., to Cuba.

Cpl. G. F. Neely—USS "Philadelphia" to Mar. Bks., Philadelphia.

MARCH 3, 1938.

Tech-Sgt. Charles Nissen—Pearl Harbor to P. I.

MARCH 4, 1938.

Cpl. Frank M. Solts—St. Jul. Crk., to Iona Island.

Cpl. R. L. Manning—Norfolk to Charleston.

Cpl. E. E. Sims—Pensacola to San Diego.

MARCH 7, 1938.

Sgt. W. S. LeFrancois—New York to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. A. N. Milbert—New York to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. Arnold C. Morton—Philadelphia to QMS.

Cpl. C. E. Jackson—Parris Island to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. H. L. Deibert—Philadelphia to OMS.

Cpl. M. A. Werkheiser—Quantico to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. J. E. Cravitt—WC to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. J. W. Cook, Jr., WC to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. Wayne Traywick—WC to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. H. R. Belcher—WC to Philadelphia QMS.

Cpl. J. D. Messina—Pensacola to San Diego.

MARCH 8, 1938.

Cpl. R. H. Brown—RS NOB Norfolk to Parris Island.

Cpl. H. P. Hall—Coco Solo to NOB Norfolk.

Cpl. A. A. Simon—Coco Solo to Philadelphia.

MARCH 9, 1938.

QM-Sgt. W. L. Granger—WC to Quantico.

Sgt. E. N. Barr—Air Two to St. Thomas.

Cpl. C. M. Kensick—New York to Hawthorne.

MARCH 11, 1938.

Tech-Sgt. Marcus J. Couts—San Diego to Shanghai.

Cpl. W. E. Reeves—San Diego to Peiping.

Tech-Sgt. Paul R. Paquin—Air Two to Air One, Quantico.

MARCH 12, 1938.

Cpl. F. E. Deckard—Air one to NOB Norfolk.

MARCH 15, 1938.

QM-Sgt. E. T. Pantier—Philadelphia to Boston for Wakefield.

Plat-Sgt. Wm. A. Easterling—2nd AA Bn., P. I., for Cape May.

Cpl. J. L. Glenn—NOB Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.

MARCH 16, 1938.

Tech-Sgt. Wm. E. Word—FMF, Quantico, to Anacostia.

Cpl. L. A. Dunphy—USS "Texas" to San Diego.

Cpl. G. C. Glenn—USS "Texas" to Hawthorne.

MARCH 17, 1938.

MTS E. C. Briesemester—FMF, Quantico, to P. I.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

MAYES, Harry T., 2-27-38, Washington for Hdqrs., Washington.

BINGHAM, John C., 2-27-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn., Quantico.

STEWART, Lawrence R., 2-22-38, Bremerton for PNSN, Bremerton.

SUTTS, Ben, 2-26-38, MN, Quantico for PSBn., Quantico.

NAMAN, Carl, 3-1-38, Philadelphia for MB, Quantico.

KIRCHHEFER, Paul, 3-1-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn., Quantico.

RHODES, Claude T., 2-28-38, MB, New York, for FMF, Quantico.

SHAW, Kenneth L., 3-1-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn., Quantico.

GERLACH, Carl H., 3-2-38, Portsmouth for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

KINDT, Arthur O., 3-2-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

PLUCINSKY, Edward S., 3-3-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

MORGAN, Conrad J., 2-25-38, San Diego for Aviation, San Diego.

TERRELL, Jack L., 2-25-38, San Diego for Aviation, San Diego.

BOTTEMER, Frank C., 3-3-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

PURVIS, Clyde E., 2-25-38, FMF, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.

SLOCUM, Samuel L., 3-2-38, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

LEAR, Warren F., 1-29-38, Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

NELSON, Willie L., 1-25-38, Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

SWALLOW, Frank, 2-28-38, Mare Island for MCB, San Diego.

BURTON, William E., 3-5-38, Baltimore for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

TERRY, Everett E., 3-4-38, Macon, Ga., for MB, Parris Island.

ATHON, George, 2-28-38, NAS, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.

BALDWIN, Benjamin P., 3-6-38, MB, Philadelphia, for School Det., Philadelphia.

PRICE, Edward, 3-3-38, MB, Mare Island, for MD, USS "New Mexico."

MANN, Joseph E., 3-8-38, New York for MB, New York.

OLSEN, Erwin A., 3-6-38, NOB, Norfolk, for MB, NOB, Norfolk.

WRIGHT, Frank W., 3-8-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn., Quantico.

COLE, Fred H., 3-8-38, Macon, Ga., for MB, Parris Island.

HERNDON, Riddick H., 3-8-38, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

MCCRUDY, Charles M., 3-8-38, NAS, Pensacola, for MB, Charleston, S. C.

NICHOLS, William F., 3-10-38, Philadelphia, for MB, Philadelphia.

ILES, Lee S., 3-11-38, Kansas City for MCB, San Diego.

DEANE, James A., 3-7-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

BALJO, Wallace L., 3-6-38, NAS, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.

EauCLAIRe, Felix A., 3-12-38, MB, Washington, for Mar. Band, Washington.

HELLMIG, Charles W., 3-8-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

KENSICK, Casmer M., 3-11-38, MB, New York, for NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

KILDAY, Bernard E., 2-27-38, MB, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

LEE, Wade Hill, 3-11-38, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

(Continued on page 68)

(Continued on page 68)



Company E, 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines. Capt. A. Zuber, Commanding.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 63)

NA, Annapolis, Md., with delay in reporting to 30 June, 1938.

1st Lt. Frederick B. Winfree, about 30 April, 1938, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay of one month in reporting.

MARCH 23, 1938.

Lt. Col. Roswell Winans, on arrival U. S., about 30 March, 1938, ordered to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Lt. Col. James L. Underhill, about 15 May, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., with authority to delay in reporting to 30 June, 1938.

1st Lt. John B. Sebree, about 15 April, 1938, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif.

Major Edwin J. Farrell, orders to 4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J., modified—on detachment MD, USS "Ranger," in June, ordered to MB, Parris Island, C. S.

Major George H. Morse, Jr., detail as Assistant Quartermaster revoked, effective 1 April, 1938.

Major William P. Richards, on arrival U. S., ordered to Recruiting District of Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif., with delay in reporting to 30 April, 1938.

Capt. Clinton E. Fox, about 24 April, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. William M. O'Brien, on 1 July, 1938, detached from present duties at MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to Aircraft 1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, that post.

Capt. Clayton C. Jerome, about 20 May, 1938, detached American Legation, Bogota, Colombia, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Clinton W. McLeod, on 21 March, 1938, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 May 1938.

1st Lt. George R. E. Shell, on 17 March, 1938, detached present duties MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, that post.

2nd Lt. Wade H. Britt, Jr., orders detaching this officer from 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., revoked.

2nd Lt. Charles T. Tingle about 4 April, 1938, detached 2nd Antiaircraft Bn., MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS "Charles-

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Wm. J. Holloway, on 1 April, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 May, 1938.

QM. Clk. Roland A. Wright, appointed a Quartermaster Clerk and assigned to duty at MCB, San Diego, Calif. About 12 April, 1938, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., via USAT "Grant" sailing San Francisco, 19 April.

QM. Clk. Louie F. Shoemaker, about 23 March, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

Capt. Francis H. Williams, orders to FMF, MCB, San Diego, modified on detachment MD, USS "California," in June, ordered to MB, Wash., D. C., with delay of one month in reporting.

Following-named officers detached from present stations on 1 May, 1938, and ordered to proceed to their homes to retire on 30 June, 1938:

Major Thad T. Taylor, Recruiting Dist., San Francisco, Calif.

Major James M. Bain, MB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Major John M. Tildsley, Recruiting Dist., Macon, Ga.

Major George F. Adams, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Francis E. Pierce, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Franklin T. Steele, Recruiting Dist., Los Angeles, Calif.

Major Joseph G. Ward, Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Major Lyman Passmore, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Major Jacob M. Pearce, 15th Bn., FMCR, Galveston, Texas.

Capt. Louis L. Gover, MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. Eugene L. Mullaly, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. George W. Spotts, MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Capt. Glenn E. Hayes, FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Stewart B. O'Neill, FMF, NCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. John F. Blanton, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Donald R. Fox, MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Willett Elmore, MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Capt. Robert S. Pendleton, MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Capt. George L. Maynard, Recruiting Dist., Baltimore, Md.

Capt. William H. Hollingsworth, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Capt. John F. McVey, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Richard Fagan, MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions, MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

MARCH 30, 1938.

Col. Charles J. Miller, about 15 April, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via steamer sailing San Francisco, 20 May, 1938. Authorized to delay enroute San Francisco until 19 May.

Lt. Col. Field Harris, about 21 May, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

Lt. Col. Pedro A. delValle, about 22 June, 1938, detached Army War College, Fort Humphreys, D. C., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

ATTENTION!

Any person having in his possession any old style gold and silver Marine Corps collar and cap ornaments, the hand-made type worn by officers about 1908, and who is willing to sell them, please get in touch with *The Leatherneck*.

Lt. Col. Roger W. Peard, about 18 April, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Recruiting Dist., San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Col. Raymond R. Wright, on 31 March, 1938, relieved from duty in Div. of Operations and Training, Hdqrs., Marine Corps, and assigned to duty in Office of Paymaster, Hdqrs., Marine Corps.

Major Frank S. Gilman, detached MD, USS "Idaho," to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 15th Bn., FMCR, Galveston, Texas, with delay in reporting to 2 May.

Major Gale T. Cummings, about 26 April, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., with a delay of one month and ten days in reporting.

Major Merritt B. Curtis, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Asst. Paymaster, Marine Corps, Phila., Pa.

Capt. George O. Shear, about 20 April, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Mexico City, Mexico, as Spanish language student, with delay one month enroute.

Capt. Harry W. Bacon, about 1 May, 1938, detached MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to Recruiting Dist., Boston, Mass.

Capt. Clarence H. Yost, about 25 April, 1938, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

Capt. James Ackerman, about 15 April, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Capt. Charles C. Gill, on 1 April, 1938, detached Recruiting Dist., Seattle, Wash., to home to retire 1 June, 1938.

Capt. Lawrence T. Burke, about 7 June, 1938, detached Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., to Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., with delay in reporting to 5 July, 1938.

Capt. Christian F. Schilt, about 9 May, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Mar. Scouting Sq. Three, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., via steamer sailing New York, N. Y., 26 May. Delay enroute New York until 25 May.

Capt. Shelton C. Zern, about 15 April, 1938, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific via steamer sailing Kobe, Japan, about 27 April.

1st Lt. Howard J. Turton, on completion course at Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Md., about 30 April, 1938, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Conley, on completion course at Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Md., about 30 April, 1938, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Paul E. Wallace, on completion course at Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Md., about 30 April, 1938, ordered to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Eustace R. Smoak, on completion course at Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Md., about 30 April, 1938, ordered to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Ernest R. West, about 28 May, 1938, detached Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay in reporting to 15 July, 1938.

2nd Lt. Hoyt McMillan, about 5 April, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z., via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing New York, N. Y., on 14 April, 1938.

2nd Lt. Graham H. Benson, about 11 April, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

2nd Lt. Wade H. Britt, Jr., about 11 April, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Emory T. Ozabal, on 1 April, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to his home to retire 1 May, 1938.

Pay Clk. John L. Seifert, about 10 April, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. Benjamin S. Berry, about 20 June, 1938, detached from duty as OIC, Eastern Rectg. Div., Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. Clarke H. Wells, on 1 August, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered to his home to retire 1 Oct., 1938.

Col. Philip H. Torrey, about 14 May, 1938, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to duty as OIC, Eastern Rectg. Div., Philadelphia, Pa., with delay one month in reporting.

Lt. Col. James W. Webb, about 10 May, 1938, detached Fleet Marine Force, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as Marine Officer on Staff of Commander, Battleships, Battle Force, USS "Maryland," and as Div. Marine Officer, Battleship Div. Four, Battleships, Battle Force, with delay in reporting to 1 June, 1938.

Lt. Col. Maurice G. Holmes, on 15 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

Lt. Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, when directed by CO, MB, Washington, D. C., detached from Barracks, to Naval War College, Newport, R. I., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

Lt. Col. Selden B. Kennedy, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty in Division of Operations and Training.

Lt. Col. Arnold W. Jacobsen, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lt. Col. James T. Moore, about 14 May, 1938, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Henry L. Larsen, on 1 April, 1938, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty in Division of Operations and Training.

Major Bert A. Bone, about 31 May, 1938, detached Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 5 August, 1938.

Major George H. Morse, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Major Fred S. Robillard, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty in Office of Quartermaster, with delay of seven days in reporting.

Major Hamilton M. H. Fleming, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Major Frank B. Goettge, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Major Robert L. Montague, about 1 June, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay of one month in reporting.

Major Joseph H. Fellows, about 25 May, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I., with delay in reporting to 30 June, 1938.

Major Melvin E. Fuller, about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J., with delay of one month in reporting.

Major William C. Hall, about 1 July, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Joseph W. Knighton, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty in the Office of the Adjutant and Inspector.

Major Merwin H. Silverthorn, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Major Gerald C. Thomas, about 20 June, 1938, detached Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Major William E. Riley, on completion course at Naval War College, Newport, R. I., on 14 May, 1938, assigned to duty on the Staff of that College.

Major Lewie G. Merritt, about 20 May, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig.,

FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty in the Div. of Aviation.

Capt. Lee N. Utz, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Oklahoma," with delay in reporting to 18 June.

Capt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., about 1 June, 1938, detached MB, Washington, D. C., ordered to temporary duty USS "Minneapolis" until about 1 August; then to MD, USS "Quincy." Delay in reporting on USS "Minneapolis" until 20 June.

Capt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, about 1 May, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., ordered to temporary duty USS "Minneapolis" until 1 August; then to MD, USS "San Francisco." Delay in reporting on USS "Minneapolis" until 20 June.

Capt. Ernest W. Fry, Jr., about 1 June, 1938, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS "Chester," with delay in reporting to 18 June, 1938.

Capt. Chester B. Graham, about 1 June, 1938, detached Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Colorado," with delay in reporting to 18 June.

Capt. Jefferson G. Dreyspring, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Louisville," with delay in reporting to 18 June.

Capt. Russell Lloyd, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Northampton," with delay in reporting to 18 June.

Capt. Jaime Sabater, about 20 April, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Erie," via USAT "St. Mihiel" sailing New York, 26 April, with delay in reporting "Erie" until 1 June.

Capt. Thomas G. MacFarland, detached 2nd Antiaircraft Bn., FMF, MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Fleet Machine Gun School, USS "Utah," via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing Charleston, S. C., 16 April, 1938, with delay in reporting "Utah" until 3 June.

Capt. Francis B. Loomis, about 1 May, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS "Pensacola," with delay in reporting to 15 June.

Capt. Lawrence R. Kline, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 16th Bn., FMCR, Indianapolis, Ind., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. John E. Curry, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, MD, RS, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. William W. Davidson, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., duty Office of Paymaster.

Capt. Ernest E. Shaughnessy, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., duty Office of Paymaster.

Capt. Samuel K. Bird, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., duty Office of Paymaster.

Capt. Francis H. Brink, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

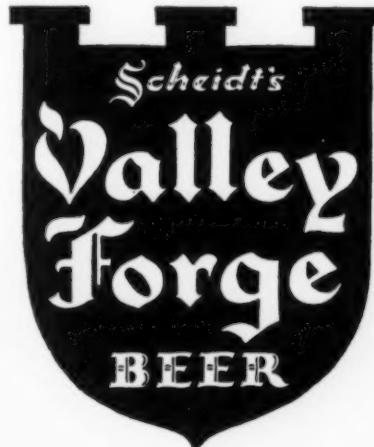
Capt. Robert L. Griffin, Jr., about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., duty Office of Paymaster.

Capt. Presley M. Rixey, about 27 May,



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MB

1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. John H. Coffman, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Office of Judge Advocate General, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

Capt. Ralph D. McAfee, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Capt. Francis J. Cunningham, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RS, NYd, New York, N. Y., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. Walfried H. Fromhold, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

Capt. Walter A. Wachtler, about 10 June, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty Div. Operations and Training.

Capt. Nicholas E. Clauson, about 20 June, 1938, detached MD, RS, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Capt. Martin S. Rahiser, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, SB, New London, Conn., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. Homer L. Litzenberg, Jr., about 20 June, 1938, detached Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to War Plans Section, Bks. Det., MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. David K. Claude, about 16 June, 1938, detached Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., with delay in reporting to 15 July.

Capt. Frank M. Reinecke, about 16 June, 1938, detached Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., with delay in reporting to 15 July.

Capt. Andrew J. Mathiesen, about 16 June, 1938, detached Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to Staff of Basic Schools, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., with delay reporting to 30 June.

Capt. Marcellus J. Howard, about 16 June, 1938, detached Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to Staff of Basic Schools, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., with delay reporting to 30 June.

Capt. John J. Hell, about 16 June, 1938, detached Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 1 August.

Capt. Zebulon C. Hopkins, about 30 June, 1938, detached Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., to Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Ira L. Kimes, about 7 June, 1938, detached Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., to Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Thomas B. White, about 7 June, 1938, detached Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., duty in Aviation Div., with delay in reporting to 22 June, 1938.

Capt. Joe A. Smoak, about 10 June, 1938, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 15 July, 1938.

1st Lt. Edward J. Dillon, about 10 May, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Texas," with delay in reporting to 1 June.

1st Lt. Julian G. Humiston, about 15 April, 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., ordered to temporary duty MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., from 20 April, 1938, to about 1 May, 1938, then to duty with MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. James W. Ferguson, about 15 April, 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., ordered to temporary duty MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., from 20 April, 1938, to about 1 May, 1938, then to duty with MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

1st Lt. Clifton R. Moss, about 15 April, 1938, detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., ordered to temporary duty MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., from 20 April, 1938, to about 1 May, 1938, then to duty as CO, MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

1st Lt. Samuel G. Taxis, about 25 June, 1938, detached Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of fourteen days in reporting.

1st Lt. Claude L. Boles, about 20 April, 1938, detached MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to Dept. of Pacific, via first available Government transportation.

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2nd Lt. Howard F. Bowker, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Gregory Boyington, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Fred R. Emerson, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Freeman W. Williams, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Frank W. Davis, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Charles N. Endweiss, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Francis E. Griffiths, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Charles J. Quilter, about 1 July, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Frank P. Hager, Jr., about 15 May, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS "Tennessee," with delay in reporting to 15 June.

2nd Lt. Earl A. Sneeringer, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "California," with delay in reporting to 18 June.

2nd Lt. Richard H. Crockett, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "West Virginia," with delay in reporting to 18 June.

2nd Lt. Frank L. Kilmartin, about 10 April, 1938, detached 2nd Antiaircraft Bn., FMF, MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS "Saratoga," via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing Charleston, S. C., 16 April, 1938, with delay in reporting to 23 May.

2nd Lt. Marvin H. Floom, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "New Mexico," via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing New York, N. Y., 14 April, 1938, with delay reporting to 23 May.

2nd Lt. Wilmer E. Barnes, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., ordered temporary duty USS "Nevada" until about 1 August, 1938, via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing New York, N. Y., 14 April, 1938, delay reporting USS "Nevada" until 13 June. Completion temporary duty "Nevada," ordered MD, USS "Mississippi."

2nd Lt. Kenneth D. Bailey, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Pennsylvania," via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing New York, N. Y., 14 April, 1938, with delay reporting to 3 June.

2nd Lt. James A. Embry, about 1 July, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July.

2nd Lt. Thomas G. Roe, about 25 June, 1938, detached MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, USS "New Mexico."

2nd Lt. Hollis U. Mustain, about 1 June, 1938, detached MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, USS "Mississippi."

2nd Lt. John W. Graham, about 1 June, 1938, detached MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, USS "Idaho."

2nd Lt. John E. Morris, about 21 May, 1938, detached MD, NP, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, USS "Houston," with delay in reporting to 15 June.

2nd Lt. Russell B. Warye, about 21 May, 1938, detached MD, NP, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, USS "Chicago," with delay in reporting to 15 June.

2nd Lt. Albert F. Metze, about 1 June, 1938, detached MD, Reeve Field, Terminal Island, Calif., to MD, USS "Maryland."

2nd Lt. Marion M. Magruder, about 31 May, 1938, detached MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay in reporting to 25 June.

2nd Lt. Gene S. Neely, about 25 May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola,

Fla., with delay in reporting to 25 June.

2nd Lt. Ralph Haas, about 25 May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay in reporting to 25 June.

2nd Lt. Ben F. Prewitt, about 10 June, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay in reporting to 25 June.

2nd Lt. Wilfrid H. Stiles, about 10 June, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with delay in reporting to 25 June.

2nd Lt. Elby D. Martin, about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of twenty-five days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Edward H. Drake, about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of 15 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Benjamin L. McMakin, about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Lee C. Merrell, Jr., about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of 20 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Stewart B. O'Neill, Jr., about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Jack L. Stonebanks, about 30 June, 1938, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of 20 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Oscar K. LaRoque, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay 15 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. George F. Britt, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay 15 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Moore, on reporting relief in July, detached MB, Norfolk, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. August F. Penzold, Jr., on reporting relief in July, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John H. Earle, Jr., on reporting relief in June, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Joseph P. Sayers, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Jean W. Moreau, on reporting relief in June, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Philip C. Metzger, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of one month and ten days in reporting.

2nd Lt. David L. Stonecliffe, when directed by CO, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., detached that post to MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

2nd Lt. William M. Ferris, on reporting relief in July, detached MB, NTS, Lakehurst, N. J., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Howard L. Davis, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Francis H. Cooper, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John E. Willey, on reporting relief in June, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Everett W. Smith, on reporting relief in July, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Paul R. Tyler, on reporting relief in June, detached MD, NP, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of 21 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Carl A. Youngdale, on reporting relief in June, detached MD, NP, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of 15 days in reporting.

2nd Lt. William J. Piper, Jr., on reporting relief in July, detached MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF,



An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalinizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalinizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of one month in reporting.

2nd Lt. William D. Roberson, on reporting relief in July, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of one month in reporting.

2nd Lt. Robert J. Johnson, about 15 April, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, Quantico, Va., Lt. Clifford H. Shuey, about 3 June, 1938, detached Engineer School, Fort Belvoir, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

2nd Lt. William S. McCormick, about 25 June, 1938, detached Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., to 2nd Antiaircraft Bn., FMF, MCB, San Diego, with delay of one month in reporting.

2nd Lt. William T. Fairbourn, about 11 June, 1938, detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., with delay in reporting to 7 July.

2nd Lt. Kenneth A. Jorgensen, about 11 June, 1938, detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., with delay in reporting to 25 July.

2nd Lt. Frederick P. Henderson, about 11 June, 1938, detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

2nd Lt. Jack Tabor, about 11 June, 1938, detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 30 June.

2nd Lt. John S. Oldfield, about 11 June, 1938, detached Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of four days in reporting.

2nd Lt. Fred H. Lemmer, about 5 April, 1938, relieved from 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Signal Co., MB, Quantico.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Jacob Roeller, about 15 May, 1938, detached Mar. Scouting Squadron Three, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Chateau Thierry," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 May.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 63)

MINDEN, Fred, 3-6-38, San Juan for Aviation, San Juan.
TUCKER, James R., 3-11-38, Portsmouth, N. H., for NP, Portsmouth.
RODDEN, Henry L., 3-14-38, Boston for MB, New York.
DOUGLAS, Charles E., 3-8-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
POLLARD, James L., 3-8-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.
RASMUSSEN, C., 3-14-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.
ROBBINS, Lawrence F., 3-7-38, USS "Maryland" for USS "Maryland."
WEIR, Earl C., 3-15-38, MB, Quantico, for MCS Det., Quantico.
FRAGER, Lloyd A., 3-10-38, Denver, Colo., for MB, Mare Island.
GREEN, George T., 3-11-38, Dover, N. J., for NAD, Dover.
HARPER, Harold E., 3-11-38, Pensacola for NAS, Pensacola.
NEIL, Jean H., 3-10-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
SHY, Charles, 3-11-38, Pensacola for MCB, San Diego.
DONOGHUE, Frank J., 3-18-38, Boston for MB, Quantico.
MURPHY, Gordon S., 3-18-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
LANGE, Alphonse E., 3-12-38, San Francisco for Dofs, San Francisco.
GUSTAFSON, John A., 3-17-38, Parris Island for Peiping, China.
KROWIEC, Paul, 3-14-38, Peiping, China, for Peiping.
OBLUCK, Carl, 3-15-38, Los Angeles for Rectg., Los Angeles.
LOWERY, Thomas O., 3-21-38, Olongapo for NS, Olongapo.
MILLER, Harold A., 3-14-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
PALERMO, Carmen, 3-20-38, Iona Island for NAD, Iona Island.
WEST, Elbert R., 3-18-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.
BURT, George Kouns, 3-20-38, MB, Charleston, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
HOWARD, Harry M., 3-22-38, Kansas City for MCB, San Diego.

BRYAN, Alvin G., 3-15-38, Portland for Rectg., Portland.

PEARSON, Rufus T., 3-22-38, Cincinnati for MB, Quantico.

MAZZARELLA, Paul, 3-24-38, New York for MB, Quantico.

ORTHOBER, Frank, 3-17-38, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

PEEL, William H., 3-24-38, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

DODSON, Marshall D., 3-24-38, Washington for Hdqts., Washington.

KONOFA, Benedict W., 3-28-38, Washington for Hdqts., Washington.

RAMAKER, James A., 3-25-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.

HEATH, William C., 3-22-38, San Francisco for DQM, San Francisco.

HORD, Joplin C., 3-20-38, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

PAULK, Guy Wm., 3-26-38, St. Julien's Creek for ditto.

WILLIAMS, Lloyd O., 3-26-38, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

BILLET, Abraham, 3-10-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

MCCLELLAN, Leo R., 3-27-38, MB, Charleston, for MB, Charleston, S. C.

KLATT, George S., 3-28-38, Kansas City for PSN, Bremerton.

HOFFMAN, Stanley, 3-29-38, MD, Philadelphia, for NOB, Norfolk.

WILFORD, Claud, 3-29-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

DEIFEL, Walter J., 3-30-38, Washington for MB, Quantico.

LILLY, Luther B., 3-30-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

PEDERSON, John, 3-30-38, MB, Quantico, for 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.

PETRUSKY, Paul, 3-30-38, MB, Washington, for MB, Washington, D. C.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 63)

QM-Sgt. E. C. Reppenagen—FMF, San Diego, to MCB, San Diego.

Staff Sgt. E. P. Goree—Guam to EC US.

First Sgt. H. P. Crouch—15th Bn. to San Diego.

First Sgt. E. E. Cameron—PI to 15th Bn., FMCR.

Sgt. B. Purches—WC to Philadelphia.

MARCH 19, 1938.

First Sgt. N. Reitmeyer—USS "Charles-ton" to P. I.

First Sgt. C. H. Clark—P. I. to USS "Charleston."

Sgt. H. D. Blosser—P. I. to Norfolk.

MARCH 19, 1938.

Cpl. M. J. Jordan—USS "Arizona" to Air Two.

MARCH 21, 1938.

Sgt. S. Hoffman—Philadelphia to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. B. Metzger, Jr.—P. I. to Sea School.

Sgt. R. R. Friche—Norfolk to Philly for Cape May.

Sgt. B. W. White—USS "Charleston" to MB, Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. H. P. Christian—NP, Portsmouth, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. W. J. Hamilton—USS "Charleston" to New London.

Cpl. J. J. Fox—USS Charleston to New York.

Cpl. W. L. Simpson—USS "New Orleans" to Air Two.

MARCH 22, 1938.

Plat-Sgt. G. Bjork—Dover to Philadelphia for Cape May.

PM-Sgt. V. R. Fitzgerald—MB, Quantico, to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. J. N. Hinton—Peiping to Quantico.

MARCH 23, 1938.

Sgt. G. R. Kuykendall—St. Thomas to Air One.

Cpl. M. J. Sutherland—FMF, Quantico, to Charleston, S. C.

MARCH 25, 1938.

Mess Sgt. J. S. Stefonicik—Dover to NYd, Portsmouth.

Sgt. R. S. Hooker, Jr.—NYd, Washington to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. L. W. Zidek—FMF, Quantico, to P. I.

MARCH 26, 1938.

Sgt. Wm. G. Reid—FMF, San Diego, to MB, Washington.

Cpl. H. E. Lindfelt—FMF, San Diego, to MB, Washington.

Cpl. H. J. Revane—MB, Quantico, to MB, Washington.

Cpl. R. E. Foster—Newport to MB, Washington.

Cpl. E. H. Fiske—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Washington.

THE LEATHERNECK

cpl. D. C. Pollock—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Washington.
Cpl. H. B. Atkins—Norfolk to MB, Washington.

MARCH 28, 1938.
Gy-Sgt. M. C. Whiteside—MCB to FMF, Quantico.
Plat-Sgt. J. J. Pifel—P. I. to USS "Charleston."
Cpl. D. L. Brooks—WC to Philadelphia.
Cpl. J. E. Liggett—WC to Philadelphia.

MARCH 29, 1938.
Sgt. T. M. Stephenson—Charleston, S. C., to USS "Charleston."
Cpl. J. B. Jenkins—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. J. W. List—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Quantico.
Cpl. H. D. Pumroy—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Quantico.

MARCH 30, 1938.
Qm-Sgt. H. L. Merwin—FMF to Post, Quantico.
Qm-Sgt. J. L. Massey—FMF to Parris Island.

Tech-Sgt. C. J. Cagle—FMF to Post, Quantico.
Sgt. J. O'Connor—FMF to Post, Quantico.

MARCH 31, 1938.
Sgt. Maj. W. O. Christian—FMF, Quantico, to Post.
Qm-Sgt. C. H. Long—P. I. to FMF, Quantico.

Plat-Sgt. Philip McGuire—FMF, Quantico, to Yd, Washington.
Cpl. V. V. Garner—USS "Arkansas" to Norfolk.

Cpl. G. F. Canfield—Lakehurst to FMF, Quantico.
Cpl. A. E. Treadwell—P. I. to FMF, Quantico.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Honolulu 4 April; arrive San Francisco 11 April, leave 18 April; arrive San Pedro 20 April, leave 21 April; arrive San Diego 22 April, leave 26 April; arrive Canal Zone 6 May, leave 9 May; arrive Guantanamo 12 May, leave 12 May; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 16 May.

Note: CHAUMONT at Norfolk for overhaul from 23 May to 26 July.

HENDERSON—Arrive Honolulu 4 April, leave 6 April; arrive Guam 19 April, leave 20 April; arrive Manila 26 April, leave 28 May; arrive Guam 3 June, leave 4 June; arrive Honolulu 15 June, leave 17 June; arrive San Francisco 24 June, leave 9 July; arrive San Pedro 11 July, leave 13 July; arrive San Diego 14 July, leave 16 July; arrive Canal Zone 26 July, leave 29 July; arrive Guantanamo 1 August, leave 1 August; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 5 August.

Note: HENDERSON at Norfolk for overhaul from 11 August to 15 October.

NITRO—Arrive San Diego 7 April, leave 8 April; arrive San Pedro 9 April, leave 9 April; arrive Mare Island 11 April, leave 23 April; arrive Puget Sound 26 April, leave 3 May; arrive Mare Island 6 May, leave 14 May; arrive San Pedro 16 May, leave 17 May; arrive San Diego 18 May, leave 19 May; arrive Canal Zone 29 May, leave 1 June; arrive Guantanamo 4 June, leave 4 June; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 8 June.

Note: NITRO at Norfolk for overhaul from 13 June to 16 August.

ANTARES—Leave Philadelphia 13 May; arrive Parris Island 16 May, leave 17 May; arrive Canal Zone 23 May, leave 25 May; arrive San Diego 6 June, leave 7 June; arrive San Pedro 8 June.

Note: ANTARES under overhaul at Philadelphia until 10 May.

SIRIUS—Arrive San Diego 12 April, leave 14 April; arrive San Pedro 15 April, leave 16 April; arrive Mare Island 18 April, leave 30 April; arrive Puget Sound 3 May.

Note: SIRIUS will depart Puget Sound for New York on 18 May, with KEARSARGE in tow.

VEGA—Arrive Pearl Harbor 31 March, leave 6 April; arrive Canal Zone 25 April, leave 28 April; arrive Guantanamo 1 May, leave 1 May; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 6 May, leave 20 May; arrive Guantanamo 25 May, leave 25 May; arrive Canal Zone 28 May, leave 1 June; arrive San Diego 13 June, leave 15 June; arrive San Pedro 16 June, leave 17 June; arrive Mare Island 19 June, leave 5 July; arrive Puget Sound 8 July.

Note: VEGA will make the annual Alaskan cruise.

SALINAS—Arrive Canal Zone 2 April, leave 4 April; arrive Houston 10 April, leave 11 April; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 18 April, leave 3 May; arrive Houston 10 May, leave 11 May; arrive Melville 20 May, leave 21 May; arrive Boston 22 May, leave

24 May; arrive Houston 2 June, leave 3 June; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 10 June.

RAMAPO—Leave San Diego 31 March; arrive San Pedro 1 April, leave 2 April; arrive Dutch Harbor 13 April, leave 16 April; arrive Manila 5 May, leave 13 May; arrive San Diego 12 June.

Note: RAMAPO will depart San Pedro for Manila about 2 July.

DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of March, 1938:

Officers

DICKERSON, Alfred, Captain, USMC, retired, died March 3, 1938, of disease at Bay Pines, Florida. Next of kin: Mrs. Ellen Dickerson, wife, 2541 Queen St., South, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Enlisted Men

FREMAN, Beren A., Pvt., USMC, died March 12, 1938, as the result of an accidental fall at the Naval Torpedo Station, Alexandria, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Ora M. Freeman, mother, 1336 Eastern Avenue, Southeast, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MORGAN, Frank, Pvt. 1-Cl., USMC, died March 1, 1938, of asphyxiation at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey. Next of kin: Mrs. Mamie Morgan, mother, 541 Indian St., Savannah, Georgia.

TAITE, James F., 1st Sgt., USMC, retired, died February 20, 1938, of disease at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Next of kin: Jemima C. Taite, wife, City Sanitorium, 5400 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Missouri.

ALLEY, Frederick L., Pvt., 1-Cl., USMCR, inactive, died January 6, 1938, at Sacred Heart Hospital, Fort Madison, Iowa. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Masters, mother, 2322 Deer Park Blvd., Omaha, Nebraska.

BURNS, Joseph R., Pvt., FMCR, inactive, died March 13, 1938, of disease in the Boston City Hospital, Boston, Mass. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Burns, parents, 49 Milton Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

SHANNON, Thomas, Sgt., Cl. II(d) FMCR, inactive, died February 25, 1938, of disease in New York City, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna McD. Shannon, wife, 11 North College Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

THORPE, Clarence M., Gy. Sgt., Cl. IV, FMCR, inactive, died May 16, 1936, of disease at Herman Kiefer Hospital, Detroit, Mich. Next of kin: Mrs. Martha Thorpe, mother, Norwalk, Mich.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Sergeant Major Ernest C. Wright, USMC, February 28, 1938.

Gunnery Sergeant Richard H. Rothwell, FMCR, March 1, 1938.

Quartermaster Sergeant Frederick B. Sullivan, FMCR, March 1, 1938.

First Sergeant Olof Mathison, FMCR, March 1, 1938.

Sergeant Major Charles A. Nelson, FMCR, March 1, 1938.

Gunnery Sergeant Charles O. Long, FMCR, March 1, 1938.

Principal Musician William J. Corcoran, USMC, March 1, 1938.

First Sergeant Adolph C. Solomon, FMCR, April 1, 1938.

Gunnery Sergeant Frank L. Gravatt, FMCR, April 1, 1938.

Sergeant Louis Rieth, FMCR, April 1, 1938.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Corporal Robert M. Moore, USMC, Class II(b), March 15, 1938. Future address: 1218 Salzedo Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida.

Private First Class Joseph Bullock, USMC, Class II(b), March 15, 1938. Future address: 391 Baltimore Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Platoon Sergeant William H. Parsons, USMC, Class II(b), March 15, 1938. Future address: 1822 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Quartermaster Sergeant Oscar C. Kline, USMC, Class II(d), March 10, 1938. Future address: 225 Reading Avenue, Barrington, New Jersey.

Sergeant Major Patrick J. Lynch, USMC, Class II(d), March 31, 1938. Future address: 7401 Holly Street, Oakland, California.

Quartermaster Sergeant Albert A. Firth, USMC, Class II(d), March 25, 1938. Future address: c/o Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Master Technical Sergeant Samuel Rhinesmith, USMC, Class II(d), April 7, 1938. Future address: West Park Avenue, Angola, Indiana.

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Headquarters Bulletin

Number 150, March 15, 1938
INSPECTION OF CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT PRIOR TO TRANSFER

Recent reports show that numerous issues of clothing have been made upon joining of enlisted men. These reports indicated that the provisions of Article 4-31, Marine Corps Manual, are not being complied with in that proper inspections and necessary issues of clothing and equipment were not made prior to transfers.

EXAMINATION FOR PROMOTION—OFFICERS

The following examinations for promotion will be conducted on or about 1 August, 1938:

Captains Harold E. Rosecrans
Leo Sullivan
Hayne D. Boyden
Franklin G. Cowie
Christian F. Schilt.

10 First Lieutenants on the promotion list—First Lieutenant Frederick B. Winfree to and including First Lieutenant Alphon L. Bowser, Jr.

Second Lieutenants completing three years' commissioned service on 1 September, 1938.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
Washington, March 1, 1938.
MARINE CORPS ORDER NO. 134

Swimming.—1. In order to encourage and develop proficiency in swimming and life saving among the officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps, the following swimming standards and qualifications are prescribed. Where local facilities permit, commanding officers will encourage members of their respective commands to qualify. Appropriate entry of qualification will be made in service records. All qualification tests will be conducted under the supervision of an officer:

To qualify as second-class swimmer a man must on the same day:

- (a) Enter the water by dive or jump.
- (b) Tread water 30 seconds.
- (c) Float (using hand scull if necessary).
- (d) By a combination of swimming and floating, traverse 100 yards, 50 yards of which will be continuous swimming.
- (e) Demonstrate resuscitation of the apparently drowned.

To qualify as first-class swimmer a man must on the same day:

- (a) Enter the water by dive.
- (b) Swim 100 yards continuously by using the crawl for 40 yards, and the side stroke, breast stroke, and back stroke, each for 20 yards.
- (c) Make a surface dive in from 6 to 8 feet of water and retrieve a 16-pound weight (rifle and bayonet if available).
- (d) In deep water, divest himself of pack, belt, bayonet, and swim 50 yards with rifle.
- (e) Demonstrate resuscitation of the apparently drowned.

To qualify as expert swimmer a man must on the same day:

- (a) In deep water, disrobe from shoes, trousers, and shirt, and swim 100 yards by using crawl, side stroke, breast stroke, and back stroke, each for 25 yards.
- (b) Demonstrate the following approaches:

Under-water approach.
Approach from rear.
Surface approach.

- (c) Demonstrate the following carries:
Head carry.
Cross-chest carry.
Hair carry.

Tired-swimmer's carry, each preceded by a swim of 60 feet, the carry to continue in each case for 60 feet.

- (d) Demonstrate the following shallow water to shore carries:
Fireman's carry.
Saddle-back carry.

- (e) Demonstrate the following release methods:
Front strangle hold.
Back strangle hold.
Double grip on one wrist.
Breaking two persons apart.
Carrying after each release for 30 feet.

- (f) Demonstrate resuscitation of the apparently drowned.
- 2. Reference may be made, for instruction purposes, to:

War Dept. TR 115-5, part II, Sept. 20, 1928.

BFM, vol. I, chap. 2, par. 16.
Red Cross Life Saving Methods, ARC 1005, for copy of which request may be made to local Red Cross representative.

T. HOLCOMB,
Major General Commandant

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HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS

Washington, 4 March, 1938.

CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 240

From: The Major General Commandant.
To: All Officers.
Subject: Enrollment with Marine Corps Institute, eligibility for.

1. This circular letter supersedes MGC Circular Letter No. 214 of 28 July, 1937, to all officers, and MGC letter to all COs, Reserve Areas, etc., file 1520-30-80-40 AF-209-Kmg, of 15 March, 1937, on the same subject.

2. The following persons are eligible for enrollment with the Marine Corps Institute:

- (a) Officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the active list.
- (b) Officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the retired list.
- (c) Officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Navy attached to and serving with the Marine Corps.
- (d) Officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to active Fleet Marine Corps Reserve organizations.
- (e) Members of Class II, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.
- (f) Officers of the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve (in the Second Lieutenant's Preparatory Course only), upon payment for the textbooks to be used.
- (g) Marine general court-martial prisoners.
- (h) Dependents of officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps, upon payment for the textbooks to be used.

3. A change of course may be had upon application and approval by the Director, Marine Corps Institute. However, before an application for a change of course will be considered, all textbooks issued for the original course, with the exception of those for which lessons have been submitted, must be returned to the Institute or otherwise accounted for.

4. A student who has been disenrolled for any reason other than graduation will not be enrolled for another course until all textbooks issued for his original course, with the exception of those for which lessons have been submitted, have been returned to the Institute, or have been otherwise accounted for.

5. Only officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the active and retired lists and their dependents, those coming within the categories listed under subparagraphs 2 (a), (b), and (h) above, will be permitted to enroll in any Civil Service Preparatory Course.

6. Special arrangements have been made with the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, in re-

gard to men who, prior to enlistment in the regular Marine Corps, had contracted with the International Correspondence Schools for a course of instruction. Provided such man enrolls with the Marine Corps Institute for the same course as that for which he had contracted with the International Correspondence Schools, his account will be suspended and upon his graduation through the Marine Corps Institute his contract with the International Correspondence Schools will be cancelled. If he fails to complete the course during the time he is eligible for enrollment with the Marine Corps Institute, he will, upon the termination of such period of eligibility, be liable to the International Correspondence Schools for such amount as may be due under the terms of his contract.

7. Enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps who, upon discharge, enlist in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, and are at the time of their discharge enrolled for a course with the Marine Corps Institute, will be permitted to complete such course during their enlistment in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve.

8. Enlisted men of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve who are transferred to the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve and are enrolled for a course with the Marine Corps Institute will not be permitted to complete such course while in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, unless upon the recommendation of the Inspector-Instructor, and approval by the MGC, the privilege of completing such course is considered to be in the best interest of the service.

9. Except as provided in subparagraph 2 (f) above, officers and enlisted men of the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve do not have the privilege of enrolling for a new course or of changing their enrollment to a course in which they have not been previously enrolled.

10. If a member of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, prior to enlisting in the Reserve, has entered into a contract with the International Correspondence Schools, his eligibility for enrollment in the Marine Corps Institute will not in any way affect such contract with the International Correspondence Schools.

11. The Inspector-Instructor, or in his absence the organization commander, will investigate all cases of transfer from the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve to the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve of men who are enrolled with the Marine Corps Institute, and will submit recommendations to this Headquarters as to whether or not the circumstances of the transfer are such as to warrant the retention of the man on the rolls of the Marine Corps Institute.

T. HOLCOMB.

Seniority List, Supply Sergeants

AS OF 30 MARCH, 1938

Name	Date of Rank				
1. Woyschner, Paul	April 24, 1924				
2. Weita, Michael F.	July 8, 1932				
3. Buckle, James E.	March 13, 1933				
4. Hesson, Sinclair B.	March 13, 1933				
5. Courier, Joseph A., Sr.	Dec. 1, 1934				
6. Murray, Albert F.	Nov. 4, 1934				
7. Parsons, Harry C.	Dec. 17, 1935				
8. Taylor, Edward F.	Dec. 31, 1935				
9. Cox, Warren W.	Feb. 19, 1936				
10. Lester, Orval B.	March 19, 1936				
11. Lutz, Francis J.	April 2, 1936				
12. McIndoe, Charles L.	April 23, 1936				
13. Gifford, Lucian C.	June 26, 1936				
14. Nash, Alton R.	July 9, 1936				
15. Aure, Oscar J.	Aug. 3, 1936				
16. Lewis, Frederick G.	Aug. 19, 1936				
17. Winans, Ben	Sept. 1, 1936				
18. Weinberg, Philip	Nov. 6, 1936				
19. Leskovitz, Frank J.	Nov. 11, 1936				
20. Hanson, Fred H.	Dec. 16, 1936				
21. Schmackel, Charles H.	Jan. 4, 1937				
22. Holton, Claude L.	April 1, 1937				
23. Gray, John R.	May 3, 1937				
Kiefer, Henry A.		May 8, 1937			
25. Wright, Elmer R.		June 15, 1937			
26. Childress, Fitzhugh L.		June 16, 1937			
27. Fields, Clarence O.		July 7, 1937			
28. Mullins, Ralph T.		July 8, 1937			
29. Tomlinson, Roy A.		Aug. 2, 1937			
30. Tighe, George L.		Aug. 6, 1937			
31. Good, Albert		Aug. 9, 1937			
32. McKean, Vearle		Aug. 13, 1937			
33. Baxley, Newsom E.		Aug. 17, 1937			
34. Bullock, Edmond V.		Sept. 1, 1937			
35. Rehm, Orville E.		Sept. 1, 1937			
36. Davey, Ersal D.		Sept. 1, 1937			
37. Stotts, Richard M.		Sept. 2, 1937			
38. Miller, Francis G.		Sept. 9, 1937			
39. Kent, Arthur L.		Sept. 19, 1937			
40. Gaut, James N.		Oct. 4, 1937			
41. Stepanuk, Tony		Oct. 6, 1937			
42. Ferguson, Frank W.		Oct. 16, 1937			
43. King, Joseph B.		Nov. 2, 1937			
44. Quinn, Rogers R.		Dec. 2, 1937			
45. Lemon, Albert S.		Dec. 6, 1937			
46. Imus, Wayman H.		Dec. 27, 1937			
47. See, Clifton L.		Jan. 19, 1938			
48. Johnston, Roy N.		March 1, 1938			

TARGET PRACTICE

RIFLE RECORD QUALIFICATION FIRING SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1938.

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	P.C. Qual.
Recalifications	45-19%	74-31%	87-36%	32-13%	87%
Recruits	16-3%	111-19%	292-51%	155-27%	73%
Total	61-7%	185-23%	379-47%	187-23%	77%

HIGH SCORE SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE YEAR 1938.

Rifle: Pfc. Claud L. Floyd, M.B., Parris Island, S. C.	337
Pistol: 2nd Lt. Paul J. Fontana, MD, USS "Salt Lake City"	96
Pvt. Warren C. Mitchell, MCB, San Diego, Calif.	96

May, 1938

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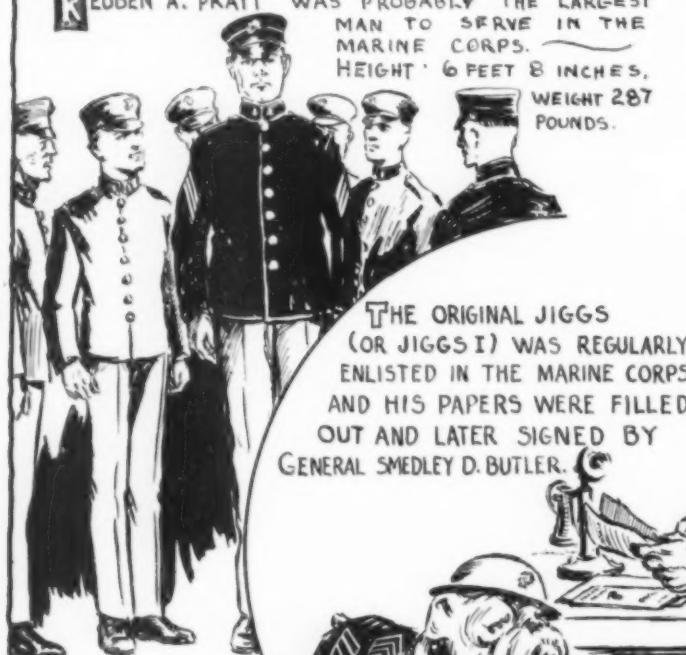
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MARINE ODDITIES

REUBEN A. PRATT WAS PROBABLY THE LARGEST MAN TO SERVE IN THE MARINE CORPS. HEIGHT 6 FEET 8 INCHES, WEIGHT 287 POUNDS.



THE ORIGINAL JIGGS (OR JIGGS I) WAS REGULARLY ENLISTED IN THE MARINE CORPS AND HIS PAPERS WERE FILLED OUT AND LATER SIGNED BY GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.



"THE NEWS LETTER," LITERARY ORGAN OF THE 15TH REGIMENT OF MARINES, PUBLISHED IN SAN PEDRO DE MACORIS, SANTO DOMINGO, IN 1922. WAS PRINTED IN A NATIVE PRINT SHOP BY DOMINICANS WHO COULD NOT SPEAK, READ OR WRITE ENGLISH. THIS PAPER WAS EDITED BY MARINES AND WAS PRINTED IN ENGLISH.



THE FIRST ENLISTED MARINE TO FLY ALONE WAS GUNNERY SERGEANT (NOW CAPTAIN) WALTER E. McCAGHTRY, THIS FEAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN MAY 1916 AT THE NAVY AERONAUTIC STATION PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.



THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT OF MARINES WHICH SERVED OVERSEAS IN THE WORLD WAR, LEFT FOR OVERSEAS DUTY ON SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918; TOOK 13 DAYS TO REACH FRANCE; TWO BATTALIONS LEFT FOR BREST FOR MOBILIZATION ON JULY 13, REMAINED IN BREST 13 DAYS BEFORE BEGINNING PREPARATIONS FOR RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES, WHERE IT WAS DEMOBILIZED AUGUST 13, 1919.



SAN DIEGO MARINES
VS
NAVAL TRAINING STN.
AT
NAVY FIELD, SAN DIEGO
1926

FOURTH DOWN - FOURTH QUARTER - SECONDS LEFT TO PLAY - THREE ATTEMPTS HAD FAILED AND THE MARINES NEEDED A TOUCHDOWN TO WIN. HALFBACK WOODS GETS THE BALL, THE TIMEKEEPER'S GUN ENDS THE GAME, THE PLAY MUST BE PERFECTED OR THE GAME IS LOST. MARINE SPECTATORS GO "NUTS" AS WOODS SLIDES THRU TACKLE AND GOES OVER FOR THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN.

Because of business commitments, Mr. Dickson was unable to supply a new page this month. We are accordingly reprinting the original MARINE ODDITIES as it appeared in *THE LEATHERNECK*, January, 1932.

DO YOU JUST DREAM OF FAT PAY ENVELOPES?



DREAMING is a grand pastime but it will never add a single dollar to your pay envelope. The truth is, the only safe way to get more money is to deserve more money! You will never be surprised in the pay envelope unless you surprise somebody on the job. TRAINING (you can acquire it through spare-time study of an I. C. S. Course) is the answer! This coupon is the first step.

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Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING
TO SAY ABOUT HOW
DIFFERENT
CIGARETTES
CAN BE!

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. Camels have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."



JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking.

Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.



DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

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Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO... Turkish and Domestic

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When Camel says 'costlier tobacco's I know it's right,' says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco know what to smoke—Camels!"

"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I know that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction other planters got top prices from the Camel buyers too when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco growing business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

